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I Am Sitting In A Video Room 1000

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I started this project exactly 1 year ago, almost to the hour. The final version is a lot different than I thought it would be, I was expecting a lot more digital video noise, and a lot less digital audio noise. Let this be a lesson, though, always be careful how you convert your digital media!

An homage to the great Alvin Lucier, this piece explores the 'photocopy effect', where upon repeated copies the object begin to accumulate the idiosyncrasies of the medium doing the copying. Full words: I am sitting in a room different from the one you are in now. I am recording the sound of my speaking voice as well as the image of myself, and I am going to upload it to YouTube, rip it from YouTube, and upload it again and again, until the original characteristics of both my voice and my image are destroyed. What you will see and hear, then, are the artifacts inherent in the video codec of both YouTube and the mp4 format I convert it to on my computer. I regard this activity not so much as a demonstration of a digital fact, but more as a way to eliminate all human qualities my speech and image might have.

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and

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I_Am_Sit...**Category:**
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Bossetti • Dolar • García Düttmann • Garcés • Hatherley • Kostanić • Kovačević
Köner • Levi • Mathieu • Milat • Neimarević • Stevanović • Szendy

Process:Music

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9

Frakcija

K.

Jemand mußte Josef verleumdet haben, denn ohne daß er etwas Böses getan hätte, wurde er eines Morgens verhaftet.

Sadržaj

Netko je morao oklevetati Josefa K. jer bez da je on učinio išta loše, jednog je jutro uhapšen.
Franz Kafka, Proces

Na početku stoji jedan susret, slučajan ili ne. U Zagrebu, ranih šezdesetih Orson Welles snima dijelove svog filma *Proces* prema Franzu Kafki.

Neka vrst glasine, priče, koja se urezala u pamćenje grada koji je u tom trenutku grozničavo u potrazi za modernizmom. Među tim novoutemeljenim institucijama Muzički biennale Zagreb igrat će važnu ulogu. Skoro četiri desetljeća poslije, u travnju 2009. na 25. Muzičkom biennalu, *Proces: muzika* je bio pokušaj jednog koraka unatrag, da se (dez)orijentira s obzirom na zgodu koja je spojila dvojicu važnih dvadesetstoljetnih umjetnika i jedan grad, pukom koincidencijom ili ne.

Šestorici pozvanih glazbenika i filozofa nisu bile zadate nikakve određenije smjernice osim jedne formalne naznake prerusene u glasinu, trač, čuvenje ili priču da se pozabave jednim susretom koji se materijalizirao kao film.

Intervencije te šestorice i drugi, dodatni prilozi u ovom broju časopisa *Frakcija* predstavljaju filozofske, glazbene i filmske izvještaje inspirirane i obuzete jednom pričom, tračom, glasinom ili možda čak laži. Trenutačno. Slučajno, ili ne.

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Someone must have been telling tales
about Josef K., for one morning, without
having done anything wrong, he was
arrested.
Franz Kafka, *The Trial*

At the beginning there was an encounter, accidental or not. In Zagreb, in the early 1960's, Orson Welles was shooting parts of *The Trial* based on the writing of Franz Kafka.

A kind of rumor, a tale, was burned into the memory of a city that at the time feverishly invested itself into modernism. Among those newly founded institutions the Zagreb Music Biennale has played a significant role. Almost four decades later, in April 2009 the *Process:Music* program within the 25th Music Biennale, has sought to take a step back, to (dis)orient itself in regard to the meeting that has brought together two major 20th century artists and a city, by mere coincidence or not.

Six invited musicians and philosophers had not been given any strict specification whatsoever, just a formal indication in the guise of a rumor, gossip, hearsay or a tale to tackle (embark upon) an encounter that has materialized itself as a movie.

Their interventions and new, additional, contributions in this issue of *Frakcija* Journal represent philosophical, musical and cinematic accounts inspired by and taken over by a tale, gossip, hearsay or a even a lie. Momentarily. By chance, or not.

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Pred slikom, pred platnom, pred zakonom

Peter Szendy

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6

Pred slikom, pred platnom, pred zakonom
Peter Szendy

Frakcija #53/54
Proces: Muzika

U Kafkinu nedovršenom romanu *Proces* postoji jedan dio koji u meni uvijek izazove neku vrstu vrtoglavice. To je jedan od najdiskretnije užasavajućih prizora koji prethode čuvenom i fascinantnom apologu *Pred zakonom*, jedinom fragmentu koji je objavljen za autorova života. Točnije rečeno, to i nije prizor, nego unutarnji monolog Josefa K. u poglavlju naslovljenom *Advokat – tvorničar – slikar*.

K. ovdje pomišlja da njegov advokat ne čini ništa kako bi mu pomogao i da će morati sam otići na sud kako bi uložio "podnesak" (*Eingabe*), memorandum koji će zajamčiti njegovu obranu:

Ali podnesak zacijelo znači trud bez kraja i konca (*eine fast endlose Arbeit*). Ne moraš biti kukavica da ne dokučiš kako se podnesak nikada ne može dovršiti (*dass es unmöglich war, die Eingabe jemals fertigzustellen*) [...] nego zato što se treba prisjetiti cijeloga života, do najsitnijih djela i zbivanja, prikazati ih i ispitati sa svih strana (*das ganze Leben in den kleinsten Handlungen und Ereignissen in die Erinnerung zurückgebracht, dargestellt und von allen Seiten überprüft werden musste*), a da ti nisu poznate ni postojeća optužba, pa ni njezina možebitna proširenja...

Kao u nemogućoj biografiji Sterneova *Tristrama Shandyja*, Josef K. zna da se u tom memorandumu, koji sadrži njegova sjećanja, neće nikada podudarati sa samim sobom, nego jedino sa slikom ili naracijom o sebi samome.

Kasnije u istom poglavlju to nemoguće, a ipak prijeteće sjedinjavanje njegova jastva ne uprizoruje se u mediju govora ili diskursa (budući da je formulacija peticije osuđena na to da ostane nedovršena), nego u K.-ovu odnosu prema slikama. Naime, slijedeći savjet jednog od svojih klijenata iz banke, K. se sastaje sa slikarom koji nosi pseudonim Titorelli i "radi za sud" (*für das Gericht*). Titorelli će, kako smatra K., biti u mogućnosti pomoći mu da dobije sudsko oslobođenje.

Budući da ne može pronaći umjetnikov atelje, K. zapita jednu od četiri djevojčice koje vidi kako žurno prolaze živi li ondje slikar po imenu Titorelli,

navodeći kao izliku da "želi da ga on naslika" (*Ich will mich von ihm malen lassen*). Zatim, kada napokon stigne u njegov atelje, slikar mu kaže: "Hoćete li kupiti slike ili želite da vas slikam?" (*Wollen Sie Bilder kaufen oder sich selbst malen lassen?*) Iznenaden tim pitanjem, koje je njegovo pismo preporuke trebalo spriječiti, K. ne odgovara. Točnije rečeno, odgovara protupitanjem:

"Vi upravo radite na jednoj slici?" "Da", reče slikar... "To je portret. Dobar rad, ali još nije sasvim gotov."

Slijedi dijalog pred nedovršenom slikom, koji je obilježen dvoznačnošću. K. je došao po savjet u vezi sa svojim procesom. Međutim, u strahu da će ga slikar smatrati neuljudnim zato što je odbio mogućnost da ga se naslika, on nastoji pokazati interes za platno na štafelaju, koje prikazuje suca na prijestolju nad kojim se nadvija neka alegorijska figura, napola Pravda, a napola Pobjeda.

Tako je konačno rješenje za K.-ov nemogući podnesak odgodila jedna slika. Točnije rečeno, to je opis slike u nastanku, budući da K. promatra slikara dok slika:

[Titorelli] zasuče rukave, uzme u ruku nekoliko pisaljki i pred K.-ovim očima, ispod drhtavih vršaka olovaka (*unter den zitternden Spitzen der Stifte*) oko sučeve glave počne nastajati (*sah zu, wie... sich bildete*) crvenkasta sjena koja se zrakasto gubila prema rubu slike (*gegen den Rand des Bildes*). Ta igra sjene pomalo zaokruži glavu poput ukrasa ili visokog odličja...

Ovi redovi uvelike podsjećaju na staru retoričku figuru *ekfrazu* – detaljni opis slike – figuru koja je, koliko znamo, veoma rijetka u Kafkinu djelu. Ova naracija ne samo da opisuje sliku, nego čak donekle rekonstruira proces njezina nastanka. I na taj način ona odgađa konačno razrješenje K.-ova procesa. Dok se slika (*Bild*) izgrađuje (*sich bildet*), pitanje procesa, bilo ono sretno ili nesretno, zastaje više nego ikada prije.

K.-ov dijalog sa slikarom događa se pod voajerskim pogledom djevojčica koje su mu pomogle da pronađe atelje, a koje ga sada uhode skrivajući se iza vrata: "Gurale su se vjerojatno oko ključanice, možda se u sobu i vidi kroz pukotine (*durch die Ritzen ins Zimmer hineinsehen*)." Pomno prate zbivanja kako bi uhvatile svaku pojedinost prizora, čekajući na trenutak kada će – kako one vjeruju – K. početi pozirati Titorelliju.

Naposljetku se čini da je slikar spreman pomoći K.-u. "Jeste li nedužni?", pita ga. Naravno, odgovara K., ali nedužnost ne pojednostavljuje stvar:

"... svi se slažu da se optužbe ne podižu lako i da je sud čvrsto uvjeren u optuženikovu krivnju kada već podigne optužbu i da se veoma teško pokoleba u tom uvjerenju." "Teško?" upita slikar i podigne ruku. "Nikada se sud ne može razuvjeriti. Kad bih sve suce jednog do drugog ovdje naslikao na jednom platnu i kad biste se branili pred tim platnom (*vor dieser Leinwand verteidigen*), imali biste više uspjeha nego pred stvarnim sudom."

Stajati pred platnom je, prema tome, jednako kao stajati pred sudom: čini se kao da se okvir slike i sudski okvir nužno podudaraju u beskonačnom odlaganju koje odgađa njihovo okončanje.

Ustvari, ono o čemu se tu radi jest neprestano odgađanje, odlaganje koje se neprestano vraća unatrag – ukratko, *différance* slike baš kao i presude. Jer K. će ubrzo u očaju spoznati da sud uopće nije donio nikakvu odluku o oslobođenju. Ili, točnije rečeno, nikakvom “stvarnom oslobođenju” (*wirklichen Freispruch*). Ostale su još dvije opcije, dakle, koje slikar opisuje kao “prividno (scheinbar) oslobođenje” i “otezanje” (*Verschleppung*). Te dvije opcije ustvari su jedno te isto, jer – kako pojašnjava Titorelli – “nakon drugog oslobođenja slijedi treće uhićenje, nakon trećeg oslobođenja četvrto uhićenje, i tako dalje”. Sve u svemu, zaključuje Titorelli, beskonačno otezanje “već je sadržano u poimanju prividnog oslobođenja” (*liegt schon im Begriff des scheinbaren Freispruchs*).

Prema tome, kako pojašnjava slikar, nema drugog izgleda osim beskonačnog odgađanja. Ali njegovo objašnjenje tih dvaju eventualnih rješenja – od kojih oba rezultiraju pukim odgađanjem – i samo je odgođeno ili odloženo, ne samo zbog “vrtoglavice” (*Schwindel*) koju K. počinje osjećati u skućenoj i prezagrijanoj atmosferi ateljea, nego još važnije od toga, zbog djevojčica koje se, nakon što K. skine kaputić, ponovo začuju kako se “naguravaju oko pukotina tako da bi vidjele taj igrokaz”:

“Djevojčice, naime, misle”, reče slikar, “da ću vas slikati (*dass ich Sie malen werde*) i da se zato svlačite.” “A tako”, reče K. nimalo raspoložen jer se nije osjećao mnogo bolje nego prije, premda je sada sjedio u košulji. Gotovo mrzovoljno upita: “Kako ste nazvali dvije druge mogućnosti?” Već je zaboravio izraze. “Prividno oslobođenje i otezanje”, reče slikar...

Čini se kao da se i samo odgađanje odgađa pred platnom, pred gradilištem slike, koja se beskonačno odgađa u svome nastanku.

U filmu Orsona Wellesa iz 1962. godine, koji se zasniva na Kafkinu nedovršenom romanu, dodatno se podcrtava i naglašava narativno preklapanje beskonačnog procesa i odloženog portreta. U sekvenci koja odgovara stranicama koje smo upravo pročitali najprije vidimo lica djevojčica u ekstremno krupnom planu, njihove oči kako vire između dasaka; a zatim vidimo slikara iz donjeg rakursa, dok se K. nalazi u pozadini:

TITORELLI. – Čini se da misle kako ću vas slikati i da zato skidate kaputić.
K. – A koje su, hm, druge opcije? (*Dvojica muškaraca iz gornjeg rakursa.*)
TITORELLI. – Hm, mislite li na zakonske opcije? K. – Da. TITORELLI (*gubi strpljenje*). Pa rekao sam vam! Navodno oslobođenje ili odgađanje u beskonačnost.

Upravo u onom trenutku kada se donji rakurs pretvara u gornji nalazimo trenutak oklijevanja u dijalogu: opcije o kojima se govori – bi li one mogle biti alternativa K.-ovu portretiranju? Čini se da Titorelli baš to misli, barem na sekundu, jer oklijevajući odgovara: “Hm, mislite li na zakonske opcije?”

Ono što ovaj kratki trenutak neodlučnosti otkriva jest to da u Wellesovu filmu, čak više nego u Kafkinu romanu, treba frazirati upravo pred platnom, *vor der Leinwand*, kako bi se odgodila presuda. Treba govoriti, čavrljati kako bi se olabavila slika, kako bi se rastavila ili razrijedila (*espacer l'image*) i tako odložila njezina presuda. Dok brbljamo i mlatimo jezikom, kristalizacija imaginarne ikone zakona simbolički se odgađa. Stajati pred slikom je, dakle, isto što i stajati pred zakonom: i o tome se radi o mnogim sekvencama Wellesova filma.



Na žalost, zbog vremenskog ograničenja moram ostaviti po strani ili odgoditi prikaz povijesti ekfrazе, te drevne retoričke figure koja nagovještava živu naraciju takozvanog "pripovjedača" kakvog su unajmljivali kao pratnju nijemim filmovima. Ubrzo ću se vratiti na praksu "pripovijedanja" filmova. Zasad mi dopustite da kažem kako je jedna od Wellesovih glavnih briga u *Procesu* ta da izbjegne ono što bismo mogli nazvati, u najširem mogućem smislu, *zamrznutim kadrom*. Drugim riječima: zamrzavanje ili kristalizaciju slike. Dokle god K. i Titorelli *razgovaraju* ispred platna, odgađa se *zadržaj* slike, moć ili stisak portreta. Proces će se nastaviti dokle god budu govorili i osuda će biti odgođena. A mi na neki način slutimo da će se, čim utihnu njihovi glasovi, slika zamrznuti ili otvrdnuti u veliki pogled: pogled "izvana" (*au-dehors*), kako to opisuje Lacan, pogled "sa strane stvari" (*du côté des choses*), pogled kojime "bivam gledan" (*je suis regardé*), "bivam foto-grafiran", pogled "koji me pretvara u sliku" (*qui me fait moi-même tableau*).⁰¹



01 Jacques Lacan, *Les Quatre concepts fondamentaux de la psychanalyse* (Le Séminaire, livre XI), Seuil, 1973, str. 97, 98 i 100.



Već kada K. i Titorelli stoje ispred platna i komentiraju ga, sastavljajući ga i rastavljajući svojim ekfrastičnim riječima, oči djevojčica, koje se vide u krupnom planu iza dasaka, prizivaju *odostraga gledajuću moć slike* koja za nas ostaje skrivena.

Kasnije, dok K. i slikar sjede na krevetu, K. je očajniji nego ikada: "pretpostavljam da nema smisla niti pokušavati", kaže on, a Titorelli potvrđuje da "nema nade". Njihov dijalog isprekidan je insertiranim kadrovima pogleda koji se umnožavaju oko njih. Iza dasaka koje okružuju atelje, za koji se čini da K. u njemu odustaje od svake mogućnosti olabavlivanja imaginarne omče koja se steže oko njega, proliferacija očiju uspostavlja neku vrstu mnogovidnog Argusa, poput panoptičke površine umjetničkog djela kakvu opisuje Hegel u svojim *Predavanjima o estetici* ("umjetnost", piše on na početku trećeg poglavlja posvećenog umjetničkoj ljepoti, "pretvara svaki svoj proizvod [*Gebilde*] u Argusa s tisuću očiju [*zu einem tausendäugigen Argus*]").



To je razlog zbog kojega K. na kraju mora pobjeći, on mora izmaći toj slici koju nije moguće svrgnuti, budući da se ona neumoljivo iznova uspostavlja i okružuje ga svojim pogledima. Dugačka sekvenca njegova bijega, najprije kroz hodnik labavo složenih dasaka, a zatim kroz podzemne

tunele i galerije isprekidane oknima, prikazuje ga kako trči progonjen pogledima dok očajnički nastoji pobjeći od slike koja prijeti da će ga zgrabiti. Ali i bez njegova znanja taj će ga bijeg neumitno odvesti do katedrale, gdje će se naći pred drugom ikonom: slijedi čuveni apolog *Pred zakonom*.

Vor der Leinwand na Kafkinu jeziku znači: ispred slikarskog platna. Ali *Leinwand* na njemačkom označava i projekcijsko platno na kojemu gledamo filmove, što je i sam Kafka rado činio.⁰² *Vor der Leinwand als vor dem Gesetz* dakle znači: pred platnom kao pred zakonom.



Kafka je odlazio u kino u vrijeme dok su filmovi bili nijemi. Bolje rečeno – budući da je njihova nijemost retrospektivna fikcija – u vrijeme dok su projekcije bile sustavno popraćene *pripovijedanjem*, odnosno: pojašnjavao ih je *pripovjedač*. Ponovo zbog vremenskog ograničenja moram ostaviti po strani prikaz povijesti danas zaboravljene prakse pripovijedanja filmova, o umijeću *Kinoerzählera*, kako ga se nazivalo na njemačkom. Dopustite mi samo da ukratko citiram zadivljujuću društvenu povijest tog popularnog lika, koji je na francuskom nazivan *bonimenteur* (ekvivalent japanskog *benshija* ili španjolskog *explicadora* kojeg Luis Bunuel još uvijek spominje u svojim memoarima...) iz pera Germaina Lacassea.⁰³ Lacasse se prisjeća kako je nakon zlatnoga doba, koje je trajalo do prvih desetljeća 20. stoljeća, praksa pripovijedanja filmova nestala u procesu institucionalizacije filmske industrije. On interpretira *boniment* kao oblik lokalnog ili čak "antikolonijalnog" otpora protiv institucije koja se smatrala "univerzalnom" (164-165). Takva geopolitička analiza *bonimenta* svakako je snažna i potrebna. Međutim, ona ne isključuje drugu perspektivu: poput *claquea* i raznih drugih glazbenih praksi kojima sam se bavio u knjizi *Slušanje – povijest naših ušiju* – opisujući ih kao deranžmane umjesto aranžmana – *boniment* je naposljetku pokleknuo pred zakonom *strukturne* ili *interne* percepcije djela.

Kraj *bonimenta* tako bi se poklopio s njegovom internalizirajućom integracijom u strukturu filmskoga djela, koje je organski zatvoreno u sebe. Od tog trenutka djelo će kao takvo samo nositi svoje narativno objašnjenje, pripovijedajući o sebi i po sebi. Vokalna odgovornost *bonimenta* postupno prelazi u *sam film*. A ono što čujemo kada Godard *frazira* početnu špicu u filmu *Prezir* samo je udaljeni odjek tog povijesnog procesa. Također nas se podsjeća na izgubljenju praksu *bonimenta* kada Orson Welles čini isto što i Godard sa završnom špicom *Procesa*, nakon konačne eksplozije koja

02 Usp. Hanns Zischler, *Kafka va au cinéma*, na franc. preveo Olivier Mannoni, Cahiers du cinéma, 1996.

03 Germain Lacasse, *Le Bonimenteur de vues animées. Le cinéma "muet" entre tradition et modernité*, Nota Bene / Méridiens Klincksieck, 2000.

predstavlja neku vrstu točke ili konačnice. Moglo bi se čak reći da, kada Welles potpisuje svoj film nakon što je nabrojao imena glumaca ("Ja sam napisao i režirao ovaj film, moje ime je Orson Welles", kaže on), on stavlja u službu autorske afirmacije djela upravo onu praksu koja joj se suprotstavljala, naime *boniment*.

Posljednja slika – vrata Zakona koja se zatvaraju – mogla bi tako postati simbolom zatvaranja same filmske slike u sebe samu, u autonomiju svoga zakona.

Dopustite mi da vas podsjetim kako je ono što sam opisao u knjizi *Slušanje – povijest naših ušiju* i drugdje kao *otografsku* praksu *claquea* (praksu obilježavanja i komentiranja onoga što se čuje) nije ograničeno na javnu pozornicu koncertne dvorane, nego također djeluje u intimi bilo kojeg slušajućeg jastva. Ako uvijek postoji neka vrsta pljeska u meni kada slušam, onda bi se jednako tako moglo reći da ekfrastični *boniment* prati svaki pogled, čak i izvan kinematografa. Tako je on već tu, već govori, čita ili čavrlja pred unutrašnjim ekranom o kojemu govori protagonist prekrasnog romana Gerta Hofmanna *Der Kinoerzähler*: "svako ljudsko biće u svojoj glavi nosi kino" (*jeder Mensch trägt... ein Kino in seinem Kopf*), kaže djed svome zbunjenom unuku, a zatim dodaje da se "to naziva maštom" (*Phantasie*). Upravo zato, "prije nego što ispriča film drugima, djed ga mora ispričati sebi samome" (*erst sich selbst erzählen musste*). To bi značilo da postoji *boniment* prije *bonimenta*, neki nad-pripovjedač u svakome od nas, koji prati naš pogled svojim brbljanjem dok zurimo u slike.

Pa što čini taj *bonimenteur* ili pripovjedač ako ne to da označava i punktuira, kao što to čini naratorov djed u Hofmannovu romanu *Der Kinoerzähler* kada, na primjer, predstavlja adaptaciju djela Mauricea Renarda *Les Mains d'Orlac* autora Roberta Wienea (1924), jedan od brojnih zaboravljenih nijemih filmova koji se spominju u romanu?

Evo, Orlac leži na trbuhu (*da liegt Orlac auf dem Bauch*), a sada dolazi puzeći (*da kommt er angekrochen*), uzviknuo je djed [...]. To je zato što je doživio nesreću, objasnio je... U toj prometnoj nesreći, rekao je djed, klavirski virtuoz Orlac, blagoslovljen od bogova [...], ostao je bez ruku. Ali, vrlo vješto, kirurg koji je žurio zamijenio ih je rukama ubojice kojega su upravo smaknuli, reče djed, *pokazujući palicom* (*und zeigte mit seinem Stöckchen*) otrgnute ruke i one nove... I tu su (*und da*) sjene starih ruku, a tu (*und da*) sjene novih! (naglasak je moj)

"Evo", "sada", "tu je", "tu su", neprestano govori pripovjedač (i drugima i sebi). *Pogledajte ovo, pogledajte ono*, kaže *Kinoerzähler*, kao da je i sam neka vrsta palice, deiktički pokazivač posvećen navodnom označavanju. Točnije rečeno, čini se da *bonimenteur* označava sam, apsolutno, kao označavajuće tijelo: on se udvaja dok se dijeli na dvoje, tjerajući se da pokazuje na sliku, a pokazuje svoju vlastitu punktuaciju u eskalaciji koja ga uspostavlja kao hiperboličnu točku skopskog poriva:

Natjerao je sam sebe i povikao (*er trieb sich selbst an und rief*): Hajde, hajde, starče (*weiter, weiter, alter Mann*), naprijed, naprijed (*und voran, voran*)! Zatim se digao na vrhove prstiju i zaljuljao (*Dabei stellte er sich auf die Zehenspitzen und wippte*).

Kinoerzähler nije samo puka deiksa, nego njezino udvajajuće ponavljanje, njezin neposredni odjek; on je pulsirajući i punktuirajući život pogleda, njegov

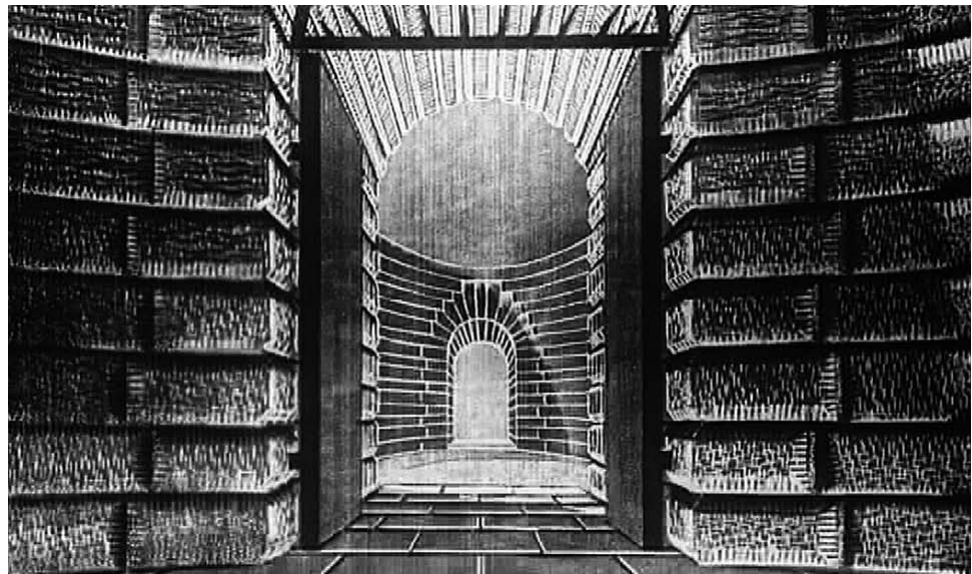
stigmatski ritam ili njegov *punctum saliens*, kako ga Hofmannov narator opisuje u veoma dirljivom odlomku pred kraj romana, kada se prisjeća riječi svoga pokojnog djeda:

Kada mu je bilo sedamdeset godina, djed je rekao: na početku bijaše svjetlo (*am Anfang war das Licht*). Ono se ugasio. Našao sam se pred platnom, sam (*ich stand vor der Leinwand, allein*). Gledao sam u publiku (*ich schaute ins Publikum*). Ondje nije bilo mnogo ljudi (*es waren nicht viele da*)... Djed je rekao: u svakom filmu, pa čak i onima gdje se priča odvija u zatvorenim prostorima (*in geschlossenen Räumen*), u to vrijeme je kišilo (*hat es damals geregnet*). Bilo je to zato što je film bio oštećen dodirima prstiju kinooperatera (*Vorführer*)... Otac je uzeo moju ruku. Povukao me za ovratnik. Rekao je: ne, nije nemirna projekcija bila ta zbog koje je sve podrhtavalo (*es war nicht die unruhige Projektion, die alles zittern liess*). Razlog nije bio niti u disanju ljudi (*es war auch nicht das Atemholen der Leute*). Bilo je to kucanje srca Kinoerzählera, koji je sve nadgledao (*es war der Herzschlag des Kinoerzählers, der alles überwachte*).

Vor der Leinwand, da: pred platnom, kao i pred slikom, postoji pulsirajući ritam točke gledanja. *Punctum saliens videns*.

Wellesov *Proces* sniman je u Parizu i Zagrebu, a započinje i završava jednom nezaboravnom slikom. Slikom koja dolazi niotkuda, budući da nije snimljena ovdje ili ondje, nego *na samom ekranu*.

Ta slika, koja slijedi nakon početne špice i također obilježava kraj filma, napravljena je s pomoću sprave koja je poznata kao "*pinscreen*". Izmislili su je Alexandre Alexeieff i Claire Parker, koji su je koristili u tehnici animacije. *Pinscreen* se sastoji od više tisuća igala u rupicama; sa strane dolazi svjetlost te svaka od tih igala baca vlastitu sjenku.



E pa, čini se da ta sprava na neki način utjelovljuje sam zakon slike. *Auf der Leinwand*, na platnu, slika postaje *distinktnom*, kako bi to rekao Jean-Luc Nancy.⁰⁴ Ne samo zato što ju je moguće odvojiti, kao distinktnu sliku, od one stvari koju treba predstavljati; nego i zato što proizvodi u sebi i po sebi nešto distinktno (od latinskog *distinguere*, *dia-stizein* na grčkom, gdje se korijensko *stig-* još uvijek može čuti u engleskom glagolu "*to sting*", a označava ubod ili

04 "L'image – le distinct", u: *Au fond des images*, Galilée, 2003, str. 12-13 i *passim*.

perforaciju ostrim predmetom). Ta *distinktna* slika, dakle, uvijek je *stigmatska* ili *ubodna* (*stinging*) u svome tkanju, svome tkivu. Pa ako je početna slika Wellesova *Procesa* u tom pogledu primjerna ili paradigmatiska, to je zato što je igličasta ili stigmatizirana u svakoj pojedinoj od svojih točaka. U tom smislu to je slika slike, slika distinkcije svake slike kao takve. Ona predstavlja *definiciju* slika općenito (ona to ima i jest), utoliko što su one kristalizacije točaka ili piksela.

E pa, ono što komentira glas Orsona Wellesa, ono o čemu on pripovijeda poput dobrog starog *bonimenteur*, upravo je ta slika koja je *po sebi već punktuirana*. Njegovo ekfrastično pripovijedanje ili *boniment* je punktuacija punktuacije koja interno određuje sliku kao distinktnu. To je pridodana stigmatizacija, ali pridodana unaprijed, ako tako mogu reći, budući da uspostavlja sam pogled: kada pogledam u sliku koja gleda u mene i pokazuje na mene, time je činim svojom, prisvajam je pretjeranom punktuacijom. Ili bi moglo biti obrnuto, moglo bi biti da me slika, dok je pokušavam punktuirati svojim internim pripovijedanjima i *bonimentima*, obavija i okružuje, prijeteći da će me zgrabiti, ganjajući me svojom panoptičkom površinom poput očiju djevojčica koje proganjaju K.-a dok nastoji pobjeći pred *Slikom*?

Tko poantira koga ili što između slike koja gleda u mene i mene koji gledam u nju? Tko ili što probada drugoga, pribija ga ili buši iglama? Ondje, ispred slike, *pred slikom*, nalazimo ono što bi Jean-Luc Nancy nazvao "distinktnom oscilacijom" (*oscillation distincte*).⁰⁵ Recipročnu stigmatizaciju, ali bez ikakve moguće recipročnosti, bez ikakve stabilne podudarnosti.

Tom zastrašujućem uzajamnom gledanju – ja pred slikom, a slika preda mnom – toj oscilirajućoj punktuaciji i pretjeranoj punktuaciji, kraj Wellesova *Procesa* nastoji dati neka bliskija lica. Zakon slike koja gleda u mene – "izvana", što je Lacan smjestio na "stranu stvari" – taj zakon sada ima povjerljivo i gotovo utješno ljudsko lice, bez obzira na to što je još uvijek prijeteće: lice advokata. A jezovite "pinscreen" slike iz prologa sada se pretvaraju u puku pozadinu iza dvaju glasova.



Distinktno se pojavljujući na stigmatskoj pozadini tih punktuiranih slika, pritom ih također prikrivajući, sučeljavaju se K. i njegov advokat (Anthony Perkins i sam Orson Welles). "Što je ovo?", pita K. naletjevši na stol s projektorom, kao da želi skrenuti pozornost na činjenicu da sekvenca koja

⁰⁵ *Au fond des images*, nav. dj., str. 121 i dalje.

slijedi neće biti samo rasprava o ishodu procesa, nego i debata o samoj filmskoj slici. Advokat odgovara: "Koristimo vizualna pomagala." Kao da su slike sada udomaćene, pripitomljene, stavljene u službu diskursa, kao da su postale pukim protezama ili ilustracijama retorike. I to do te mjere da K. u očajanju uzvikne: "Pripovijesti i propovijedi!" Gotovo kao da prkosno odbacuje riječi pripovjedača, *bonimenteura*...

Kada ponovo začujemo, ispred istih igličastih slika, Wellesov glas koji ponovo izgovara apolog koji smo već čuli u prologu, on je već izgubio svoj spektralni autoritet i sada nije gotovo ništa više od glasa pokvarenog advokata, kojemu se suprotstavlja glas njegova klijenta. Jer K. ga odmah prekida, svodeći apolog na neku vrstu klišeja: "To sam već čuo, svi smo to čuli." Iako vidimo iste one slike vrata Zakona, njihov komentar je postao dijalogom umjesto monologa; razlomljen je na dva glasa, od kojih svaki pokušava nametnuti svoje gledište:

ADVOKAT. – Neki komentatori istaknuli su da je čovjek došao pred ova vrata po vlastitoj slobodnoj volji. K. I sve to bismo trebali progutati? [...] Moj Bože!, kakav bijedan zaključak! Tu se laž pretvara u univerzalno načelo...

K. i advokat bore se pred slikom, pred platnom, *vor der Leinwand*. Kao što su to činili japanski *benshiji* početkom 20. stoljeća, tijekom natjecanja koja su organizirali kako bi se suočili različiti *bonimenti* istoga filma. I u Hofmannovu romanu djed se bori s vlasnikom kina gdje je nekada pripovijedao; oni su poput dvojice boksača u ringu, između publike i filma:

... počeli su se hrvati. Film se i dalje odvijao iznad njih... Obojica su pokušala izbaciti onog drugoga... Obojica su govorila svojim pogledom (*sagte mit seinen Augen*, naglasak je moj): "Gledajte, ovaj je poludio!" Nasreću, bila je to jutarnja projekcija. U publici je sjedilo samo petero ljudi. Svi su promatrali hrvače, nitko nije gledao film...

Kada jedan punktuira (protiv) punktuacije drugoga, kada se pripovjedači zarate – u ratu punktova – kako bi nametnuli vlastitu politiku viđenja, mi više ne vidimo. A ipak, upravo se to događa u nama, u kinu koji djed smješta u naše glave, u shematizirajućoj imaginaciji koja uspostavlja naš pogled.

Pripovjedačeva ili *bonimeneurova* laž, je li to možda, kako kaže K., "univerzalno načelo"? K. se čini zgrožen, šokiran tim zaključkom. Ali istina je ustvari da on naprosto osjeća olakšanje, baš kao i mi. Jer to nije nikakav zaključak, to je upravo mogućnost odgode: *vor der Leinwand*, dokle god postoje glasovi, *boniments* i protu-*boniments*, pa čak i oni kojima se ne može vjerovati (*menteurs*), zakon slike još nas nije zgrabio. Još nas nije pribio, ta slika koja nije ni iskrena ni lažljiva, nego nas hvata dok gleda u nas. Dok nas njezine "točke gledanja" (*points de regard*), kako kaže Lacan, probadaju, pribijaju "sa strane stvari"...

Before the Image, Before the Screen, Before the Law

Peter Szendy

Here is, in Kafka's unfinished novel, *The Trial*, a passage that has always caused in me a sort of dizziness. It is one of the most *discreetly terrifying* scenes, before the famous and overwhelming apologue, *Before the Law*, the only fragment that was published during the lifetime of the author. Or, more precisely, it is not a scene but an internal monologue by Joseph K., in the chapter entitled *Lawyer – Manufacturer – Painter*.

K. starts to think that his lawyer is doing nothing to help him and that he will have to go to court by himself to present a "petition" (*Angabe*), a memorandum to secure his defence:

Needless to say, [it] would mean an almost endless amount of work (*eine fast endlose Arbeit*). It was easy to come to the belief, not only for those of an anxious disposition, that it was impossible ever to finish it (*dass es unmöglich war, die Eingabe jemals fertigzustellen*) [...] because he did not know what the charge was or even what consequences it might bring, so that he had to remember every tiny action and event from the whole of his life, looking at them from all sides and checking and reconsidering them (*das ganze Leben in den kleinsten Handlungen und Ereignissen in die Erinnerung zurückgebracht, dargestellt und von allen Seiten überprüft werden musste*)...

As in the impossible autobiography of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, Joseph K. knows that, in this memorandum containing his memoirs, he will never be able to coincide with himself, with a just image or narrative of himself.

Later in the same chapter, this impossible and nevertheless threatening unification of his self is staged not in the medium of speech or discourse (with the formulation of a petition doomed to remain unfinished) but in K.'s relationship to images. For, following the advice of one of his clients at the bank, K. meets a painter, who bears the pseudonym of Titorelli and "works for the court" (*für das Gericht*). Titorelli, K. thinks, will be able to help him obtain his acquittal.

Unable to find the artist's studio, K. asks one of the four young girls he sees rushing by if a painter named Titorelli lives here, giving as a pretext that he "wants to have him paint [his] portrait" (*Ich will mich von ihm malen lassen*). Then, when K. finally arrives at Titorelli's studio, the latter says to him: "Did you want to buy some pictures or to have yourself painted?" (*Wollen Sie Bilder kaufen oder sich selbst malen lassen?*) Surprised by this question that his letter of recommendation should have prevented, K. does not answer. Or, more precisely, he replies with another question:

"Are you working on a picture now?" "Yes," said the painter... "It's a portrait. Quite a good piece of work, although it's not quite finished yet."

Before the unfinished painting, the dialogue that follows between K. and the painter is marked by an ambiguity. K. came for advice concerning his trial. But, afraid of being impolite by discarding the possibility of being portrayed, he even seems interested in the canvas on the easel, representing a judge on a throne surmounted by an allegorical figure, half Justice, half Victory.

The eventual solution to K.'s impossible petition is thus deferred by an image. Or, more precisely, by the description of an image in the making, since K. observes the painter while he paints:

[Titorelli] rolled up his shirtsleeves, picked up a few of the crayons, and K. watched as a reddish shadow built up (*sah zu, wie... sich bildete*) around the head of the judge under their quivering tips (*unter den zitternden Spitzen der Stifte*) and radiated out to the edges of the picture (*gegen den Rand des Bildes*). This shadow play slowly surrounded the head like a decoration or lofty distinction...

These lines closely resemble the old rhetorical figure of *ekphrasis* – the detailed description of an image – a figure that, as far as I know, is rare in Kafka's work. The narrative not only describes the image, it gives a sort of record of its making. And thus it defers the eventual resolution of K.'s trial. While the painting (*Bild*) is being made (*sich bildet*), the issue of the trial, be it happy or unhappy, is more than ever pending.

K.'s dialogue with the painter takes place under the voyeuristic gaze of the young girls who helped him find the studio and who now spy on him from behind the door: "They were probably pressed around the keyhole, perhaps they could even see into the room through the gaps in the planks (*durch die Ritzen ins Zimmer hineinsehen*)." They are keen on catching every detail of the scene and they wait for the moment when – they believe – K. will pose for Titorelli.

At last, the painter seems to be willing to help K. "Are you innocent?", he asks. Of course, K. answers, but innocence does not make things simpler:

"... once the court has made an accusation it is convinced of the guilt of the defendant and it is very hard to make it think otherwise." "Very hard?", the painter asked, throwing one hand up in the air. "It is impossible to make it think otherwise. If I painted all the judges next to each other here on canvas, and you were trying to defend yourself in front of it (*vor dieser Leinwand verteidigen*), you would have more success with them than you would ever have with the real court."

Before the canvas, then, as before the court: it is as though the pictorial frame and the judicial frame were bound to coincide, in the infinite postponement that defers their closure.

Indeed, what is at stake is an unceasing deferment, a delay unceasingly moved back, a *différance*, in sum, of the image as well as of the verdict. For K. soon learns with dismay that no acquittal has ever been pronounced by the court. Or, more precisely, no “real acquittal” (*wirklichen Freispruch*). Two other alternatives remain, then, that the painter respectively describes as “apparent” (*scheinbar*) acquittal and “postponement” (*Verschleppung*). Two alternatives that are in fact one and the same, for, as Titorelli explains, “the second acquittal is followed by the third arrest, the third acquittal by the fourth arrest, and so on”. In sum, Titorelli concludes, the endless deferral is “already contained in the notion of apparent acquittal” (*liegt schon im Begriff des scheinbaren Freispruchs*).

Consequently, the painter explains, there is no other perspective than infinite procrastination. But his explanation of the two eventual solutions – both resulting in mere postponement – is in itself postponed or delayed, not only by K.’s “dizziness” (*Schwindel*) in the closed and overheated atmosphere of the studio, but also and more importantly by the young girls who, when K. takes off his coat, are once again “heard pressing around the gaps in the planks to see the spectacle for themselves”:

“The girls think I’m going to paint your portrait (*dass ich Sie malen werde*),” said the painter, “and that’s why you’re taking your coat off.” “I see,” said K., only slightly amused by this, as he hardly felt better than he had before even though he now sat in his shirtsleeves. With some irritation he asked, “What did you say the two other possibilities were?” He had already forgotten the terms used. “Apparent acquittal and deferment,” said the painter...

It is as if postponement itself was being postponed before the canvas, before the building site of the *Bild*, endlessly deferred in its making.

Orson Welles, in his 1962 movie based on Kafka’s unfinished novel, underlines and emphasizes even more the narrative superimposition of the interminable trial and the delayed portrait. In the sequence corresponding to the pages we have just mentioned, we first see an extreme close-up of the young girls’ faces or eyes peering between the planks; and then, a low angle view of the painter, with K. in the background:

TITORELLI. – They seem to think that I’m going to paint your portrait, and that’s why you’re taking off your jacket. K. – What are the, uh, other alternatives? (*High angle shot of the two men.*) TITORELLI. – Uh, you mean legal alternatives? K. – Yes. TITORELLI (*losing patience*). I told you! Ostensible acquittal or indefinite deferments.

There is, at the precise instant when the ground angle view is reversed in a high angle shot, a moment of hesitation in the dialogue: the alternatives spoken about, could they be alternatives to K.’s portrait? This is what Titorelli seems to think, for a second at least, when he answers hesitatingly: “Uh, you mean legal alternatives?”

What this short moment of indecision reveals is that in Welles’ movie, even more than in Kafka’s novel, it is *vor der Leinwand*, it is before the canvas that one has to phrase in order to defer the judgement. One has to talk, one

has to chatter in order to loosen the image, in order to take it or space it apart (*espacer l'image*) and delay its verdict. While one babbles and makes chin music, the crystallization of the imaginary icon of law is symbolically postponed. Before the image, then, as before the law: this is what so many sequences in Welles' film are about.



To my regret, I have to put aside or postpone, for the sake of time, a development on the history of *ekphrasis*, this ancient rhetorical figure that foreshadows the live narration of the so-called "lecturer" hired to accompany silent movies. I will soon come back to the practise of "lecturing" movies. For now, let me say that one of Welles' main concerns in *The Trial* is to avoid what we could call, in the widest possible sense, the *freeze-frame*. That is to say: the freezing or crystallizing of the image. While K. and Titorelli keep *talking* before the canvas, the *hold* of the image, the power or grasp of the portrait is deferred. The process will continue as long as they speak, the verdict will be postponed. And we somehow guess that as soon as their voices become silent, the picture would freeze or solidify into a big gaze: the gaze from "outside" (*au-dehors*), as Lacan described it, the gaze "from the side of things" (*du côté des choses*), the gaze by which "I am being gazed at" (*je suis regardé*), "I am being photographed", the gaze that "turns me into a picture" (*qui me fait moi-même tableau*⁰¹).



01 Cf. Jacques Lacan, *Les Quatre concepts fondamentaux de la psychanalyse*, *Le Séminaire*, livre XI, Seuil, 1973, p. 97, 98 and 100.



Already when K. and Titorelli stand before the canvas and comment on it, when they do and undo it with their ekphrastic words, the eyes of the young girls, seen in close-ups between the planks, recall *from behind* the gazing power of the image that remains hidden for us.

Later, K. and the painter sit on the bed. K. is more dismayed than ever: “no use in trying either, I suppose”, he says, and Titorelli confirms that there is “no hope”. Their dialogue is interspersed with insert shots of the gazes that multiply around them. Behind the planks surrounding the studio, where K. seems to give up any possibility of loosening the imaginary noose that takes hold of him, the proliferation of eyes composes a sort of hypersighted Argus, like the panoptic surface of the work of art described by Hegel in his *Lectures on Aesthetics* (“art”, he writes at the beginning of the third chapter dedicated to artistic beauty, “turns each of its productions [*Gebilde*] into a thousand-eyed Argus [*zu einem tausendäugigen Argus*]”).



That is why, in the end, K. has to flee, he has to run away from this image that is impossible to depose, because it relentlessly recomposes itself and surrounds him with its gazes. The long sequence of his flight, first through a corridor of loosely assembled planks, and then through

underground tunnels and galleries that are pierced by oculi, shows him being chased by the gazes as he desperately seeks to escape from the image that threatens to take hold of him. But, without his knowing, his flight will lead him inexorably to the cathedral, where he will find himself in front of another icon: the famous apologue, *Before the Law*.

Vor der Leinwand, in Kafka's language, means: before the canvas. But *Leinwand*, in German, is also the projection screen on the surface of which we watch movies, as Kafka himself was fond of doing⁰². *Vor der Leinwand als vor dem Gesetz*, then: before the screen as before the law.



Kafka went to the movies at a time when they were silent. Or better – since their silence is largely a retrospective fiction – at a time when the projection was systematically accompanied by a *lecture*, that is to say: explained by a *lecturer*. Once again, I have to put aside, for the sake of time, a development on the history of the now forgotten practice of narrating films, on the art of the *Kinoerzähler*, as he was designated in German. Let me just briefly quote Germain Lacasse's remarkable social history of this popular figure called *bonimenteur* in French (the equivalent of the Japanese *benshi* or the Spanish *explicador* that Luis Buñuel still mentions in his memoirs...) ⁰³. Lacasse recalls how, after a golden age that lasted until the first decades of the 20th century, the practice of narrating films disappeared in the course of an institutionalizing process of the film industry. And he interprets the *boniment* as a form of local or even "anticolonial" resistance against an institution that was perceived as "universal" (164-165). Such a geopolitical analysis of the *boniment* is of course powerful and necessary. Still, it does not exclude another perspective: like the claque and various other musical practices that I have attended to in *Listen, A History of Our Ears* – describing them as derangements rather than arrangements – the *boniment* finally yielded to the law of the *structural* or *internal* perception of the work.

The end of the *boniment* would thus coincide with its internalizing integration into the structure of the filmic work, organically closed on itself. From then on, the work as such would carry alone its own narrative explanation, its lecturing on and of itself. The vocal responsibility of the *boniment* gradually passes *inside the film*. And what we hear when Godard phrases the opening credits in *The Contempt* is a remote echo of this historical process. We are also reminded of the lost practice of the *boniment*

⁰² Cf. Hanns Zischler, *Kafka va au cinéma*, traduction française d'Olivier Mannoni, Cahiers du cinéma, 1996.

⁰³ Cf. Germain Lacasse, *Le Bonimenteur de vues animées. Le cinéma "muet" entre tradition et modernité*, Nota Bene / Méridiens Klincksieck, 2000.

when Orson Welles does the same as Godard with the end credits of *The Trial*, after the final explosion that represents a sort of period or full point. It could even be said that when Welles countersigns his film after having enumerated the names of its actors (“I wrote and directed this film, my name is Orson Welles”, he says), he puts to the service of an auctorial affirmation of the work the very practice that resisted it, i.e. the *boniment*.

The last image – the closing door of the Law – could thus become the symbol for the closure of the filmic image itself, in itself, in the autonomy of its law.

Now, let me recall that what I have described in *Listen, A History of Our Ears* and elsewhere as the *otographic* practice of the *claque* (the practice of marking and remarking what one hears) is not limited to the public scene of the concert hall, but is also at work in the intimacy of any listening self. If there is always some sort of applause in me when I listen, then, in the same way, the ekphrastic *boniment* might be said to accompany any gaze, even outside the movie theatre. It is already there, for example, it is already speaking, lecturing, or chattering in front of the inner screen that the protagonist of Gert Hofmann’s beautiful novel, *Der Kinoerzähler*, evokes: “every human being carries a movie theatre in its head” (*jeder Mensch trägt... ein Kino in seinem Kopf*), says the grandfather to his perplexed grandson, before adding that “it is called imagination” (*Phantasie*). That is why “before telling the movie to the others, grandfather had to tell it first to himself” (*erst sich selbst erzählen musste*). There would be, then, a *boniment* before the *boniment*, an archi-lecturer in each of us, accompanying our gaze with its blabber while we stare at the images.

Now, what does this *bonimenteur* or lecturer do, if not designate and punctuate, like the narrator’s grandfather in Hofmann’s *Der Kinoerzähler*, when he presents for example Robert Wiene’s adaptation of Maurice Renard’s *Les Mains d’Orlac* (1924), one of the many forgotten silent movies evoked in the novel?

Here lies Orlac on his belly (*da liegt Orlac auf dem Bauch*), and *here* he comes crawling (*da kommt er angekrochen*), grandfather cried out [...]. It is because of the accident he had, he explained... In this car accident, grandfather told, Orlac, the piano virtuoso blessed by the gods [...], had his hands torn off. But, very skilfully, a surgeon who rushed up replaces them with the hands of a murderer who has just been executed, grandfather told, *indicating with his stick* (*und zeigte mit seinem Stöckchen*) the torn-off hands and the new ones... And *here* are (*und da*) the shadows of the old hands, and *here* are (*und da*) the shadows of the new ones! (emphasis mine)

“Here”, “here is”, “there is”, “here are”, the lecturer keeps saying (and saying to himself). *Look at this, look at that*, says the *Kinoerzähler*, as if he were himself a kind of stick, a deictic pointer devoted to ostensible designation. Or, more precisely, the *bonimenteur* seems to designate himself, abysmally, as the designating body: he redoubles himself as he splits up in two while urging himself to point at the image, while pointing to his own punctuation in an escalation that institutes him as the hyperbolic point of the scopic drive:

He encouraged himself and cried out (*er trieb sich selbst an und rief*):
Come on, come on, old man (*weiter, weiter, alter Mann*), forward,

forward (*und voran, voran*)! And he stood up on the tip of his toes and swayed (*Dabei stellte er sich auf die Zehenspitzen und wippte*).

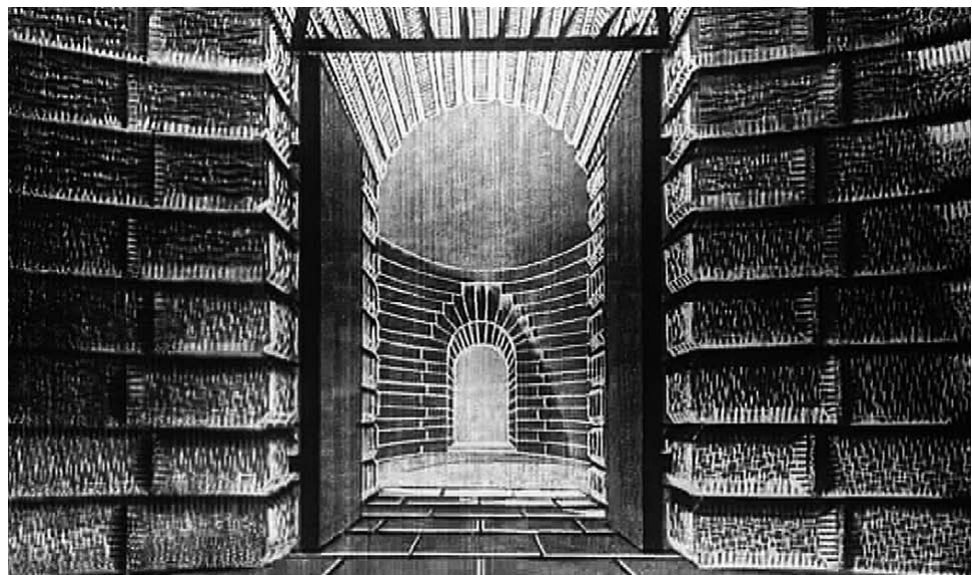
More than a simple deictic, the *Kinoerzähler* is its redoubling repetition, its immediate echo; he is the pulsating and punctuating life of the gaze, its stigmatic beat or its *punctum saliens*, as described in a very moving passage by the narrator of Hofmann's novel, near the end, when he recalls the words of his late grandfather:

At the age of seventy, grandfather said: in the beginning was the light (*am Anfang war das Licht*). It went out. I found myself before the screen, alone (*ich stand vor der Leinwand, allein*). I gazed into the audience (*ich schaute ins Publikum*). There were only a few people there (*es waren nicht viele da*)... Grandfather said: In every movie, even those that unfolded their story between four walls (*in geschlossenen Räumen*), it was raining at the time (*hat es damals geregnet*). It was because the film was damaged by the fingers of the projectionist (*Vorführer*)... Grandfather took my hand. He pulled my collar. He said: No, it was not the unstable projection that made everything shake (*es war nicht die unruhige Projektion, die alles zittern liess*). It was not the breathing of the people either (*es war auch nicht das Atemholen der Leute*). It was the heartbeat of the *Kinoerzähler*, who watched over everything (*es war der Herzschlag des Kinoerzählers, der alles überwachte*).

Vor der Leinwand, yes: before the screen, as before the image, there is the pulsating rhythm of a gazing point. *Punctum saliens videns*.

Shot in Paris and in Zagreb, *The Trial* begins and ends with an unforgettable image. An image that comes from nowhere, since it was not shot here or there, but *on the screen itself*.

This image that follows on the opening credits and that also marks the end of the movie, this image was composed by using a device known as a "pinscreen". Invented by Alexandre Alexeieff and Claire Parker, who used it as an animation technique, the pinscreen consists of thousands and thousands of pins in small holes; light shines from the side, causing each and every single pin to cast its own shadow.



Now, this device somehow seems to embody the very law of the image. *Auf der Leinwand*, on the screen, the image becomes *distinct*, as Jean-Luc Nancy would say⁰⁴. Not only because it is distinguished, as a distinct image, from the thing that it is meant to represent, but also because it produces in and by itself something distinct (from the Latin *distinguere*, *dia-stizein* in Greek, where the radical *stig-*, still audible in the English verb “to sting”, indicates a puncture, a perforation with a pointed object). The *distinct* image, then, is always *stigmatic* or *stinging* in its fabric, in its texture. And if the opening image of *The Trial* is exemplary or paradigmatic in this respect, it is because it is pinned or stigmatized *in each and every one of its points*. In this sense, it is the image of an image, the image of the distinction of every image as such. It represents – it has and it is – the *definition* of images in general, insofar as they are crystallizations of points, or pixels.

Now, what Orson Welles’ voice comments, what he lectures on, like a good old *bonimenteur*, is precisely this image that is *already punctuated in itself*. His ekphrastic lecturing or *boniment* is a punctuation of the punctuation that internally defines the image as distinct. It is an added stigmatization, but added in advance, if I may say so, since it constitutes the gaze itself: when I look at the image that gazes at me and points at me, I make it mine, I appropriate it by overpunctuating it. Or might it be the contrary, might it be that the image, while I try to punctuate it with my internal lectures and *boniments*, surrounds me and encircles me, threatening to get a hold of me, chasing me with its panoptic surface like the eyes of the young girls running after K. when he tries to escape the *Bild*?

Who points out whom, or what, between the image that gazes at me and I who gaze at it? Who, or what, transfixes the other, nails it or pins it? There is, in front of the image, *before the image*, what Jean-Luc Nancy would call a “distinct oscillation” (*oscillation distincte*⁰⁵). A reciprocal stigmatization, but without any possible reciprocity, without any stable coincidence.

On this frightening gazing at each other – I, in front of the image, and the image in front of me – on this oscillating punctuation and overpunctuation, the ending of Welles’ *Trial* tries to put some more familiar faces. The law of the image that gazes at me – from the “outside” that Lacan situated “on the side of things” – this law now has a reassuring and almost comforting human face, threatening as it may also be: the lawyer’s face. And the uncanny pinscreen images of the prologue now turn into a mere background for two voices.



⁰⁵ *Au fond des images*, op. cit.,
p. 121 sq.

Distinctly emerging on the stigmatic background of these punctuated images, masking them as well, K. and his lawyer (Anthony Perkins and Orson Welles himself) confront each other. "What's this?", asks K. when stumbling against the table that carries the projection device, as if wanting to draw attention to the fact that the sequence to come will be not only an argument about the trial's outcome, but also a debate on the filmic image itself. And the lawyer answers: "We use these visual aids." As if the images were now domesticated, tamed, put to the service of a discourse, as if they had become the mere prostheses or illustrations of a rhetoric. So much so that K. cries out, exasperated: "Lectures and sermons!" Almost as if he were despitely discarding the words of a lecturer, of a *bonimeneur*...

When we now hear, before the same pinned images, Welles' voiceover telling again the apologue that we have already heard in the prologue, it has lost its spectral authority, it is almost nothing more than the voice of a corrupted lawyer, contradicted by the voice of his client. For K. interrupts him immediately, reducing the apologue to a sort of cliché: "I've heard it before, we've all heard it." While we see the very same images of the door of the Law, their commentary has become a dialogue rather than a monologue; it is split between two voices, each of them trying to impose its point of view:

LAWYER. – Some commentators have pointed out that the man came before the door of his own free will. K. And we are meant to swallow all that? [...] My God!, what a miserable conclusion! It turns lying into a universal principle...

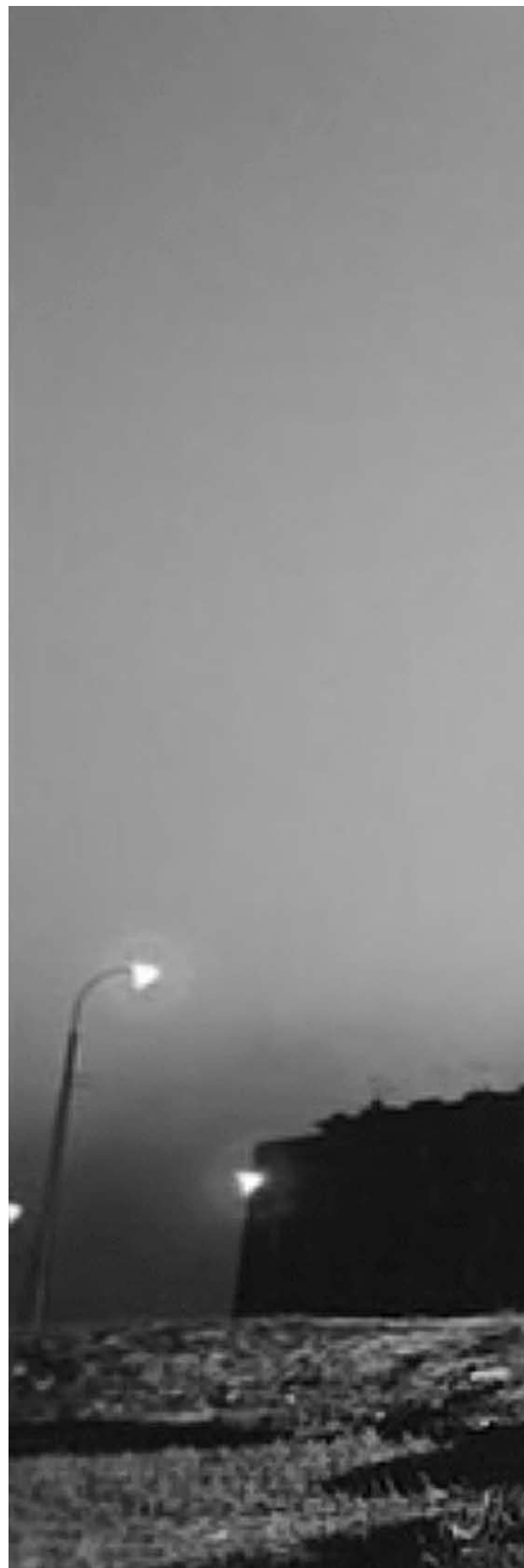
K. and the lawyer fight before the image, before the screen, *vor der Leinwand*. As did the Japanese *benshis* at the beginning of the 20th century during the contests they organized, in order to confront their respective *boniments* of the same film. In Hofmann's novel also grandfather fights with the owner of the movie theatre where he used to lecture; they are like two boxers in a ring, between the audience and the film:

... they started to wrestle. The film was going on above them... They both tried to throw the other out... They both said with their eyes (*sagte mit seinen Augen*, emphasis mine): "Look, he's gone mad!" Fortunately it was the morning show. There were only five people in the audience. All were looking at the wrestlers, no one watched the film...

When each one punctuates (against) the punctuation of the other, when the lecturers are at war – a war of points – in order to impose their seeing politics, we do not see anymore. And yet, this is exactly what happens within us, in the movie theatre that grandfather locates in our heads, in the schematizing imagination that constitutes our gaze.

The lecturer's or the *bonimeneur*'s lie, would that be, as K. says, the "universal principle"? K. seems disgusted, shocked by this conclusion. But the truth is that he is only relieved, and so are we. For it is no conclusion at all, it is the very possibility of deferral: *vor der Leinwand*, as long as there are voices, *boniments* and counter-*boniments*, untrustworthy (*menteurs*) as they may be, the law of the image has not yet taken hold of us. It has not pinned us yet, this image that is neither honest nor lying, but *seizing* when it gazes at us. When its "gazing points" (*points de regard*), as Lacan says, transfix us, nail us from "the side of things"...



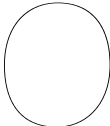


Nevolje Građanina

K.

Mladen Dolar

S engleskoga prevela Marina Miladinov

 Orson Welles započeo je svoju filmsku karijeru na najspektakularniji mogući način. Njegov veliki ulazak u filmsku umjetnost⁰¹ obilježila je početna scena *Građanina Kanea*, koja je s pravom postala vjerojatno najčuvenijom scenom u čitavoj povijesti filma. Građanin Kane umire sam usred svoga dvorca, izgovarajući svoje posljednje riječi, svoju jednu posljednju riječ, srž misterija koji će pokretati cijeli film, a zatim će poslužiti kao trajni izvor nadahnuća za buduće filmove, desetljećima, a tko zna, možda i stoljećima. Ta riječ na umoru označila je početak nove ere na rubu propasti čitavoga univerzuma, koji se u to vrijeme našao uronjen u ratnu kataklizmu, kao i propast pretpostavki i ideja na kojima se zasnivala određena ekonomska i kulturna epoha. U toj riječi, kao i u njezinoj tajni, ima nešto što podsjeća na presudu.

S obzirom na film koji je Welles napravio dvadeset godina kasnije na temelju Kafkina *Procesa*, za našu svrhu je zanimljiva inverzija početne situacije u odnosu na roman. Započnimo s građaninom Kaneom, građaninom K.-om,

najmoćnijim i najbogatijim čovjekom usred njegova posjeda, u dvorcu, krenimo od središta moći, od njezina utjelovljenja, od smrti tog velikog i moćnog čovjeka. U Kafkinu *Dvorcu*, sasvim obrnuto od toga, čitava priča razvija se oko inherentne nemogućnosti da se onamo ikada stigne, da se ikada uđe u Dvorac, pretpostavljeno središte moći koje možda uopće ne postoji. Mi nikada ne možemo dospjeti do najmoćnijeg čovjeka, koji je možda čak proizvod mašte ili puka pretpostavka, neprovjerena hipoteza, i koji se upravo iz tog razloga čini imunim na smrt. I doista, postoji jedna kula usred Dvorca, kula koja je jedva nešto manje oronula od propalih zgrada koje je okružuju i koje se prelijevaju u selo tako da se ne može povući neka jasna crta razgraničenja između sela i Dvorca, kao ni između ljudi koji pripadaju jednome ili drugome, tako da se sve stapa u neki spiralni prostor bez izvanjskosti. Ali tu postoji kula, koja se jedva ističe, s pretpostavljenim stanovnikom koji bi, kada bi postojao, držao ključeve svega toga, samo što ga nitko nikada nije vidio niti s njime razgovarao, jer on je legendaran lik, odsutno proročište koje ne daje nikakve odgovore.⁰² U slučaju Građanina K.-a pak vidimo samog čovjeka, čovjeka u središtu, i vidimo ga odmah, ugledamo ga prije nego što vidimo išta drugo, i čujemo njegovo proročanstvo, njegovu jednu proročku riječ koja, budući da je i sama enigmatična, čini sve drugo enigmatičnim i neprozirnim od samoga početka. Širenje tajne riječi čovjeka u središtu, suočavanje s moći od prvog trenutka: ta strategija čini se potpuno suprotnom Kafkinom nesposobnosti da ikada stigne do središta koje uzmiče, ali ipak proizvodi kafkijanski efekt, postiže nešto poput istoga cilja, samo drugim sredstvima. Jorge Luis Borges, vječito pronicljivi gledatelj oštrog oka (usudimo li se u njegovu slučaju primijeniti tu zajedljivo ironičnu frazu), opisao je *Građanina Kanea* kontrainuitivno kao 'labirint bez središta'.⁰³ To je film s mnogim labirintima, kao što će biti i *Proces*, i unatoč njegovoj jasnoj, čak isključivoj usredotočenosti na fascinantni lik u njegovu središtu, na njegove kvalitete koje su veće od života i njegovu baroknu ekscesivnost, stječe se dojam da je taj lik ustvari rezultat labirinta, nastavimo li s fraziranjem kakvo koristi Borges.⁰⁴

⁰¹ Zanimljivo je da kratki film koji je napravio u dobi od devetnaest godina, *The Hearts of Age* iz 1934. godine, devetominutni pokušaj nastao u suradnji s Williamom Vanceom, u kojemu glume on i njegova prva supruga Virginia Nicholson.

⁰² Usp. Roberto Calasso, K. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2005.), str. 29-30. Calassova fascinantna studija poslužila je kao nadahnuće za nekoliko ulomaka ovoga eseja.

⁰³ Peter Conrad, *Orson Welles. The stories of his life* (London: Faber & Faber, 2003.), str. 151.

⁰⁴ "Ako se za Wellesov labirint čini da nema središta, kao što je Borges ustvrdio u svojoj kritici *Građanina Kanea*, onda je to zato što njegovi likovi bježe od tog središta umjesto da nastoje doprijeti do njega. U središtu bi pronašli otkriće vlastite beznačajnosti." (Conrad, nav. dj., str. 292)

Središnji lik javlja se kao rezultat tog vizualnog labirinta, unatoč činjenici da sam naslov nameće usredotočenost na osobu, dok naslovi velikih Kafkinih romana upućuju na neuhvatljive organizme – *Dvorac*, *Proces*, *Amerika* – kojima upravo nedostaje središte i koji postoje samo u svojoj nevidljivoj ekspanziji. Oni imenuju nešto što nema obrisa i granica.

Postoji još jedna uočljiva razlika. Prije nego što vidimo umirućeg čovjeka, mi vidimo zatvoreni prostor, visoku ogradu, granicu koja okružuje Dvorac, s prijetećim natpisom 'Neovlaštenima ulaz zabranjen', s kojime će film i završiti. Problem s Dvorcem u Kafkinu romanu upravo je taj što ondje ne postoji takav znak niti bi uopće mogao postojati. Ne postoji ploča s natpisom 'Neovlaštenima ulaz zabranjen' bio gdje u okolici Dvorca, može se ući gdje god se želi, ali koliko god se pokušava, ne može se onamo stići, jer dvorac uzmiče i stapa se s okolinom. Moglo bi se reći da je natpis 'Neovlaštenima ulaz zabranjen', s kojime Welles započinje, rezultat koji Kafkin roman iznjedri na kraju, nakon dugotrajnih muka i pokušaja ulaska koji sačinjavaju veći dio romana, iako se taj rezultat nikada ne može točno odrediti. Pa i sam kraj uzmiče, jer to je nedovršen roman, roman koji ne može završiti. Ne samo da nema načina da se uđe u dvorac, nego čak nema ni načina da se dospije do ploče s natpisom 'Neovlaštenima ulaz zabranjen' ili nekakve ograde.

Junak *Procesa*, Josef K., suočit će se s istom nevoljom. On nikada neće uspjeti ući. Jer gdje je uopće Sud? Gdje je to mjesto na kojem bi se mogao izboriti za svoj slučaj, gdje bi se mogao obraniti u 'poštenom procesu', stati pred suca, pojaviti se pred nekom osobom od autoriteta? Ili kako bi ikada mogao doznati za što je optužen? Kako kasnije doznaje od svoga advokata, "ni optuženiku ni njegovoj obrani sudski spisi, a ponajmanje optužba nisu pristupačni... Postupak se uglavnom vodi tajno, ne samo za javnost, nego i za optuženika."⁰⁵ Samo se slučajno može dogoditi da nečija obrana bude relevantna. Ali tko je ta osoba koja u rukama drži vlast? Gdje je on? Sve što se ikada vidi ili čuje, to su niži izaslanici, stražari, vratari, studenti, službenici, u najboljem slučaju neki niži sudac istražitelj pred kojim će K. moći iznijeti

svoju jedinu obranu. Autoritet je ono neopipljivo svojstvo koje sklizne s jedne osobe na drugu, ali u procesu koji se odvija u oba smjera, jer čak i najniži službenici Suda nisu ga lišeni, svi oni djeluju s autoritetom, koliko god on bio proizvoljan, tako da je, ako je nemoguće dospjeti do izvora stvarnog autoriteta, jednako tako nemoguće biti izvan njega, susresti bilo koga tko bi ga bio lišen, uključujući – i to osobito – žene. Jer ako Sud i nema središta, on nema ni vanjskoga ruba, nema granice ni međe, on se prelijeva u sam život. Ako moć nema unutrašnjost, ona nema ni vanjštinu, ali to podrazumijeva beskonačne hijerarhije, načelo kojih ostaje skriveno i neprozirno te se nikada ne može u potpunosti razabrati na čemu se one zasnivaju. I najniža pralja koju K. susreće naizgled slučajno, pri prvoj posjeti Sudu, otkriva se kao osoba koja posjeduje priličnu količinu tajnog znanja i ima neki maglovit pristup aparatu moći.

Ni Josefu K. taj aparat moći nije stran. I on zauzima udoban položaj kao bankovni činovnik, a ta je banka u filmu postala golemo i moderno američko korporativno poduzeće – i izuzetno je zanimljivo da je njegov krajnji izraz, dvorana sa 850 tipkačica, sniman na lokalitetu zagrebačkog Velesajma, gdje se korporacijska mašinerija stapa sa skrivenim prizvukom socijalističke birokratske mašinerije. Josef K. ponosan je na svoj rang i obilato koristi moć koja mu je na raspolaganju, a uporaba moći uvijek je i njezina zloporaba – ne postoji jednostavna uporaba moći koja se ne bi odmah pretvorila u zloporabu. Tako, na primjer, doznajemo da on pušta podnositelje zamolbi da čekaju tjedan dana prije nego što s njima ugovori sastanak, naprosto kako bi im dao da osjete njegovu nadmoć, iz pukoga hira i objesti. U intervjuu iz 1965. godine Welles ga je opisao kao 'činovničića', dodajući da je bio kriv 'jer je pripadao krivome društvu, surađivao je s njime' (Conrad, str. 289). On nije nedužna žrtva iako je proveo čitav svoj književni i filmski život dokazujući svoju nedužnost. I taj sustav nije mu stran, uključujući i pravni sustav, kao što mu nije stran ni grad – u romanu ga čak zadužuju da bude vodič nekom talijanskom biznismenu i pokaže mu grad te on, krajnje ironično, služi kao turistički vodič.⁰⁶ On se itekako dobro snalazi. Za razliku od njega, geometar K. je stranac koji

⁰⁵ *Der Process*, ur. Malcolm Pasley, *Kritische Ausgabe* (Frankfurt: Fischer, 1990.), str. 152. Hrvatski prijevod Snješke Knežević (Zagreb: Školska knjiga, 2003.), str. 109-110.

⁰⁶ Lako možemo zamisliti turističku agenciju za posjet Pragu: K. Tours, K. Travel, razgledavanje s Josefom K., 'Doživite pravi Prag s Josefom K.' Ne bih se okladio da tako nešto već ne postoji.

stiže u nepoznato selo s Dvorcem, u zemlju čudnih običaja koje nije u stanju dokučiti, on je autsajder koji ne poznaje pravila, bila ona otvorena ili skrivena, i stoga provodi vrijeme čineći pogrešne stvari, prekoračujući nevidljive crte koje svi drugi, kako se čini, dobro vide. Karl Rossmann je pak stranac u Americi i ostat će stranac do kraja. Amerika ga pozdravlja na prvoj stranici preko Kipa slobode u njujorškoj luci, koja visoko u ruci drži mač. Gotovo to i ne primjećujemo, ali gdje je mač na Kipu slobode? Božica slobode podudara se s krvnikom već na prvoj stranici, nagovješćujući toliko toga što tek treba doći.

S Josefom K. problem je obrnut: iako je dobro usidren u sustavu, sa svojim mjestom koje mu je dodijeljeno u društvu, on će postati potpunim strancem usred poznatoga i sva ta poznatost će se osuti, i to opet na prvoj stranici, u sceni kojom započinje roman, na prostoru od nekoliko rečenica i nekoliko kadrova. Čini se kao da se iznenada usred svega otvorio ponor, pukotina u poznatome i uobičajenome, u svijetu u kojemu je bio tako dobro pozicioniran. Naprosto se čini kao da je došlo do nekog kršenja konvencija, nekog nepoštivanja pravila, neke pravne greške koju treba ispraviti, nesporazuma koji će se lako razjasniti. Mora da je netko napravio nekakvu pogrešku, potrebno je samo objasniti to nekoj razumnoj osobi od autoriteta, samo što takva instanca ne postoji, kako će K. postupno otkriti. Stoga kod K.-a, upotrijebimo li Deleuzeov način govora, nalazimo proces 'postajanja strancem', postajanja tuđincem u vlastitome gradu i zemlji, postajanja stranim među domaćima, postajanja prognanikom među onima koji su dio zajednice; i K. će sve više postajati prognanikom iz jednog poglavlja u drugo, ponor će se širiti sve dok ga ne proguta. Suđenje je postajanje, to je proces, i doista moramo ozbiljno shvatiti njemački naslov, *Der Prozess*, i njegovu dvoznačnost koja se gubi u engleskoj verziji: *The Trial*. Jer to se ne odnosi samo na zakonski postupak, nego na proces kao transformaciju u tijeku. Proces je transformacija, preobrazba, upotrijebimo li drugu čuvenu Kafkinu riječ: *der Prozess ist eine Verwandlung*. Pukotina će se otvoriti i sve će se progresivno u njoj preobraziti, a K., siguran čovjek, postupno će gubiti sva svoja uporišta, bit će progonjen i na kraju ubijen.⁰⁷

To je mjesto Suda: granica između vidljivog i nevidljivog. I sama granica je nevidljiva, ona se pređe nesvjesno i odjednom se otvori drugi svijet unutar ovoga poznatog i vidljivog, drugi svijet koji se progresivno otkriva kao svijet još većih proporcija, ustvari takvih proporcija da obuhvaća i ono što je do sada bilo vidljivo i poznato te se s time stapa. U onome uobičajenom i redovnom vrebao je neki hir, ali pokazalo se da je taj hir supstancijalniji od samoga pravila i da pravila važe samo ako je to iz nekog hira. Ali ako 'supstancijalno' podrazumijeva supstancu, neku do sada skrivenu supstancu koja se pritajila pa je izašla na vidjelo, onda je to još jedna iluzija. Jer takva supstanca ne postoji i potraga Josefa K. za takvom supstancom, istinskom supstancom svijeta iza pojavnosti koje su se pokazale varljivima, ta će potraga biti uzaludna i jalova. Kroz mnoge nedaće i kušnje K. će spoznati da takva supstanca ne postoji iako ima moć upravljanja njegovim životom. U tome i jest stvar: nevidljivo je supstancijalno, ali nema supstance, nije ga moguće točno odrediti, naučiti njegova pravila ili ga locirati, ono je sveprožimajuće i sveprisutno, vreba iza svake pukotine. Ono skriva tajnu, ali nema načina da se do te tajne dođe, jer ta se tajna uvijek prenese na neku drugu instancu i čak možda uopće ne postoji. Kao što je rekao Welles: 'Pravi misterij je nepoznatljiv i u njemu se ne skriva ništa.' (Conrad, str. 151) Postoji skriveni svijet, implicitno sadržan u ovome, koji obuhvaća sav uobičajen život i veći je od uobičajenog života, a ipak nema nikakvu vlastitu konzistenciju.

Buđenje

Sve započinje buđenjem. Josef K. budi se u svojoj sobi, u svome krevetu, sa dva stranca u sobi, koji stoje pokraj njegova kreveta, u prostoru njegove intime, u njegovu privatnom boravištu, njegovu domu. Dvojica stranaca zatim će pojesti njegov doručak i prekapati po njegovu rublju. U prvoj sceni njegov je dom raz-domljen tim upadom, dopustite li mi taj neologizam, koji ponešto nespretno prenosi značenje briljantne njemačke riječi *unheimlich*, riječi

⁰⁷ Engleski naslov uvodi dodatnu dvoznačnost, budući da se može odnositi na proces i također na kušnje ili nevolje. K. će doista biti stavljen na kušnju kojoj se neće pokazati doraslim, kao što će i zapasti u nevolje.

prema kojoj je Freud pokazivao toliki entuzijazam, do te mjere da je napisao o njoj čuveni članak (dok engleski prijevod 'uncanny', iako je točan, gubi konotaciju ne-doma, raz-domljavanja). Izraz *unheimlich* valja shvatiti posve doslovno u toj sceni, koja uprizoruje taj koncept najjednostavnijim sredstvima. Buđenje je prag, prag između sna i budnosti, povratak iz čudnovate zemlje snova, povratak iz strane zemlje. Ali taj je prag ambivalentan, jer vraćamo li se ikada lako s nekog udaljenog oniričkog mjesta? Između toga postoji pukotina i možda je zastrašujući trenutak upravo onaj kada ne uspijevamo, barem na tren, ponovo naći osjećaj doma. U ulomku s početka, koji je naposljetku prekrižio, Kafka je to briljantno formulirao:

“Čudno je kada se čovjek ujutro probudi i uglavnom nađe stvari na istom mjestu na kojemu su se nalazile prethodne večeri. A ipak, u snu i snovima se, barem naizgled, nalazimo u nekom stanju koje je temeljno drugačije od budnosti, i kada otvorimo oči potrebna je izuzetna prisebnost duha, ili bolje rečeno pribranost misli, kako bismo sve uhvatili, da tako kažemo, na istome mjestu na kojemu smo to ostavili prošle večeri.” (nav. dj., dodatak 168)

Tu postoji jedna tanka crta: s jedne strane nalazi se čudnovatost snova, njihova zastrašujuća kakvoća i temeljno drugačije stanje, dok s druge strane nije naprosto ono poznato, nego upravo neuhvatljivo i izmičuće poznato, poznato koje je odjednom postalo nepoznatim, i potrebna je prisebnost duha i budnost kako bi ga se uhvatilo, kako bi ga se spriječilo da sklizne u bezdan, jer njegova čudnovatost i nepoznatost sastoje se upravo u tome što je sve na istome mjestu. Naš svjesni život dislociran je snom (i zato je Freud smatrao san kraljevskom cestom prema nesvjesnome), ali stvar je u tome što to ne pogađa samo svijest, nego i predmete – jer kako bi oni mogli ostati nedotaknuti i naprosto jednaki? Isto mjesto sada je dislocirano i nikada se ne budimo u sasvim poznati svijet, i potreban je čin volje, velika prisebnost duha, pribranost misli. Dislocirani svijet

valja relocirati, da tako kažemo, pomaknuti kako bi dospio na isto mjesto. To i znači riječ 'relocirati' – promijeniti mjesto, pomaknuti, ali istodobno vratiti natrag (re-) na isto mjesto. San je pukotina koja ne može samo tako nestati, tu mora doći do prilagodbe, do odluke. Ima nešto čudno u činjenici da stvari ostaju na svome mjestu dok smo mi daleko, i njihovu ustrajnost ne treba uzimati zdravo za gotovo – ako glupo ostanu postavljene dok mi plutamo, onda imaju postojanje neovisno o našem fokusu koji im pridaje značenje. One ustraju unatoč našem značenju, u čudnovatosti koja je izvan njihova bivanja za nas, u vremenu dok se nismo prema njima odnosili. Ako je buđenje prag, onda je to prag gdje se na trenutak remeti odnos subjekta i objekta, pokoleba se i postane maglovitim i nesigurnim. “Buđenje je najriskantniji trenutak. Ako uspijete proći kroza nj, a da vam se ne izmakne tlo pod nogama, možete se opustiti ostatak dana.” (Isto) Josef K. je u tome podbacio i nikada se više neće moći opustiti.

U vrijeme dok je Kafka pisao *Proces*, roman koji je ostavio nedovršenim, iako s određenim završetkom, i koji će biti objavljen više od desetljeća kasnije, 1925. godine, u drugom dijelu Europe Marcel Proust je pripremao za objavljivanje prvi roman iz grandioznog zdanja nazvanog *U potrazi za izgubljenim vremenom*. Prvi svezak bio je *Du côté de chez Swann*, *Put k Swannu*, a objavljen je 1913. godine. On započinje čuvenom scenom, na prvoj stranici, na točno istome pragu, u međustanju između budnosti i sna. Mogli bismo to nazvati rođenjem modernog romana iz duha praga; iz duha pukotine između dvaju svjetova. Međutim, Proust na toj prvoj stranici prelazi prag u suprotnome smjeru: iz stanja budnosti on postupno pada u san. Pripovjedač – to sasvim dvoznačno narativno 'ja' – tone u san, opisuje sebe sama kako gubi svijest, san ga preplavljuje, neodoljivo, a ipak, prag je varljiv, ponekad stigne prije nego što i pomislimo na nj, a ponekad pak uzmiče u beskonačnost i grozničavo smo budni satima protiv svoje volje. To nije nešto što bismo mogli kontrolirati i upravljati time, budući da ima vlastitu temporalnost i kauzalnost, ali ono što on pokušava uhvatiti upravo je to područje na granici, na međi, ni jedno ni drugo, i

ono se nalazi na rubu, gdje su popustile svjesne kontrole, ali ih još nije preuzeo pravi san, trenutak kada smo napustili poznato, ali još nismo ušli u svijet snova s njegovom poremećenom logikom, i upravo na tom rubu počinju navirati sjećanja, golema tapiserija sjećanja koja nismo prizivali niti smo ih pokušavali dozvati, ona su uljezi u međuprostoru, ono što će Proust nazvati *la mémoire involontaire*, nesvojevoljnim sjećanjem, jer ono je izvan dosega svjesnih namjera, i upravo iz tog razloga glasnik jedne drugačije istine. Ono što se tu javlja jest zamršena mreža znakova i asocijacija koje su nedostupne svijesti, ali ipak nisu ni građa za snove. Sve drugo slijedit će od toga praga, ono što se tu javlja bit će domena cjelokupnog Proustova golemog pothvata, i trebat će mu sedam pozamašnih svezaka da isprede ono što se prišuljalo već na prvoj stranici, dok će posljednja stranica okončati projekt na istome rubu, nekom vrstom buđenja. Cjelokupno divovsko zdanje načinjeno je od te građe – to nije građa od koje su napravljeni snovi, ali nije ni građa za budnost, nego za ono što se javlja na njihovu rubu.

Tu se može uspostaviti fina simetrična suprotnost: Kafka započinje *Proces* jutrom, grubim buđenjem u stvarnost koja se pokaže sasvim stranom – on se probudi, ali ne sasvim; Proust započinje *Put k Swannu* uvečer, u noći, dok pripovjedač pada u san, ali ne sasvim. Josefa K. bolno preplavljuje čudnovata stvarnost nalik na san; Proustova pripovjedača preplavljuje građa nekontroliranih sjećanja, koja ga odvede sve dalje, pri čemu ono intimno poznato pokazuje logiku koja ga čini sasvim novim i neočekivanim. A ipak bismo mogli, donekle smjelo, razabrati njihov zajednički nazivnik, koji bismo mogli postaviti kao nalog: ustrajati na rubu; ne odustati na pragu. Možemo pronaći ključ u jednoj opasci Waltera Benjamina, koju je dao u briljantnom eseju o Proustu: "Ne može se reći kakvi bi nam se susreti spremali kada ne bismo bili tako skloni predati se snu. Proust se nije predao snu."⁰⁸ Na samom rubu sna počiva imperativ: nemoj se predati snu. Dopusti da te uljuljka, ali nemoj mu se izručiti. Nalog da se pustimo tom uljuljkavajućem rubu, pri čemu gubimo svjesnu kontrolu nad svijetom značenja, ustvari je nalog da se probudimo, probudimo iz sna svijesti i navike i

predamo se drugome svijetu, koji vreba u ovome. A ono što ondje nalazimo nije nostalgичno uranjanje u prošlost, njezina pseudoonirička konstrukcija, povrat izgubljenog vremena u *le temps retrouvé*, ne radi se o tome da je titula junaka izgubljena i pronađena, nego o pripravnštvu za novo. Njegova žarišna točka nije prošlost, nego budućnost, to nije nostalgija melankoličnog gubitka i nemogućnosti njegova povratka, nego postajanje novoga. Deleuze, još jedan veliki obožavatelj Prousta i Kafke, uvelike će ustrajati na tome.⁰⁹

Jacques Lacan se u svome čuvenom seminaru *Četiri temeljna koncepta psihoanalize*¹⁰ zadržao na trenutak na tom rubu između sna i budnosti. Pozvao se na jedan od Freudovih snova iz knjige *Tumačenje snova*, i to najkafkijanskiji od svih snova koje je Freud ikada tumačio, san koji se doslovce čita kao neka Kafkina priča.¹¹ Otac bdije noću nad mrtvim sinom, čije tijelo leži u susjednoj sobi s upaljenim svijećama, i tijekom tog užasnog bdijenja padne u san, ostavivši nekog starca da pazi.¹² Ali probudi se u užasu kada u svome snu vidi dijete kako se budi, staje pokraj kreveta i grabi njegovu ruku govoreći: 'Oče, zar ne vidiš da ću izgorjeti?' 'Vater, siehst du nicht dass ich verbrenne?' I doista, upaljene svijeće izazvale su požar kada je starac zaspao, budući da je njegova budnost popustila na trenutak, i miris paljevine uklopio se u očeve snove kako bi proizveo tu užasnu i jezovitu scenu sna, poziv mrtvog djeteta koji ga je natjerao da se probudi. To je klasičan Kafka. Freud u cijeloj svojoj knjizi o snovima tvrdi kako je ključna funkcija sna da bude čuvar zaspaloga. Svaka izvanjska smetnja koja bi nas mogla probuditi integrira se u san kako bi nas zadržala uspavanima, kako bi omogućila nastavak spavanja. San štiti spavača od upada stvarnosti. Naposljetku se budimo kada izvanjska smetnja postane odviše nametljiva da bi san s njome mogao izaći na kraj, jer tada nastupa druga čudna logika: sam san proizvodi stvarnost koja je snažnija od bilo kakve izvanjske smetnje. Tu postoji paradoks: san stvara stvarnost iz koje nastojimo pobjeći tako da smo prisiljeni potražiti utočište u uobičajenoj stvarnosti. Vlastita logika sna, povezana s ispunjenjem želje, sklona je tome da izgubi kontrolu i pretvori se u noćnu moru koja je daleko traumatičnija nego što to može biti stvarnost i

⁰⁸ "On the Image of Proust", *Selected Writings* 2/1 (Cambridge, MA & London: Belknap, Harvard UP, 1999.), str. 238-9. Benjamin je bio veliki obožavatelj Prousta i Kafke i čak je surađivao na prijevodu dvaju svezaka Proustove sage na njemački.

⁰⁹ Usp. Gilles Deleuze, *Proust et les signes* (Pariz: PUF, 1970.) – Samuelu Beckettu, još jednom obožavatelju Prousta, dugujemo vjerojatno najbolji redak koji je ikada o tom autoru napisan: "Proust je imao slabo pamćenje."

¹⁰ Seminar je održan 1964., a objavljen je 1973. na francuskom (Pariz: Seuil), dok je engleski prijevod Alana Sheridana objavio Penguin (Harmondsworth) 1979. godine.

¹¹ *Studienausgabe II* (Frankfurt: Fischer, 1982.), str. 488.

¹² Prisjetimo se da najekstremniji modernistički roman Jamesa Joycea nosi naslov *Fineganovo bdijenje*, što asocira na bdijenje nad mrtvacem kao i na čudnovatu temporalnost buđenja, budući da je i taj roman napisan upravo u toj marginalnoj domeni.

stoga se moramo probuditi kako bismo joj pobjegli. Pojednostavimo li to do krajnosti, Lacanova teza bila bi sljedeća: budimo se kako bismo mogli nastaviti spavati, kako bismo pobjegli pred viškom koji je san proizveo u nastojanju da zaštiti naše spavanje. Zato postoji prag u buđenju, rub između stvarnosti sna i stvarnosti u koju se budimo, nedostajući susret između njih, sučelje gdje na trenutak jedno zadire u drugo. "Tako dolazi do susreta, zauvijek nedostajućeg, između sna i buđenja, između osobe koja još uvijek spava i čiji san nećemo poznavati, i osobe koja je sanjala naprosto kako se ne bi probudila." (Lacan 1979., str. 59)¹³ Lacan tu koristi jednu osebnost francuskog jezika, naime ekspletivno *ne*: što sam ja *avant que je ne me reveille*? Što sam ja prije nego što se probudim – prije nego što se ne probudim? To se gubi u engleskom jeziku, ali postoji u slovenskom, dok za hrvatski nisam baš siguran: *prije što se ne probudim (prije nego se probudim?)*. Što znači ta negacija? Ona je ondje sasvim suvišna i istodobno sasvim dvoznačna. Imamo *prije što se probudim* i *prije što se ne probudim* u istoj rečenici – pa jesmo li onda budni ili spavamo?

Josef K. budi se u tom temporalnom modalitetu. On se budi u san, odnosno budi se u noćnu moru. Stvarnost u koju se budi ustvari je nastavak sna, ali ne onaj u koji se budimo kako bismo pobjegli stvarnosti sna, nego upravo obrnuto, to je stvarnost od koje nas san treba zaštititi, odnosno stvarnost koja se čini više snom nego stvarnošću. Njegova produžena budnost, s kojom će se boriti kroz čitav roman, sve do točke potpune iscrpljenosti, podudara se s produženim snom. To je Kafkin način da se pridržava naloga 'ne odustaj na rubu', u nemogućem prostoru između gdje stvarnost nalik na san zadire u poznatu stvarnost. Sve to čini se kao golema halucinacija koja je nadređena stvarnosti i za koju se pokaže da je sadrži. Josefu K. sve se to čini kao skliznuće, sićušan trenutak pomanjkanja budnosti. On kaže gospođi Grubach, svojoj gazdarici:

"Zaskočili su me [*überrumpelt*], tako je bilo. Da sam smjesta, čim sam se probudio, ustao, ne mareći što Anna nije došla, i ne obraćajući pažnju na ikoga tko bi mi

prepriječio put, došao do vas, da sam taj put iznimno doručkovao u kuhinji, da ste mi vi donijeli odjeću iz moje sobe, ukratko, da sam se ponašao razumno, ništa se ne bi dogodilo i bilo bi u začetku ugušeno sve, što god došlo poslije [*was werden wollte*]". (str. 31)

Tako je, kako se čini, sve uzrokovao jedan trenutak nepažnje, K. je uhvaćen nespreman, trebao je postupiti razumno i ignorirati sve to, ignorirati dvojicu stražara i optužbu, trebao se probuditi u razumnost i ne dopustiti da ga zavede jezovitost stvari koje su se čudnovato našle na istome mjestu, trebao je ignorirati njihovu izmještenost i pukotinu u koju su skliznula dvojica stražara. Nešto je željelo postati i trebalo je biti ugušeno da je reagirao na vrijeme, ali nije. Radilo se o nedostatku budnosti, trenutnoj nedostatnosti koja je omogućila nemogućem rubu da obuzme sve drugo. "Ali čovjek nije spreman na takvo što", kaže on u čudnovatom odjeku Hamletova "biti spreman, to je sve!" "U banci sam, na primjer, spreman, tamo mi se takvo što ne može dogoditi." (isto) Dok zauzima svoj društveni položaj u banci, K. je dobro opremljen i mogao bi se obraniti od svakog takvog napada.

Sićušni nedostatak K.-ove budnosti je sićušni otvor u Kafkinoj neumornoj budnosti od koje ne želi odustati, ustrajući na rubu između tuposti svijesti i umirujućeg sna sve do užasnoga kraja. Buđenje je najriskantniji trenutak [*der riskanteste Augenblick*], kaže Kafka, i ako dopustimo da nam budnost popusti, mogu se dogoditi još čudnije stvari, na primjer da se probudimo kao kukac. Jadni Gregor Samsa na trenutak je popustio u pribranosti misli da uhvati sve na istome mjestu na kojemu je to ostavio prethodne večeri i više nije pronašao svoje vlastito tijelo, budući da ga je na trenutak stavio na pogrešno mjesto. Buđenje je preobrazba.

U jednoj od Kafkinih najfascinantnijih i najšokantnijih priča po imenu *Jazbina* (*Der Bau*) imamo neku životinju, 'jazavca' usred jazbine. Dopustite mi da dodam veoma zanimljivu anegdotsku pojedinost. Kafka nije bio Lacanov autor i, koliko ja znam, Lacan ga nikada nije spomenuo u bilo kojem od svojih objavljenih djela. A ipak, u jednom od

¹³ "Ako Freud, fasciniran, vidi u tome potvrdu svoje teorije želje, to je svakako znak da san nije fantazija koja tu želju ispunjava." (Isto) Susret se događa takoreći između dviju fantazija, one koja podržava san i one koja podržava budni život.

neobjavljenih seminara ('Poistovjećivanje' od 21. ožujka 1962.) imamo jedan dio koji se oslanja upravo na ovu priču, i to opširno, razvijajući je u čudnu kafijsku parabolu izjavom kako je 'čovjek jazbinska životinja' i kako je to ključ za čudne putove ljudske arhitekture, odnosno za grananje koje ugrađuje u arhitekturu svoga tijela i njegove otvore u zamršenoj topologiji. Kafka nije bio ni Heideggerov autor, nipošto. A ipak, doznao sam u razgovoru s Giorgiom Agambenom da je jednom u mladim danima zapitao Heideggera zašto nikada ne spominje Kafku, a Heidegger je, prema tom usmenom svjedočanstvu, nakon nekoliko uobičajenih gesti započeo strastveno raspravljati o jednoj jedinog priči koju je smatrao zbunjujućom, i to je bila upravo *Jazbina*. Mogli bismo se zapitati o tome, ali neću se na tome zadržavati. Izdvojit ću samo jednu rječitost pojedinost: ta životinja, jazavac, izgradila je svoju jazbinu kao podzemni dvorac, zaštićen protiv svih mogućih neprijatelja, i brižljivo je razmotrila sve mogućnosti i detaljno razmislio o mogućim strategijama svih zamislivih neprijatelja. I tako jazavac sjedi usred te dojmive utvrde, tjeskobno iščekujući u neprestanoj budnosti. A zatim jednoga dana –

"Baš sam se dobro naspavao. Probudio sam se tek iz najzadnjeg sna koji se sam rasplinjuje, mora da je san tada bio već vrlo lagan, jer me probudilo neko jedva čujno šištanje... Taj zvuk je uostalom razmjerno bezazlen; nisam ga čuo kad sam došao, premda je sigurno već bio prisutan; morao sam se tek ponovo udomačiti da ga začujem, u neku ruku čuje se samo uhom domaćina. Nije to stalan zvuk, kakvi su obično takvi šumovi, ovdje nastaju velike stanke, pojava se očigledno svodi na skupljanje zračne struje... Nikako da dođem bliže mjestu šuma, uvijek zvoni nepromjenjivo tanko s redovnim stankama, jedanput kao šištanje, jedanput kao zviždanje."¹⁴

Sve ovo ponovo se događa na onoj tankoj crti buđenja, kada nas probudi neka neznatna izvanjska smetnja, sasvim minimalna, ali možda je to naprosto produžetak sna, zemlja

snova koja se probija u stvarnost, možda je to naprosto buka u glavi, ali ustrajna i nametljiva. Ona se rađa na onoj tankoj crti za koju se čini da ju je proizvela, dolazi s mjesta između dvaju svjetova, budnosti i sna, i boravi u prolazu između onoga vani i onoga unutra, brižljivo zaštićene unutrašnjosti i napasne izvanjskosti, na pragu, materijalizirajući ono između kao jedva čujan zvuk. A onaj drugi, koji navodno emitira taj zvuk, to čisto akustičko stvorenje, to ništa osim 'glasa i ničega više', koji nije čak ni glas, nego zviždanje, taj nezamislivi entitet, napast će život jadnog jazavca, razoriti njegovu jazbinu i pretvoriti mu život u noćnu moru. Taj uljez potajno će se infiltrirati u sve njegove brižljivo napravljene utvrde i uništiti njegovo pažljivo planiranje. Silovita ljepota i elegancija ove priče je u tome što se bavi apsolutno minimalnim, a to minimalno javlja se na pragu.

Žene

Josef K. pojavit će se na sudu samo jednom, kada dobiva poziv na saslušanje, u romanu telefonom, a u filmu tijekom jedne kazališne predstave. Nakon što stigne na dogovoreno mjesto, stvari postaju zamršene. To je otrcana i napola srušena zgrada s mnogim stanovima i sobama, i čini se veoma nevjerojatnim da bi sud održao sjednicu na takvome mjestu. Ne može se pronaći nikakva sudnica, K. se mora penjati stepenicama i pitati zbunjene stanovnike za smjer, upliće se u razgovor s nekom praljom za koju se pokaže da je žena sudskog vrataru, a progoni je neki student, student prava s neuhvatljivim, ali znatnim vezama na sudu, a njegovo zanimanje za pralju sasvim je očito seksualne prirode. Odjednom se pokaže da sud zasjeda u susjednoj sobi, a put do sudnice vodi kroz praljin privatni stan, i odmah iza neupadljivih vrata sudnica je ispunjena ljudima koji ga čekaju, čekaju na postupak, a on, dakako, kasni unatoč svim nastojanjima.

U vezi s tim jednostavnim i zamršenim ulaskom u sudnicu valja ukazati na dvije stvari. Kao prvo, to je doticaj prostora, različitih prostora, neposredno susjedstvo

¹⁴ *Pripovijetke*, prev. Zlatko Matetić
(Zagreb: Zora, 1968.), knjiga
druga, str. 202.

privatnog i javnog, graničenje jednoga s drugim i iznenadni prijelaz iz jednoga u drugo. Sud se prelijeva u privatnu sferu i obrnuto, oni zauzimaju kontinuitet istog prostora. Baš kao što su sudski službenici, stražari, upali u K.-ovu spavaću sobu, tako se zasjedanje suda odvija u susjednoj sobi neke druge spavaće sobe. Sud i spavaća soba komuniciraju neposredno i susrećemo službenike koji sjede na rubu kreveta baš kao što će K. sjediti na rubu advokatova kreveta dok budu raspravljali o njegovoj obrani. Ti prostori povezani su nečime poput Möbiusove vrpce, nastavljaju se jedan na drugi na istoj strani vrpce. Vlast se javlja usred privatne sfere, a većina privatnoga odvija se u javnom prostoru vlasti. To je postupak koji će Welles koristiti tijekom čitavoga filma i to u velikom stilu, stapajući prostor Zagreba iz 1962. s napuštenim kolodvorom Gare d'Orsay u Parizu iz jednog kadra u drugi, u prostoru bez izvanjskosti i u apsolutnom kontinuitetu naizgled bešavnih prijelaza. To je ono što stvara izvanredni prostor u kojemu se film odvija na način koji nas ne ostavlja na miru, jer gdje god se netko kreće, ne postoji ono izvan, ali on je ipak uvijek izvana, budući da nema središta.

Ali tu nije kraj. Na vratima Zakona stoji žena, sasvim neupadljiva pralja, najniža od personala, ali ipak pripada sudu i njegovu djelovanju. U trenutku kada se ona javlja, javlja se i pitanje seksualnog zavođenja, ulazak na sud popločan je seksualnim zavođenjem, zakon i seks neodvojivo su stopljeni. Student prava koji je proganja ne može se oduprijeti svojim nagonima, svojim 'niskim strastima', zakon ga ne može obuzdati kada se radi o seksu, i stoga se sudski postupak, K.-ov jedini iskaz pred sudom, prekida, budući da student neprekidno seksualno opći sa ženom usred sudnice, što uveseljava publiku i dovodi do nemira u gledalištu, koje, kako se čini, nije šokirano, pa čak niti odviše iznenađeno. Čini se da oni to shvaćaju kao jednu od onih stvari koje se naprosto dogode, i ne čini se da ikoga ozbiljno smeta to kršenje najminimalnije pristojnosti. I tako se ta seksualna intima odvija u samoj sudnici i opscenost zakona pokazuje se sasvim doslovno, kroz neodoljiv seksualni poriv koji se ne može obuzdati čak niti u najformalnijoj prilici, postoji dodirna točka između zakona i požude, protuteža zakonu je tjelesnost.

Primjena zakona je kao seks u javnosti. Da i ne spominjemo pohotne slike koje je Josef K. vidio jedini put kada je uspio pogledati u knjigu zakona, što mu je omogućila samo praljina dobra volja.

Ali ona je samo jedna od žena koje nastanjuju rubove Suda, kao i rubove Dvorca. Jedno lice zakona predstavlja se kao niz žena koje su u jednu ruku seksualni objekti, budući da ih neprestano proganjaju sudski službenici ili neka druga moćna osoba (poput Klamma u Dvorcu, na čijem se rubu nalaze služavke, gostioničarke i tako dalje, Frieda ili Pepi, koja neprestano čeka Klamma). Te žene brinu se za seksualne potrebe i želje ljudi na vlasti i one su im neprestano na raspolaganju te čak i najniži od njih ima seksualno pravo na njih. Osobe na položaju čine se redom Freudovim iskonskim očevima s neograničenim pravom na seksualne usluge svih žena. Vlast znači dopuštenje. Žene se ne suprotstavljaju, one se pokoravaju i slušaju. Štoviše, njihovo ponašanje je duboko dvoznačno, budući da su u neprestanom suučesništvu s vlastima i čini se da ustvari smatraju osobe obdarene vlašću neodoljivima. Jesu li one pod prisilom ili su voljne suučesnice, ili su čak same stvarni progonitelji? To pitanje zbunjuje Josefa K., baš kao što zbunjuje i geometra K.-a. Čini se da se Sud i Dvorac potajno poklapaju s bordelom, s javnom kućom, oni su mjesta raširene prostitucije gdje se žene tjera na prisilno ropstvo i gdje su one u dogovoru s počiniteljima.

S druge strane, te žene osjećaju fatalnu privlačnost prema obojici K.-ova i nastoje ih zvesti od samog početka. One ne mogu odoljeti strancu i ne mogu odoljeti optuženiku. Leni, advokatova sluškinja, kaže K.-u pri prvom susretu: "Evo ti ključ od ulaznih vrata, dođi kada hoćeš." (str. 105) Pepi u Dvorcu nudi K.-u seksualni raj, neka dijeli sobu s djevojkama u potpunom promiskuitetu, bez ikakvih obveza. "Ti ne primaš na sebe nikakve obaveze, ti nećeš zauvijek ostati vezan za našu sobu, kao što smo to mi." (str. 487-8) I Pepi obznanjuje kako voli K.-a "kao što nikoga prije nije voljela", ona vidi u njemu stranca koji bi je mogao spasiti i odvesti odande, "junaka koji oslobađa djevojke" (str. 453). Ona ga čak čeka kao nekoga tko bi "bio u stanju zapaliti cijeli 'Gospodski konak' tako da izgori, ali do temelja, da mu ne ostane nikakav trag,

da sav izgori kao papir u peći." (str. 455) Te žene sanjaju o tome da pobjegnu, one sanjaju o revoluciji, njihova seksualna požuda prožeta je buntovništvom, ali to je samo privid jer one su dio mašinerije kao i bilo tko drugi, one su njezin dio osobito u svojim transgresivnim i naizgled revolucionarnim gestama, one su dio margine koja je privučena i unutrašnjošću – one nemaju moć, ali surađuju s njome i seksualne usluge njihov su ključ za ulazak – i vanjštinom, prividnom vanjštinom stranaca i optuženika, koji će na težak način spoznati da su jednako unutra kao i ostali. Josef K. će ih pak pokušati iskoristiti. "Tražiš suviše tuđe pomoći", zamjeri mu svećenik, "a osobito u žena. Zar ne vidiš da to nije prava pomoć?" A K. će odgovoriti: "Žene imaju veliku moć. Kada bih žene koje poznajemo mogao navesti da rade za mene, morao bih uspjeti. Osobito na tom sudu, koji se sastoji gotovo samo od ženskara. Pokaži istražnom sucu neku ženu iz daljine i on će pregaziti sudski stol i optuženika samo da u pravi čas dopre do nje." (str. 198) Zakon je pohotan po svojoj naravi, a ipak, K. se još uvijek obmanjuje pretpostavljajući da je to ono što Zakon želi i da će pomoći svome slučaju uz potporu žena. Seksualnost Zakona jednako je nedokučiva kao i njegovo slovo. "Što Zakon želi?" jednako je neprozirno pitanje kao i Freudovo "Što žena želi?", a i nije sasvim nepovezano s njime. Pohotna priroda ljudi na vlasti samo je još jedan mamac, koji nudi pogrešan ključ za to što ih ustvari pokreće.

U čemu je privlačnost optuženika? Čini se da Leni, advokatova tajnica, zavodi sve optuženike, smatrajući ih neodoljivima. Privlači je njihova krivnja ili, bolje rečeno, njihova transformacija, preobrazba koju je doživjela njihova tjelesna pojava u trenutku kada ih je zgrabila zakonska ili pravna mašinerija. Činjenica da su optuženi pretvorila ih je u bića obdarena uzvišenošću, zašli su na područje gdje je slovo zakona utjecalo na njihova tijela. Njegov biljeg je nevidljiv, a strašan stroj napravljen "u kažnjeničkoj koloniji" (ta pripovijetka napisana je odmah nakon *Procesa*) upravo je napravljen kako bi se nevidljivi biljeg preveo u itekako vidljiv. "Optuženici su, evo, najljepši... posrijedi je samo postupak što se vodi protiv njih, koji se zaljepio za njih." (str. 172) Postupak se lijepi za njihova tijela, dolazi do transsupstancijacije, biljeg

je nevidljiv, ali Leni ga primjećuje. Za to treba "imati oko", a ona ga ima.

Orson Welles znao je itekako dobro da su žene na margini suda od ključne važnosti i da je pravna ekonomija nerazdvojno povezana sa seksualnom te je stoga angažirao doista impresivne glumice: Jeanne Moreau, Elsu Martinelli i Romy Schneider. Sve su redom bile seksualni simboli, krhke i agresivne u svojoj krhkosti, neprozirne erotske božice, zavodljive i neuhvatljive.

U čudnovatom i ranom spisu pod nazivom "Wer denkt abstrakt?", "Tko razmišlja apstraktno?", Hegel tvrdi kako filozofija nije nositelj apstraktnog mišljenja, nego je njezin izvršitelj zdrav razum – njezin najgori izvršitelj. Apstraktno mišljenje zdravog razuma uvijek poima svaki složeni entitet kroz jedno njegovo svojstvo i nije sposobno prihvatiti proturječje – to je ustvari ono što čini razum zdravim (na njemačkom *gemein*). Ta redukcija na jedno jedino svojstvo loša je navika apstraktnog mišljenja, budući da ono može razmišljati o entitetu u svjetlu jedne jedine apstraktno značajke, i to je ono što ga čini neprijateljem spekulativnog mišljenja, koje se mora hrabro suočiti s proturječjem i koje se njime hrani. Hegel nudi neke veoma pitoreskne primjere, od kojih je prvi sljedeći: neki ubojica osuđen je na smrt i kreće prema vješalima u pratnji goleme mase radoznalih promatrača. Neka žena iz mase odjednom uzvikne: 'Kako je lijep!' ¹⁵ Masa se strahovito uskomeša u navali sveopće indignacije, jer kako ubojica može biti lijep? Ne počiva li njegovo jedino definirajuće svojstvo u užasnom zločinu, koji bi se trebao prenijeti u njegovu ružnoću? Ne bi li on trebao prožimati čitavo njegovo biće?

Čini se da Hegelova žena iz mase, koja izražava drugačiji sud i suprotstavlja ljepotu moralnoj i zakonskoj osudi, govori Leninim glasom. Obrnemo li spekulativno Hegelovu izjavu: ubojica nije lijep unatoč svom zločinu i krivnji, nego upravo zbog njih. Može li ubojica biti lijep? Hegel to pitanje postavlja ni ne trepnuvši, a možemo čuti i kako se smije. U našem kontekstu to se pitanje može prevesti ovako: je li Anthony Perkins lijep? Pa naravno da jest, on je prototip lijepog ubojice, jer svi mi znamo kakav je užasan zločin počinio, svi

¹⁵ *Theorie Werkausgabe II*
(Frankfurt: Suhrkamp, 1970.), str.
577.

smo mi vidjeli onaj drugi film, kao što ga je vidjela i cijela publika iz 1963., i koliko god se on koprcalo i tvrdio da je nedužan, on je te godine bio posljednji čovjek kojem bi se moglo vjerovati da je nedužan. Ovo i jest i nije suđenje Normanu Batesu. On se može pretvarati da ne zna za što je optužen i da je sve to neka kafkijanska parabola egzistencijalne krivice, može za to okriviti Kafku i reći: sve je to greška birokratskog sustava, ja sam žrtva parabole, ali svi mi znamo da je to prazna izlika koja mu ništa ne koristi. Dati Anthonyju Perkinsu da glumi Josefa K. nedvojbeno je genijalna ideja, koja daje čitavome filmu vrhunsku ironiju. Josef K. jest samo 'netko', ali Anthony Perkins je 'netko' tko definitivno ima "ono nešto", glumac koji je možda najviše obilježen jedinstvenim zločinom u čitavoj povijesti filma, tom strašnom stvari koja će opteretiti njegovo ime i kasniju karijeru bez mogućnosti bijega. On je utjelovljenje najstrašnije krivice, a da nije doista počinio taj zločin, i lako možemo vidjeti da će argument kako je sve to bio samo film učiniti njegov slučaj samo gorim. Zamislite Josefa K. kako kaže: 'Ovo je neka pravna greška, to je bio samo film, ovo je sada drugi film, pobrkali ste stvari, sve mogu objasniti.'

Glas Gospodara

Na početku, kada optuže K.-a, on želi telefonirati advokatu kao u nekom američkom filmu – ustvari, to se događa samo u knjizi, a na filmu ne – visoko pozicioniranom državnim odvjetniku Hastereru, koji mu je prijatelj. Stražari kažu da to, dakako, smije učiniti, ali je besmisleno te on stoga odustaje. Bio bi to jedini poziv koji bi K. ostvario prema Zakonu, a čak i on biva osujećen. Ali Sud će njega kontaktirati telefonom: u prvoj rečenici drugog poglavlja pozivaju ga telefonom na prvo saslušanje, i to upravo u nedjelju kako ga to ne bi ometalo u poslu. Sud s njime komunicira preko tog nedavnog izuma, tim posredovanim glasom koji prelazi velike udaljenosti i dolazi izdaleka kako bi ušao ravno u intimu nečijega uha. Zakon progovara kroz izaslanike i telefonom. Priča koja slijedi o njegovu procesu i petljanju sa Sudom

događa se između dvaju poziva. Drugi će primiti netom prije kraja, i to od Leni, te tajnovite advokatove služavke koja je i njegova ljubavnica i lik Zakona. Nazvat će ga dok se bude nalazio na putu prema Katedrali (kako bi poslužio kao vodič talijanskom biznismenu), i naizgled se radi o pukom 'pozivu iz ljubaznosti', ali ona pritom kaže zlokobno: "Gone te". "...Reče još, dok je spuštao slušalicu, napola sebi, napola dalekoj djevojci koju više nije čuo: 'Da, gone me.'" (str. 190) Leni je glasnik Suda, ona je ta koja mu prenosi presudu, jedinu presudu do koje će K. ikada dospjeti, i to telefonom, u njihovom jedinom telefonskom razgovoru. "Konačna presuda u nekim slučajevima nenadano dolazi iz bilo kojih usta u bilo koje vrijeme." (str. 183) Ali to nisu neka slučajna usta ili slučajni trenutak, a presuda i ne izgleda kao konačna presuda, iako je on odmah prepoznaje kao takvu. Ponavljajući je kao njezina jeka, on priznaje njezinu konačnost. Zakon ima dvostruko lice žene – jedino žena može poslužiti kao glasnik koji će iskazati presudu, kao i telefon – jedino telefon toj presudi može dati glas.

Kada geometar K. stigne u selo pod dvorcem, smještaju ga u gostionicu i on žudi razjasniti narav svoga zadatka te stoga telefonira u dvorac. Ali što čuje na drugoj strani linije? Samo glas koji je neka vrsta pjevanja, zujanja ili mrmljanja, općenito glas, glas bez ikakvih svojstava.

"Iz slušalice je dopiralo zujanje kakvo K. još nije čuo pri telefoniranju. Činilo se kao da se bruhanje bezbrojnih dječjih glasova – ali ni to opet nije bilo bruhanje, već pjesma dalekih, beskrajno dalekih glasova – kao da to bruhanje na neki gotovo nemoguć način stapa u jedan jedini visok, ali snažan glas koji udara na uho kao da želi prodrijeti dublje od bijednoga sluha." (str. 36)

Nema tu poruke, ali je glas dovoljan da zapanji K.-a, on je iznenada paraliziran: "Pred telefonom bio je nemoćan." Zatravljen je, hipnotiziran. I Dvorac komunicira telefonom, ali sada svedenim na samu njegovu bit: puki glas bez sadržaja, onkraj značenja, a ipak glas koji potvrđuje svoju čistu valjanost. 'Valjanost bez značenja', *Geltung ohne Bedeutung*,

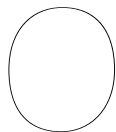
tako je Gershom Scholem opisao Kafku u svojoj prepisci s Walterom Benjaminom tridesetih godina prošlog stoljeća: suspenzija značenja institucija je čiste valjanosti zakona kao takvog, utjelovljenog u tom glasu. Telefon više ne treba prenositi pozive i presude, kao u *Procesu* – on je kao takav čisti poziv i presuda.

Ako Zakon govori nerazumljivim glasovima i preko telefona, onda je to upravo zato što ne postoji glas Gospodara, nema nijedne jedinstvene figure ili značenja ili istine iza njega. Telefon je jedan od njegovih omiljenih sredstava, budući da asocira ne neki udaljeni izvor i poruku, brišući granice između tog izvora i poruke. – U filmu Orsona Wellesa nalazimo nevjerojatan pandan tome: glas samog Orsona Wellesa. On je izrezao ključne epizode s telefonom, ali ih je na neki način nadomjestio virtualnom sveprisutnošću vlastitoga glasa. Navodno je sinkronizirao jedanaest uloga u tom filmu, uključujući neke replike Anthonyja Perkinsa. Postoji anegdota prema kojoj je izazvao Perkinsa da otkrije koje su replike sinkronizirane i ovaj to nije uspio pogoditi. Wellesov je glas taj koji pripovijeda parabolu o Zakonu na početku i na kraju, i ustvari on čak izgovara završnu špicu, kao da su imena glumaca nastavak te parabole, kao da navodi imena osuđenika. Doista, postoji Glas Gospodara u tom filmu, to upravo i jest film Glasa Gospodara, više od ijednog drugog, film Gospodara trbuhozborca koji govori iz više usta, uključujući njegova vlastita, iz usta izaslanikâ vlasti kao i iz usta osuđenikâ. A ipak, tu možemo vidjeti da više glasova jednoga glasa proizvodi nešto poput mnogostrukosti slika u *Građaninu Kaneu*, odnosno, prema Borgesovu sudu, 'kaos pojavnosti', 'labirint bez središta'. U konačnom paradoksu možemo vidjeti da je Glas Gospodara, koji osuđuje sve druge, i sam glas osuđenog Gospodara, prognanoga gospodara, tog čovjeka barokne ekscesivnosti, osobe od dominantnog i zapovjedničkog autoriteta kao i od ekscesivne propasti, koji je tako izrazito utjelovljenje neobuzdanih osoba od autoriteta na Sudu ili u Dvorcu, ali također netko tko beskonačno gubi svoje bitke u beskonačnom procesu, u životu punom kušnji, koji je čista suprotnost Kafki, a ipak je na najzamršeniji mogući način njegov najnevjerojatniji dvojniki.

The Trials of Citizen

Mladen Dolar

K.



Orson Welles started his cinematic career in the most spectacular way imaginable. His grand entry into cinema⁰¹ was the opening scene of *Citizen Kane*, which has justly become probably the most famous scene in the entire history of cinema. *Citizen Kane* is dying alone in the middle of his castle, uttering his dying words, his one dying word, the nutshell of a mystery that will propel the movie, and will then serve as a permanent source of inspiration for all cinema to come, over decades, who knows, even centuries. That dying word was the beginning of a new era, at the point of collapse of an entire universe then being engulfed into a cataclysm of war as well as the collapse of presuppositions and assumptions which sustained a certain economic and cultural epoch. There is something of a verdict in that word and in its secret.

The curious thing for our purpose, in view of Welles' Kafka movie, *The Trial*, which he would make twenty years later, is the inversion of the initial situation in relation to Kafka. We start with citizen Kane, citizen K., the most powerful and the wealthiest man in the midst of his estate, in the castle, we start at the center of power, in its epitome, with the death of the great man of power. In Kafka's *Castle*, in maximum opposition to this, the whole story evolves around the inherent impossibility of ever getting there, of

ever getting into the Castle, of ever entering its inner circle, the supposed center of power which may not exist at all. We can never get to the most powerful man which may well be a figment of imagination, a sheer assumption, an unwarranted hypothesis, and who, for that very reason, seems to be immune to death. There is indeed a tower in the midst of the Castle, a tower hardly less shabby than the dilapidated buildings surrounding it and which spill over into the village, so that no demarcation line can be drawn between the village and the Castle, nor among the people belonging to one or to the other, everything blending into a convoluted space without exteriority. But there is a tower there, hardly prominent at all, with a supposed inhabitant who, if he existed, would detain the keys to it all, but no one has ever seen him or talked to him, he is the stuff of legends, an absent oracle with no answers to give.⁰² With *Citizen K.*, on the other hand, we see the man himself, the man at the center, and we see him immediately, we start by seeing him before seeing anything else, and we start by hearing his oracle, his one oracular word, but which, itself enigmatic, turns everything else enigmatic and opaque from the outset. Divulging the secret word of the man at the center, in the eye of power, the very first moment: this strategy seems to be the direct opposite of Kafka's inability to ever get to the receding center, but it nevertheless produces a Kafkaesque effect, it achieves something like the same goal by the opposite means. Jorge Luis Borges, an ever perspicacious spectator with a keen eye (if one dares to apply this bitterly ironic phrase in his case), described *Citizen Kane*, counterintuitively, as 'a labyrinth without a center'.⁰³ It is a movie of many labyrinths, just as *The Trial* will be, and despite its clear, even exclusive focusing on the enthralling figure at its center, on its larger than life qualities, its baroque excess, it nevertheless makes this figure appear as the effect of the labyrinth, if I continue with this parlance proposed by Borges.⁰⁴ The central figure emerges as an effect of the visual labyrinth, despite the fact that the very title establishes the focus on the personality, whereas the titles of Kafka's great novels point to unfathomable organisms – *Castle*, *Trial*,

01 If we disregard the brief movie he made when he was nineteen, *The Hearts of Age* in 1934, an eight-minute effort he produced with William Vance, featuring himself and his first wife, Virginia Nicholson.

02 Cf. Roberto Calasso, K., New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2005, pp. 29-30. Calasso's admirable study served as a source of inspiration for several things in this paper.

03 Peter Conrad, *Orson Welles. The Stories of His Life*, London: Faber & Faber, 2003, p. 151.

04 "If Welles' labyrinth seems to have no centre, as Borges claimed in his criticism of *Citizen Kane*, that is because his characters are running away from that centre, not groping towards it. In the centre they would find a revelation of their own insignificance" (Conrad, op. cit., p. 292).

America – which precisely have no center and exist only in their invisible expansion. They name something without contours and limits.

There is another striking difference. Before seeing the dying man we first see the enclosure, the high fence, the boundary encircling the Castle, with the warning inscription 'No trespassing', on which the film will also end. The trouble with the Castle in Kafka's novel is precisely that no such sign exists there nor could ever exist. There is no 'No trespassing' sign anywhere around the Castle, one can trespass whichever way one wants, but however much one tries, there is no getting there, the castle recedes and blends with its surroundings. One could say that the 'No trespassing', with which Welles begins, is the result that Kafka's novel yields at the end, after the long tribulations of the attempts at trespassing which form the bulk of the novel, although this result can never be spelled out. And the end itself recedes, this is an unfinished novel, a novel which cannot end. Not only is there no way one could trespass, moreover there is no way to reach even the 'No trespassing' sign or fence.

The hero of *The Trial*, Josef K., will be faced with the same predicament. He will never be able to get in. For where is the Court? Where is the place where he would be able to argue his case, defend himself in a 'fair trial', confront a judge, appear in front of a figure of authority? Or how could he ever get to know what he was accused of? As he later learns from his advocate: "The record of the accusation is not available to the defendant or his lawyers. ... In general the proceeding is kept secret not only from the public but from the defendant as well."⁰⁵ It is only by chance that one's defense could be relevant. And who is the figure detaining authority? Where is he? All one can ever see or hear or meet are lowly emissaries, the guards, the ushers, the students, the officials, at the highest the lowly examining magistrate in front of whom K. would be able to give his one and only deposition. The authority is this impalpable property which slides from one person to the next, but in a process which moves in both directions, for even the lowliest servants of the Court are not devoid of it, they all act with authority,

arbitrary as it is, so if it is impossible to get to the source of real authority it is also impossible to be outside it, to meet anyone who would be deprived of it, including, and especially, the women. For if the Court has no center, it also has no outer edge, no limit, no border, it spills over into life itself. If power has no inside, it has no outside either, but this entails endless hierarchies whose principle remains hidden and opaque, one can never quite figure out what they rely on. The lowliest washerwoman that K. encounters as if by chance upon his first visit to the Court turns out to possess quite a bit of secret knowledge and a murky access to the workings of power.

Josef K. himself is no stranger to the workings of power. He detains a comfortable position as a bank employee, which in the movie has turned into an enormous modern American corporate enterprise – and most curiously, its paramount display, the hall with 850 typists, was shot on a set in an exposition hall in Zagreb, blending corporate machinery with the secret undertone of socialist bureaucratic machinery. Josef K. is proud of his rank and he freely uses the power at his disposal, and the use of power is always the abuse of power – there is no simple use of power which wouldn't immediately translate into abuse. We learn, e.g., that he makes petitioners wait for a week before granting them an appointment, just to let them feel his superiority, just by some quirk and caprice. In a 1965 interview Welles will describe him as a 'petty bureaucrat' adding that he was guilty 'because he belonged to a guilty society, he collaborated with it' (Conrad, p. 289). He is no innocent victim, although he spends his literary and cinematic life protesting his innocence. And he is no stranger to this system, including the legal system, and no stranger in this town – in the novel he is even appointed to be a guide for an Italian businessman for a tour of the city, he would, most ironically, serve as a tourist guide.⁰⁶ He knows his way around. As opposed to this, the landsurveyor K. is a stranger, arriving in a foreign village with its Castle, a land of strange habits which he is unable to figure out, he is the outsider who doesn't know the rules, neither the overt nor the secret ones, so he spends his time making blunders, trespassing the

⁰⁵ *Der Process*, ed. Malcolm Pasley, *Kritische Ausgabe*, Frankfurt: Fischer, 1990, p. 152.

⁰⁶ One can easily imagine a tourist agency to visit Prague: K. Tours, K. Travel, sight-seeing with Josef K. 'Experience the real Prague with Josef K.' I wouldn't bet that there isn't one.

invisible lines that everybody else seems to see. And Karl Rossmann is a stranger in America, and will remain so till the end. America salutes him, on the first page, with the Statue of Liberty in New York's harbor, raising a sword high in her hand. We almost don't notice, but where is the sword on the Statue of Liberty? The goddess of freedom coincides with the executioner, on the very first page, in a prefiguration of so much of what is to follow.

With Josef K. the problem is reversed: someone well ingrained in the system, with his allotted place in the social, will become a complete stranger in the midst of the familiar, all familiarity will crumble, again on the first page, in the opening scene, in the space of a few sentences and a few shots. It is as if a precipice would suddenly open in the midst of it all, a crack in the known and the customary, in this world in which he has been well placed. It just seems that there has been some breach of conventions, some violation of rules, a legal error which has to be straightened out, a misunderstanding which could easily be clarified. Someone must have committed some fault, it only needs an explanation in front of some reasonable person of authority, but no such instance exists, as K. will keep finding out. So with Josef K., to use Deleuzian parlance, there is a process of 'becoming stranger', becoming a foreigner in one's own city and land, becoming foreign of the native, becoming outcast of the included, and K. will be more of an outcast from one chapter to the next, the precipice will grow ever wider until it will engulf him. The trial is a becoming, it is a process, and indeed we must take the German title seriously, *Der Prozess*, and its ambiguity which gets lost in English. It refers not merely to a legal procedure, but to a process as an on-going transformation. The process is a transformation, a metamorphosis, to use another notorious Kafka term, *der Prozess ist eine Verwandlung*. A crack will open and everything will be progressively transformed by it, and K., a safe man, will gradually lose all his bearings, will be tracked down and eventually slaughtered.⁰⁷

This is the locus of the Court: the boundary between the visible and the invisible. The boundary is itself invisible, it

has been crossed unawares, and suddenly another world opens within this known and visible one, another world which progressively turns out to be of ever greater proportions, actually of such proportions that it encompasses the hitherto visible and known and blends with it. Some quirk has been lurking within the usual and the regular, but this quirk turns out to be more substantial than the rule itself, rules only apply as if by a quirk. But if 'substantial' implies a substance, some hitherto hidden substance which has been lying low and has now made its appearance in the daylight, then this is another illusion. No such substance exists, and Josef K.'s quest for such a substance, the true substance of the world behind the appearances which have turned out to be deceptive, will be futile and in vain. Through many trials and tribulations he will learn that there is no such substance, although it has the power to dispose of his life. This is the point: the invisible is substantial but has no substance, one cannot spell it out, one cannot learn its rules or locate it, it is pervasive and ubiquitous, lurking behind every crack. It disguises a secret, but there is no way one could get to this secret, it is a secret always relegated to some other instance and may not exist at all. As Welles put it: 'A true mystery is unfathomable, and there is nothing hidden inside it' (Conrad, p. 151). There is a hidden world implicit in this one and encompassing all usual life, larger than usual life, yet with no consistency of its own.

The awakening

It all begins with an awakening. Josef K. wakes up in his room, in his bed, with two strangers in his room, in his bedroom, at his bedside, in the space of his intimacy, his private abode, his home. The two strangers will proceed to eat his breakfast and seize his undergarments. In the first scene the home is de-homed with an intrusion, if I am allowed this neologism which renders somewhat clumsily the brilliant German word *unheimlich*, the word Freud was so enthusiastic about, to the point of writing a famous paper on it (and the English

⁰⁷ The English title introduces an additional ambiguity, for it can refer to a trial as a test or an ordeal. K. will indeed be put to the test and found wanting, and he will be submitted to an ordeal.

translation 'uncanny', while being accurate, loses this edge un-home, de-homing). *Unheimlich* is to be taken completely literally in this scene which stages this concept by the simplest of means. Awakening is a threshold, the threshold between sleep and wakefulness, the return from a strange land of dreams, coming back from a foreign country. But the threshold is ambivalent, for does one ever simply come back home from some distant oniric place? There is a crack in between, and perhaps the uncanny moment is precisely the moment of not being able to find what was homely again, just for a moment. In a passage from the beginning which he eventually crossed out, Kafka put it brilliantly:

The strange thing is that when one wakes up in the morning, one generally finds things in the same places they were the previous evening. And yet in sleep and in dreams one finds oneself, at least apparently, in a state fundamentally different from wakefulness, and upon opening one's eyes an infinite presence of mind is required, or rather quickness of wit, in order to catch everything, so to speak, in the same place one left it the evening before (Op. cit., App. 168).

There is a thin line: on the one hand the strangeness of dreams, their uncanniness, the fundamentally different state, on the other hand not simply the familiar, but precisely the elusively escaping familiar, the familiar suddenly unfamiliar, one needs a presence of mind, one needs vigilance to catch it, to prevent it from sliding away, for its strangeness and unfamiliarity consist precisely of everything being in the same place. One's conscious life has been dislocated by the dream (and this is why Freud took the dream to be the royal road to the unconscious), but the point is that this affects not merely consciousness, but also objects – how could they remain unaffected and stay simply the same? The same place has been displaced and one never awakes quite into the familiar world, it takes an act of will, a great presence of mind, a quickness of wit. The dislocated world has to be relocated, so to speak, that is, moved in order to be in the

same place. This is what 'to relocate' means – to change place, to move, but at the same time to bring back (re-) to the same place. A dream is a crack which doesn't disappear quite so easily, there has to be an adjustment, a resolution. There is a strangeness attached to the fact that things remain in their place while one has been far away, for their perseverance is not to be taken for granted – if they stupidly stay put while one drifts, then they have an existence independent from one's focus which bestows meaning onto them. They persist despite our meaning, in the strangeness beyond their being for us, while we haven't been relating to them. If awakening is a threshold, then it is a threshold where for a moment the relation between subject and object vacillates, it wavers, it is blurred and uncertain. "Waking up is the riskiest moment. If you manage to get through it without being dragged out of place, you can relax for the rest of the day" (Ibid.). Josef K. faltered, and he would never be able to relax again.

At the time when Kafka was writing *The Trial*, a novel he left unfinished, although with a definite ending, and which would appear more than a decade later, in 1925, Marcel Proust, in another part of Europe, was preparing the publication of the first novel of the grand edifice *In Search of Lost Time*. The first volume was *Du côté de chez Swann*, *Swann's Way*, which appeared in 1913, and it famously starts, on the first page, exactly on the same threshold, in the intermediate state between wakefulness and sleep. One could say: the birth of the modern novel from the spirit of the threshold; from the spirit of the crack between two worlds. Yet, Proust, on this first page, is crossing the threshold in the opposite direction: he is going from the state of being awake into gradually falling asleep. The narrator – this utterly ambiguous narrating 'I' – is sinking into a slumber, he describes himself losing consciousness, sleep is flooding him, irresistibly, yet the threshold is elusive, sometimes it arrives before one can think of it, sometimes it recedes indefinitely and one is feverishly awake against one's will for hours. It is not something that one can control and command, it has a temporality and a causality of its own, but

what he tries to hold on to is precisely a region at the limit, at the boundary, neither one nor the other, and it is on this edge, when the conscious controls have given way but before sleep proper has taken control, the moment after one has abandoned the familiar and before one has entered the dreamworld and its derailed logic, it is on this edge that memories start flooding in, a vast tapestry of memories that one hasn't invited nor tried to recall, they are intruders at the interstice, what he will call *la mémoire involontaire*, involuntary memory, beyond the reach of conscious intentions, and precisely for that reason the harbingers of another kind of truth. What appears there is an intricate web of signs and associations unavailable to consciousness, yet not the stuff of dreams. Everything else will follow from that threshold, what emerges there will be the realm of Proust's entire huge undertaking, it will take seven bulky volumes to spin out what comes sneaking in on the first page, and the last page will end the project on the same edge, with a sort of awakening. The whole immense edifice is made of this stuff – not of such stuff that dreams are made of, nor of the stuff of wakefulness, but of what appears on their edge.

A neat symmetrical opposition can be made: Kafka starts *The Trial* in the morning, with a rude awakening into reality which turns out to be utterly foreign – he awakes, but not quite; Proust starts *Swann's Way* in the evening, at night, with the narrator sinking into sleep, but not quite. Josef K. is painfully overwhelmed by a strange dreamlike reality; Proust's narrator is overwhelmed by the stuff of his uncontrollable memories which lead him ever further away, the intimately familiar displaying a logic where it appears utterly new and unexpected. Yet one could, with some audacity, disentangle a common denominator they share, which one could put as an injunction: to persevere on the edge; not to give up on the threshold. One can take a cue from a remark by Walter Benjamin in his brilliant essay on Proust: "And there is no telling what encounters would be in store for us if we were less inclined to give in to sleep. Proust didn't give in to sleep."⁰⁸ On the very edge of slumber resides an imperative: don't give way to sleep. Let yourself be lulled,

but don't surrender to sleep. The injunction to yield to the lulling edge, thus losing conscious control over the world of meaning, is the injunction to wake up, to wake up from the slumber of consciousness and habit, to yield to another world lurking within this one. And what we find there is not a nostalgic dive into the past, its quasi-oniric reconstruction, a recuperation of the lost time in *le temps retrouvé*, it is not that the title hero has been lost and found, but rather an apprenticeship of the new. Its focal point is not the past but the future, not the nostalgia of melancholy loss and its impossible recuperation, but becoming of the new. Deleuze, another great reader of both Proust and Kafka, will insist on this at length.⁰⁹

Jacques Lacan, in his famous seminar *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis*,¹⁰ dwells for a moment on this edge between sleep and wakefulness. He takes up one of Freud's dreams from *Traumdeutung*, the most Kafkaesque of all dreams Freud ever interpreted, a dream which reads straight as a Kafka story.¹¹ A father is waking at night over his dead son, laid out in the adjoining room with candles burning, and he falls asleep during this terrible wake, leaving an old man in charge.¹² He wakes up in terror because in his dream he sees his child waking up, standing by the bed and grabbing his arm, saying: 'Father, don't you see that I am burning?' ('Vater, siehst du nicht dass ich verbrenne?'). And indeed, the burning candles have produced a fire while the old man fell asleep, his vigilance has given up guard for a moment, and the smell of burning was integrated into the father's dreams, producing this terrible uncanny dream scene, the appeal of the dead child, which made him wake up. This is like vintage Kafka. Freud maintains, throughout his book on dreams, that one crucial function of the dream is to be a guardian of sleep. Any external disturbance which might wake us up is integrated in the dream in order to keep us asleep, to enable the continuation of sleeping. The dream protects the sleeper from the intrusion of reality. One eventually wakes up when the external disturbance becomes too intrusive for the dream to tackle, but this is where another strange logic sets

⁰⁸ "On the Image of Proust", *Selected Writings* 2/1, Cambridge (Mass.) & London: Belknap, Harvard UP 1999, pp. 238-9. Benjamin, a great reader of both Proust and Kafka, actually himself co-translated two volumes of Proust's saga into German.

⁰⁹ Cf. Gilles Deleuze, *Proust et les signes*, Paris: PUF 1970. – We owe Samuel Beckett, another great reader of Proust, probably the best line ever written on Proust: "Proust had a bad memory."

¹⁰ The seminar was delivered in 1964, published in French in 1973 (Paris: Seuil), the English translation by Alan Sheridan was published by Penguin (Harmondsworth) in 1979.

¹¹ *Studienausgabe II*, Frankfurt: Fischer 1982, p. 488.

¹² One can recall that the most extreme modernist novel by James Joyce is called *Finnegans Wake*, evoking both the wake over the dead and the strange temporality of awakening, a novel again written in the realm of the edge.

in: the dream itself produces a real which is more overpowering than any external disturbance. There is a paradox: the dream creates a real from which one tries to escape so that one must take refuge in the usual reality. The dream's own logic of wish-fulfillment tends to run amok, it runs into a nightmare far more traumatic than reality can be, so one is forced to wake up in order to escape it. Lacan's point, if I simplify matters to the utmost, would be: we wake up in order to be able to continue to sleep; in order to escape the excess produced by the dream in its endeavor to protect our sleep. So there is a threshold in the awakening, an edge between the real of the dream and the reality into which one awakes, a missed encounter between the two, an interface where, for a moment, one infringes upon the other. "Thus the encounter, forever missed, has occurred between dream and awakening, between the person who is still asleep and whose dream we will not know and the person who has dreamt merely in order not to wake up" (Lacan 1979, p. 59).¹³ Lacan uses the peculiarity of the French language, the expletive *ne*: What am I *avant que je ne me reveille*? What am I before I wake up? – before I don't wake up? This gets lost in English, it exists in Slovene, while I am not so sure about the Croatian: *prije što se ne probudim* (*prije nego se probudim*?) What does the negation mean? It is utterly superfluous there and at the same time utterly ambiguous. There is both *prije što se probudim* and *prije što se ne probudim* in one sentence – so is one awake or is one asleep?

Josef K. wakes up in this temporal modality. He wakes up into a dream, that is, he wakes up into a nightmare. The reality into which he awakes is a continuation of a dream, but not the one into which one awakes to escape the real of the dream, quite the contrary, it is the reality from which the dream was supposed to protect, that is, a real which seems more of a dream than the reality. His protracted wakefulness with which he will struggle throughout the novel, to the point of utmost exhaustion, coincides with a protracted dream. This is Kafka's way to hold on to the injunction 'don't give up on the edge', on the impossible in-between where the dream-like real infringes upon the familiar reality. It all

seems like a massive hallucination superimposed on the reality and which turns out to contain it. To Josef K. it all seems like a slip, a tiny moment of a lack of vigilance. He says to Mrs. Grubach, his landlady:

I was caught unawares [*überrumpelt*], that's all. If immediately upon awakening, without letting myself be thrown off by the fact that Anna hadn't appeared, I'd risen immediately and, ignoring anyone in my path, had come to you and eaten breakfast in the kitchen for a change, if I'd had you bring my clothes from my room, in short if I had behaved reasonably, nothing else would have happened. Everything that wanted to come into being [*was werden wollte*] would have been stifled (p. 33).

So apparently it was only a reckless moment that caused it all, he was caught off guard, he should have acted reasonably and ignored it all, ignored the two guards and the indictment, he should have woken up to be reasonable, not to be led astray by the uncanniness of things strangely found in the same place, he should have ignored their displacement and the crack into which the two guards had slipped. Something wanted to come into being and it could have been stifled if he reacted in good time, but he didn't. It was the lack of vigilance, a momentary deficiency which enabled the impossible edge to invade everything else. "We are so poorly prepared," he says, in an odd echo to Hamlet's "To be prepared is all." "At the bank, for example, I am prepared, nothing like this could ever happen to me there." (Ibid.) When occupying his social position in the bank, he is well equipped and could fend off any such intrusion.

The tiny lack of vigilance on Josef K.'s part is the tiny opening of Kafka's relentless vigilance on which he will not give way, persevering on the edge between the dullness of consciousness and soothing sleep to the terrible end. Awakening is the riskiest moment [*der riskanteste Augenblick*], says Kafka, and if one lets one's vigilance slip even stranger things can happen, like one can wake up as an

¹³ "If Freud, amazed, sees in this the confirmation of his theory of desire, it is certainly a sign that the dream is not a phantasy fulfilling a wish." (Ibid.) The encounter occurs, as it were, between two fantasies, the one which sustains the dream and the one that sustains the waking life.

insect. Poor Gregor Samsa missed for a moment the quickness of wit to catch everything in the same place one left it the evening before, he didn't find his own body, he mislaid it for a moment. Awakening is metamorphosis.

In one of Kafka's most striking and bewildering stories, *The Burrow* (*Der Bau*), we have an animal, a 'badger' in the middle of a burrow. Let me add a most curious anecdotic detail. Kafka was not Lacan's author, to my knowledge he never mentions him in any of the published works. Yet we have a development in one of his unpublished seminars ('Identification', 21 March 1962) which takes up precisely this story at some length and he develops it into a strange Kafkaesque parable of his own, claiming that 'the man is the animal of the burrow' and that this is the clue to the strange ways of human architecture, that is, of branching what he builds to the architecture of his body and its openings in a convoluted topology. Kafka was not Heidegger's author either, to say the least. Yet, I learned from a conversation with Giorgio Agamben that he once in his young days confronted Heidegger himself with his silence on Kafka, and Heidegger, according to this hearsay evidence, after some commonplace gestures, engaged in a passionate discussion of just one story that he found baffling, precisely *The Burrow*. One might well wonder, but I will not dwell on this. I will just single out one telling point: the animal, the 'badger' has built his burrow as his underground castle, protected against all possible enemies, he has carefully considered all eventualities and thoroughly pondered over possible strategies of all imaginable enemies. So he sits there in the middle of his formidable fortification, anxiously waiting in permanent vigilance. Then one day –

I must have slept for a long time. I was only wakened when I had reached the last light sleep which dissolves of itself, and it must have been very light, for it was an almost inaudible whistling noise that wakened me. ... This noise was a comparatively innocent one; I didn't hear it at all at first, although it must certainly have been there; I must first feel quite at home before I could

hear it; it is, so to speak, audible only to the ear of the householder. And it is not even constant, as such noises usually are; there are long pauses, obviously caused by stoppages of the current of air. ... I don't seem to be getting any nearer to the place where the noise is, it goes on always on the same thin note, with regular pauses, now a sort of whistling, but again like a kind of piping.¹⁴

This all happens again on the thin line of awakening, a slight outer disturbance, a minimal one, which wakes one up, but maybe it is just a continuation of sleep, a protraction of dreamland into reality, maybe it is just a noise in the head, but insisting and obtrusive. It is born on that thin line which seems to have produced it, it comes from in-between the two worlds, wakefulness and sleep, and it resides in the passage between the outer and the inner, the carefully protected internal and the intruding external, on the threshold, it materializes the in-between as a barely audible sound. And this other, the supposed emitter of this noise, this purely acoustic creature, this nothing at all except for 'a voice and nothing more', not even a voice but a whistling, this unfathomable entity will invade the poor badger's life, it will dismantle his burrow and turn his life into a nightmare. The intruder will surreptitiously infiltrate all his elaborate fortifications and undo all his meticulous planning. The forceful beauty and elegance of this story is that it elaborates the absolutely minimal, and the minimal emerges on the threshold.

The women

Josef K. will make only one appearance in court. He is summoned to a hearing, in the novel by a telephone call, in the movie during a theatre performance. When he arrives to the appointed place things get convoluted. This is a shabby dilapidated building with many flats and rooms, and it seems highly unlikely that a court could hold session in such a place.

¹⁴ *The Complete Stories*, ed. Nahum N. Glatzer, New York: Schocken Books 1971, pp. 343–4.

There is no courtroom to be found, he has to climb stairs, ask for directions from perplexed inhabitants, get into a conversation with a washerwoman, who turns out to be the court usher's wife and who is pursued by a student, a law student with elusive and notable connections to the court, and his interest in the washerwoman is in no uncertain terms a sexual pursuit. It suddenly turns out that the court holds session in the adjoining room, the way to the court leads through the washerwoman's private apartment, and just behind an innocuous door the courtroom is filled with people waiting for him, waiting for the proceedings, and he is of course late, despite his efforts.

Two things are to be noted about this simple and convoluted entry into the court. First, the contiguity of space, of different spaces, the immediate vicinity of the private and the public, their bordering on each other, the abrupt transition from one to the other. The court spills over into the private and vice versa, they occupy the continuation of the same space. Just as the court officials, the guards, have invaded K.'s bedroom, so the court opens up in the adjacent room of another bedroom. The court and the bedroom communicate immediately, one is indicated with the officials sitting at one's bedside, just as K. will sit at the advocate's bedside when discussing his defense. The spaces are linked with something like a Moebius strip, one continues on the same side of the strip from one to the other. The authority emerges in the midst of the private and the most private takes place in the public space of authority. This is a procedure that Welles will use throughout the movie, on a grand scale, blending the space of 1962 Zagreb with the abandoned Gare d'Orsay in Paris, from one shot to the next, in a space without exteriority and in absolute continuity of seemingly seamless transitions. This is what creates the extraordinary space within which the movie hauntingly moves, for wherever one moves there is no outside, and one is always on the outside, there is no center.

But there is more. At the gates to the Law there is a woman, an utterly inconspicuous washerwoman, the lowest of the staff, yet belonging to the Court and its workings. The

moment she appears there is the question of sexual seduction, the entry into the Court is paved by sexual seduction, law and sex are inextricably blended. The law student who pursues her cannot resist his impulses, his 'basic instincts', he cannot be refrained by law as far as sex is concerned, so the court proceedings, K.'s single deposition before a court, are interrupted because the student proceeds to have sex with the woman in the middle of the courtroom, giving rise to some merriment and bantering among the numerous audience, who don't really seem to be outraged nor utterly surprised. They seem to take it as one of those things that happen, nobody seems to be seriously bothered by this breach of minimal decorum. So there is a sexual intimacy going on in the courtroom itself, the obscenity of the law is enacted quite literally by the irresistible sexual impulse which cannot be contained even by the most formal of occasions, there is a contiguity between law and lust, law is counterpoised by carnality. Implementing the law is like having sex in public. To say nothing of the lecherous pictures Josef K. saw on the only occasion when he was able to look into a book of law, allowed to do that by the goodwill of the washerwoman.

But this is merely one of the women who inhabit the fringes of the Court as well as the fringes of the Castle. One face of the law presents itself as a string of women who are on the one hand sexual objects, constantly pursued by court officials and any figure of power (like Klamm in the Castle, with its fringe of maidservants, innkeepers etc., Frieda, Pepi, who is perpetually waiting for Klamm). These women see to the sexual needs and desires of people of authority, they are constantly on offer to them, even the lowliest of them has a sexual claim on these women. The persons in authority all seem to be Freud's primal fathers, with unlimited entitlement to the sexual services of all women. Authority means license. The women don't resist, they oblige and comply, and even more, their behaviour is profoundly ambiguous, they are in constant complicity with authorities and it seems that they actually find those endowed with authority to be irresistible. Are they forced or are they willing accomplices, or are they

even themselves the actual pursuers? The question puzzles Josef K., just as it puzzles the landsurveyor K. The Court and the Castle seem to secretly coincide with a brothel, a whorehouse, they are places of sprawling prostitution, where women are both compelled into enforced slavery and in agreement with the perpetrators.

On the other hand, these women are seized by a fatal attraction for both K.'s, they try to seduce both from the outset. They cannot resist the foreigner and they cannot resist the accused. Leni, the advocate's servant, will say to Josef K. upon their first meeting: "Here is my key, you can come whenever you want" (p. 107). Pepi, in *The Castle*, proposes a sexual paradise to K., to share the room with the girls in complete promiscuity, without obligations. "You are not obliged in any way, you won't be tied forever to our room, as we are" (p. 455). And Pepi declares that she loves K. "as she has never loved anyone before", she sees in him the foreigner who might rescue her and take her away, "a hero, a rescuer of maidens" (p. 453). She even urges him to find "the strength to set fire to the entire Gentlemen's Inn and burn it to the ground, so that not a trace is left, to burn it like a piece of paper in a stove" (p. 455). They dream of getting out, they dream of revolution, their sexual craving is imbued with revolt, but this is just a mirage, they are just as part of the machinery as everyone else, they are part of it particularly in their transgressive and apparently revolutionary gestures, they are part of the fringe which is attracted both to the inside – they are not invested with power but they work with it, their sexual prowess is their way in – and to the outside, the seeming outside of strangers and the accused, but who will find out the hard way that they are just as much inside as the rest. Josef K. on his part will try to use them. "You are looking for too much external help," the priest will scold K., "and particularly with women. Don't you see this is no real help?" And K. will reply: "Women have great power. If I could only persuade the women I know to work together for my benefit, I would be able to succeed. Especially with this court which is composed only of womanizers. Show the examining magistrate a woman from afar, and he will jump over the

court table and the accused in order to arrive in time" (p. 203). The law is lecherous in its nature, yet K. is still deluding himself by assuming that this is what it wants and that he will further his cause with the help of the women. Its sexuality is just as unfathomable as its letter. 'What does the Law want?' is just as inscrutable as Freud's question 'What does the woman want?', and not quite unconnected. The lecherous nature of people in authority is another lure, offering a misleading clue to what makes them tick.

What is the attraction of the accused? Leni, the advocate's secretary, appears to seduce all the accused, finding them irresistible. She is attracted by their guilt, or rather by the transformation, the metamorphosis that their physical appearance has undergone the moment they are seized by the legal machinery. The fact that they have been accused has turned them into beings endowed with a sublimity, they have entered into an area where the letter of the law affects their bodies. Its mark is invisible, and the terrible machine conjured "In the Penal Colony" (written immediately after *The Trial*) is precisely the machine designed to translate the invisible into the most visible bodily mark. "Defendants are the loveliest of all. ... It must result from the proceedings being brought against them, which somehow adhere to them" (p. 251). The proceedings stick to their bodies, there is a transubstantiation going on, an invisible mark, but Leni can tell. One must have "an eye for it", and she has it.

Orson Welles knew very well that the women on the fringe of the Court are essential, that the legal economy is inextricably mixed with the sexual economy, so he made sure that there was a most impressive star cast of women: Jeanne Moreau, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider. All of them sex symbols, both fragile and aggressive in their fragility, inscrutable erotic goddesses, seducing and elusive.

Hegel, in a curious and brief early piece called "Who Thinks Abstractly?" ("Wer denkt abstrakt?"), claims that it is not philosophy which is the agent of abstract thinking, but rather that its practitioner is common sense – its worst practitioner. The abstract thought of common sense always

subsumes any complex entity under a single feature and is unable to sustain contradiction – this is actually what makes sense common (common like *gemein*). This reduction to a single trait is the bad habit of abstract thought, it can only consider an entity in light of one abstract trait, and this is what makes it the enemy of speculative thought which has to bravely espouse contradiction and which strives on it. Hegel offers some very picturesque examples, and the first one is this: a murderer has been convicted and is taken to the gallows, attended by a vast crowd of nosy spectators. A woman in the crowd suddenly exclaims: 'How beautiful he is!' ¹⁵There is a huge uproar in the crowd, a tumult of general indignation, for how could a murderer be beautiful? Does not his one defining trait reside in his dreadful crime which should translate into his ugliness? Shouldn't it permeate his whole being?

It seems that Hegel's woman of the crowd, expressing dissenting judgment, pitting beauty against moral and legal condemnation, speaks with Leni's voice. With the following speculative twist worthy of Hegel: he is beautiful not in spite of his crime and guilt but because of it. Can a murderer be beautiful? Hegel throws in the question with a poker face, and we can hear him laughing. In our context the question translates into: Is Anthony Perkins beautiful? Well, of course he is, he is the prototype of the beautiful murderer, for we all know what horrible crime he is guilty of, we have all seen the other movie, as did all the audiences in 1963, and however much he wriggles and protests his innocence, he is the last man around, in 1963, that could be believed about being innocent. This is, and this is not, the trial of Norman Bates. He may pretend he doesn't know what he is accused of and that this is all some Kafkaesque parable of existential guilt, he can try to put blame on Kafka, it's all the fault of the bureaucratic system, I am a victim of a parable, but we all know why this is an empty excuse of no avail. Casting Anthony Perkins as Josef K. is no doubt a stroke of genius, it endows the whole film with supreme irony. Josef K. is 'anyone', but Anthony Perkins is 'anyone' with a huge twist, an actor perhaps most marked by a singular crime in the entire history of cinema, the

horrendous thing that will hang over his name and subsequent career with no possible escape. He is the impersonation of the most terrible guilt without having actually committed a crime, and one can easily see that pleading that this was only a movie will only make his case worse. Imagine Josef K. saying 'This is a legal error, it was only a movie, this is a different movie, you have mixed things up, I can explain everything.'

His Master's Voice

When Josef K. is indicted in the beginning, he wants to telephone a lawyer, like in an American movie – actually this is only in the book, not in the movie – a highly placed state attorney Hasterer who is his friend. The guards say that of course he can but it would be useless, so he desists from it. This would be the one call he would try to make to the Law, but it is thwarted. But the Court would get to him by phone: in the first sentence of the second chapter he is summoned by telephone to his first interrogation, on Sunday of all days, so as not to interfere with his work. The Court communicates with him through this recent invention, with this mediated voice which crosses distances and comes from afar straight into the intimacy of one's ear. The Law speaks through emissaries and by telephone. The ensuing story of his proceedings, his entanglement with the Court, happens between two phone calls. The second one he will get just before the end, from Leni, this mysterious advocate's servant who is both his lover and a figure of the Law. She will call him as he is on his way to the Cathedral (to serve as a guide to the Italian businessman), she is seemingly making just 'a social call', but she says, ominously, "They are hunting you down". "...While he was replacing the receiver, half to himself and half to the distant girl: 'Yes, they are hunting me down'" (p. 278). Leni is the harbinger of the Court, she is the one to transmit the verdict, the only verdict he will ever have, by telephone, in their one and only phone conversation. "The final judgment comes unexpectedly, from a random mouth

¹⁵ *Theorie Werkausgabe II*,
Frankfurt: Suhrkamp 1970, p.
577.

at a random moment" (p. 268). But this is not a random mouth nor a random moment, nor does it look like a final judgment, although he immediately recognizes it as such. By repeating it, echoing it, he acknowledges its finality. The Law has the double face of a woman – only a woman can serve as a messenger to augur the verdict – and the telephone – only the telephone can give voice to the verdict.

When the land surveyor K. arrives to the village under the castle he is lodged in an inn and he is eager to clarify the nature of his assignment, so he makes a phone call to the castle. But what does he hear on the other side of the line? Just a voice which is some kind of singing, or buzz, or murmur, a voice in general, a voice without qualifications.

The receiver gave out a buzz of a kind that K. had never before heard on a telephone. It was like the hum of countless children's voices – but yet not a hum, the echo rather of voices singing at an infinite distance – blended by sheer impossibility into one high but resonant sound that vibrated on the ear as if it were trying to penetrate beyond mere hearing (p. 27).

There is no message, but the voice is enough to stupefy him, he is suddenly paralyzed: "In front of the telephone he was powerless." He is spellbound, mesmerized. The Castle, too, communicates by telephone, but now brought to its essence: the mere voice without a content, beyond meaning, yet asserting its pure validity. 'Validity without meaning', *Geltung ohne Bedeutung*, this is how Gershom Scholem described Kafka in his correspondence with Walter Benjamin in the thirties: the suspension of meaning is the institution of pure validity of the law as such, epitomized by the voice. The telephone no longer needs to convey summons and verdicts, as in *The Trial* – it is pure summons and verdict as such.

If the Law speaks with incomprehensible voices and over the telephone, it is then precisely because there is no Master's voice, no unitary figure or meaning or truth behind it. The telephone is one of its means of predilection, invoking a distant source and a message, and blurring both the source

and the message. With Orson Welles' film, we have an incredible counterpart to it: Orson Welles' own voice. He has cut out the crucial telephone episodes, but it is as if he has replaced them by the virtual omnipresence of his own voice. He allegedly dubbed 11 roles in this movie, including some lines by Anthony Perkins. The anecdote has it that he defied Perkins to say the lines that he himself dubbed, and he couldn't. His is the voice which tells the parable of the Law in the beginning and at the end, and he actually recounts even the final credits, as if the names of the cast would be a sequel to the parable, like listing the names of the doomed. There is indeed His Master's Voice in the movie, this is a His Master's Voice movie if there ever was one, the movie of a ventriloquist Master speaking through multiple mouths, including his own, the mouths of the emissaries of authority as well as the mouth of the doomed. Yet one can see that the multiple voices of the one voice produce something like the multiplicity of images in *Citizen Kane*, in Borges's judgment: 'a chaos of appearances', 'a labyrinth without a center'. And one can see, in a final irony, that His Master's Voice, dooming all others, is itself the voice of a doomed Master, the proscribed Master, this man of staggering baroque excess, a person of both overbearing and imperious authority and of excessive calamity, so very much like an embodiment of the exuberant persons of authority in the Court or in the Castle, but also someone endlessly losing his battles in an endless trial, a lifetime of trials, the very opposite of Kafka yet, in a most convoluted way, his most unlikely double.





Kafka i život slova

Alexander García Düttmann

S engleskoga prevela Marina Miladinov

Čitajući Kafkin *Proces* i gledajući adaptaciju Orsona Wellesa, mogao bih to u neku ruku nazvati sličnim iskustvom. I čitatelj koji je dovršio roman i gledatelj koji je do kraja odgledao film osjećaju da nemaju mnogo toga za reći. Ali za to imaju različite razloge. To se otkriva u činjenici da bi čitatelj mogao poželjeti ponovo pročitati roman umjesto da se upusti u njegovu interpretaciju, za koju zna da će biti nespretna i čak suvišna, bez obzira na to kako originalna ili stručna bila, dok gledatelj, osobito ako se divi redateljevu radu, vjerojatno neće poželjeti pogledati film još jednom ili će pak biti spreman pružiti mu drugu šansu samo ako smatra da je prvi put propustio nešto važno i da je film potrebno odgledati nekoliko puta ako se želi steći uvjerljiviji dojam. U ovom potonjem slučaju nije vjerojatno da će gledatelj preispitati svoj sud odmah nakon početnog razočaranja. Naprotiv, pričekat će dok ne osjeti da sada može gledati film svježim očima, da tako kažemo.

Wellesov neuspjeh ne treba tražiti u navodnoj nemogućnosti pretvorbe Kafkinih književnih tekstova u dramu ili film, kao niti u višku vjernosti slovu. U svome eseju o Kafki Adorno je opomenuo protiv adaptacija Kafkinih tekstova zato što tvrdi da likovi koje u njima susrećemo imaju unutrašnji život, ali njihovo ponašanje ipak ostaje određeno izvana.⁰¹ Takvo proturječje čini se neuskладivim s transformacijom likova u osobe koje glume na pozornici. Njegov uznemirujući efekt u potpunosti proizlazi iz teksta i ne može se razdvojiti od njega tako što će se slovo zamijeniti reprezentacijom nekog prepoznatljivog lika koji se slobodno kreće. Za Adorna je pokušaj zamjene slova Kafkinih književnih tekstova znak "nepismenosti". Međutim, film *Klassenverhältnisse*, koji je zasnovan na romanu *Izgubljenik* ili *Amerika*, kako se također naziva jedan od Kafkinih prvih romana, pokazuje da postoje načini na koji supstitucija slova istodobno može to slovo održati gotovo netaknutim. Straub i Huillet, redatelji toga filma, sačuvali su nešto od tog slova u slici tako što su lišili glumu svake naturalističke sličnosti. Welles je u *Procesu* primijenio anakronizam kao filmsko sredstvo i time postignuo vizualni osjećaj prostorne i vremenske kontaminacije i promiskuiteta, pri čemu nikada ne prekida razvoj radnje niti jukstapoziciju različitih scena dok se kreće naprijed-natrag između divovske željezne ljuštore pariškog Gare d'Orsay i nizova stambenih blokova u nekadašnjoj Jugoslaviji. Istina je, dakle, da Wellesov susret s Kafkom ukazuje na zajedničko zanimanje za arhitekturu, kao što Gilles Deleuze i Félix Guattari napominju u svojoj knjizi o "maloj književnosti".⁰² Ali želimo li pojmiti puni opseg tog susreta, valja napomenuti da to zanimanje počiva u čudnovatom osjećaju kontaminacije i promiskuiteta koji se u *Procesu* očituje jednako u

01 Theodor W. Adorno, "Notes on Kafka", u: *Prisms*, prev. Samuel i Shierry Weber (Letchworth: Neville Spearman, 1967.), str. 262-3 (bilj. 1).

02 Gilles Deleuze i Félix Guattari, *Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature*, prev. Dana Polan (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1986.), str. 76.



Alexander García Dü

S engleskoga prevela

zagušljivoj atmosferi i klaustrofobičnoj skučenosti prljavih i memljivih prostora koji pripadaju sudu, kao što je slučaj s K.-ovim iznenadnim otkrićem pornografskog materijala u statutarim knjigama: njegov bunt protiv uhićenja također je revolucija tijela. Možda Welles ne uspijeva baš sasvim izbjeći opća mjesta, ali njegov izum ipak ostaje vjeran romanu i istodobno jasno pokazuje da on, kao umjetnik, ne robuje slovu romana. On ne shvaća stvari tako doslovno da bi zamijenio slovo slikom. Čak izmišlja dodatne scene, poput one u kojoj K. razgovara sa informatičkom stručnjakinjom, koju igra grčka glumica Katina Paxinou. Ta scena izrezana je iz filma netom prije premijere, kao i briljantni kadar u kojemu Anthony Perkins skače s jednog praznog pisaćeg stola na drugi i tako pređe beskonačnu dvoranu koju je u prethodnom kadru gledatelj vidio ispunjenu tipkaćicama. Stoga Welles ne pada u zamku pogrešnog shvaćanja Kafkinih književnih tekstova i njegov film nije puka pedantna ilustracija romana prilagođenog za kino. Umjesto toga, otponac za gledateljev otpor i nevoljkost da prati film predstavlja element virtuoznosti u Wellesovoj adaptaciji, bez obzira na to koliko se redateljeve namjere ustvari materijalizirale u samom filmu. Virtuoznost se olako odnosi prema slovu i poštuje ga samo kako bi ga neumoljivo iskoristilo i uzdiglo umjetnika u sferu bestežinskog stanja, u kojemu ništa ne ostaje izvan njegova dohvata. Kao filmski virtuoz, Welles ne uspijeva odati potpuno priznanje slovu u Kafki jer on stvara kafkijanski film, kao da se ustrajnost slova pokazala najupadljivijom ondje gdje se njegova gustoća rasipa u duhovnu slobodu neometane produktivnosti, ili kao da otkriva vlastiti život ondje gdje slobodni život duha poznaje samo razliku između tupog robovanja i vještog prikaza koji čini da tekst lebdi u zraku poput akrobatske lopte.

Ali kako shvatiti život slova koji izmiče našoj pozornosti ako se pridržavamo te distinkcije? Čini se da Adorno u svome eseju iznosi dvije neuskладive tvrdnje. S jedne strane on tvrdi kako je čitanje Kafke jednako priznanju da nepremostivi jaz blokira prolaz između doslovnog i figurativnog značenja njegovih rečenica. Mi se ne smijemo nikada zadovoljiti doslovnim shvaćanjem neke rečenice, a ipak ne smijemo niti potpuno od njega odustati, na primjer tako da podredimo jedno značenje drugome. Ta tvrdnja naglašava nužnost da se slovo i duh drže odvojenima. Naposljetku, to je tvrdnja usmjerena protiv svakog pokušaja interpretacije teksta ako interpretacija transponira doslovno značenje u figurativno, podređujući time doslovno značenje onome što se smatra uvidom u pravo značenje teksta. Kada u svome nedavnom doprinosu postojećim interpretacijama Kafkina *Procesa* talijanski filozof Giorgio Agamben piše kako "pažljivo čitanje romana pokazuje izvan svake sumnje" da klevetanje sebe sama predstavlja "ključ" za njegovo razumijevanje,⁰³ njegov uvid mogao bi ostaviti dojam da napokon razumijemo o čemu se u tom romanu ustvari radi. A ipak, s Adornova gledišta uvjerljivost takve interpretacije počiva na pomutnji. Baš kao što filmaš koristi slovo kao prigodu za pokazivanje svoje umjetničke produktivnosti, filozof ga koristi za prezentaciju značenja koje se tekstu pridodaje nekim nedvojbenim uvidom. U oba slučaja slovu se dodjeljuje sekundarna uloga, kao da naposljetku i nije odviše važno to što Kafkin roman pripada književnosti.

S druge strane, međutim, Adorno izjavljuje kako Kafkina čitatelja neprestano obuzima intenzivan osjećaj da mu je nešto poznato, ili *déjà-vu*. Neki detalj koji se spominje u tekstu, kao što su Lenini prsti s plivačom kožicom ili sličnost krvnika i tenora, kao da nam govori nešto, iako znamo da ne možemo objasniti u čemu se to otkriće ustvari sastoji ili zašto se uopće radi o otkriću. Razmislimo li bolje, postaje očito da su dvije tvrdnje koje iznosi Adorno ustvari jedna te ista. Jer što to znači reći da se slovo i duh, ili doslovno

03 Giorgio Agamben, "K", u: *The Work of Giorgio Agamben. Law, Literature, Life*, ur. Justin Clemens, Nicholas Heron i Alex Murray (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2008.), str. 13.

i figurativno značenje, razlikuju, ako ne to da doslovno značenje ima moć otkrića koja se pokazuje zasljepljujućom? Život slova u Kafkinim tekstovima moramo, dakle, tražiti u otkriću sadržaja koji toliko pripada samome životu, koji ga tako potpuno prožima, da smo nesposobni odvojiti i objektivizirati ga.

Ulomak iz Tolstojeva *Rata i mira* mogao bi nam pomoći da razjasnimo to pitanje. Pred kraj romana grof Pjer, koji je odbio napustiti Moskvu te je sačekao da francuske trupe zauzmu grad u plamenu, zatočen je u nastambama u kojima se drže ratni zarobljenici. Među tim zatvorenicima je neki seljak po imenu Platon Karatajev, čijem pjevanju se Pjer divi zbog njegove prirodnosti: "On nije shvaćao niti je mogao shvatiti značenja riječi kad se uzmu odvojeno od govora. Svaka njegova riječ i svako djelo bijahu očitovanje djelatnosti koja je njemu bila nepoznata i koja je bila njegov život. Ali njegov život, kako je on mislio o njemu, nije imao smisla kao odvojen život. On je imao smisla samo kao djelić cjeline koju je neprekidno osjećao. Njegove riječi i djela izvirali su iz njega isto onako jednoliko, nužno i neposredno kao što se miris širi od cvijeta. On nije mogao shvatiti ni vrijednosti ni značenja djela ili riječi zasebno."⁰⁴ Kada se od seljaka zatraži da ponovi što je rekao, on zapadne u proturječje, a da ni ne zna što je to, i ne može to učiniti prije nego što zaboravi na smisao svega toga, budući da je koherentnost na koju pitanje cilja duboko strana njegovu biću, životu koji nije ništa drugo do neposredovana manifestacija sebe sama kao cjeline. S obzirom na Platonovu usidrenost u životu, kako to opisuje Tolstoj, mogli bismo reći da je Josef K. lik koji na početku *Procesa* dolazi u sukob sa životom, a ipak ne prestaje biti u njemu usidren. Platonova priprostost potječe iz činjenice da on ne zna za postojanje proturječja; K.-ova početna tvrdoglavost, koja je tijekom romana sve češće isprekidana, potaknuta je proturječjem koje on ne može pojmiti.

U *Procesu* se slovo budi u život umjesto da ustraje kao iskonska pretpostavka zakona, i pitanje značenja javlja se u pukotinama koje sada razdvajaju život od njega samoga. Drugim riječima, K. biva pozvan pred zakon, bez obzira na to traži li se od njega da prisustvuje preliminarnom saslušanju ili se osjeća neodoljivo privučenim ženama koje smatra svojim pomagačicama. Dok život za njega poprima apstraktnu dimenziju, udaljavajući se tim više od svakodnevice čim više ga određuje varljiva konkretnost posvemašnjeg promiskuiteta, i dok zakonski postupak otkriva udaljenost čisto intelektualnih stvari, i tim je neizbježniji čim neizvjesnijim se čini njegov ishod, K. nikada nije naprosto izgubljen u svijetu suda, nikada ga naprosto ne preplavi iznenađenje, kao da je sukob koji je uzburkao njegov život iznikao zato što je nemoguće postati svjesnim života, a da se on ne rasprsnje u zasebne aspekte. Već prva rečenica romana ublažava iznenađenje. Ona anticipira ono što će se dogoditi i nudi moguće opravdanje za to: "Mora da je netko oklevetao Josefa K. jer su ga jednog jutra uhitili iako nije ništa skrivio."⁰⁵ Tko tu progovara? Vjerojatno je to sam K. Iduće rečenice govore nam kako on leži u krevetu, očekujući da mu gazdaričina kuharica donese doručak, kao što čini svako jutro, i pitajući se kako to da kasni, prvi put otkada je uselio u tu sobu. Nakon što je kraće vrijeme čekao, zamjećuje radoznali pogled starice koja živi na drugoj strani ulice i naposljetku odlučuje pozvoniti. Odgovori mu neki stranac. Taj je čovjek došao da ga uhititi. Ali čak i ako je takva rekonstrukcija radnje uvjerljiva, čak i ako je vjerojatno da prva rečenica izražava K.-ove misli, ipak bi bilo čudno da je odabrao govoriti o sebi u trećem licu. Uzima li K. u obzir to što se još nije pošteno predstavio čitatelju?

Je li onda pripovjedač taj koji govori na samom početku *Procesa*? U tom slučaju prva rečenica morala bi se shvatiti kao ironičan komentar, budući da bi rekla nešto o K.-ovu tijeku misli, a istodobno bi se predstavila kao iskaz

04 Lav Tolstoj, *Rat i mir*, prev. Zlatko Crnković (Zagreb: Nakladni zavod Matice hrvatske, 2001.), knj. IV, str. 506.

05 Franz Kafka, *Proces*, prev. Snješka Knežević (Zagreb: Školska knjiga, 2003.), str. 13. Prijevod neznatno izmijenjen.

On nije mogao shvatiti ni vrijednosti ni značenja djela ili riječi zasebno.



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jedne od K.-ovih misli. Jer zašto bi pripovjedač inače, ako nije želio biti ironičan, uopće spekulirao o razlozima K.-ova uhićenja i čak dodao, kao da se treba rezervirati, kako K. nije učinio ništa pogrešno, ništa loše ili zlo [etwas Böses]? Ali ironija koja dijeli glas govornika koji se pretvara da je na dvama različitim mjestima istodobno također bi utjecala na čitatelja, uvlačeći ga u roman i istodobno ga držeći na distanci. Ne bi li takav način slušanja glasa koji govori na početku mogao dovesti čitatelja do zaključka da je mjesto koje zauzima kao čitatelj slično onome koje zauzima K.? I čitatelj i glavni lik romana stoje pred zakonom, zakonom koji ih, bez obzira na svoju nedostupnost, ne ostavlja na miru. On ih veže dok ih napušta, dopuštajući im da dolaze i odlaze po vlastitoj volji.

Čitatelj otvara knjigu i dospijeva pred slovo teksta. Bez obzira na to kako razumije ili tumači tekst, njegovo razumijevanje uvijek će se morati mjeriti s doslovnim značenjem teksta. Upravo to značenje diktira zakon kojemu se čitatelj mora podvrgnuti ulazeći u tekst. Potvrda figurativnog značenja i slavljenje umjetničke aproprijacije moglo bi se na kraju pokazati problematičnim; ali tako dugo dok ih se smatra valjanim pokušajima suočavanja s tekstom, bit će smatrani uspješnima samo do one mjere u kojoj se još uvijek pokoravaju doslovnom značenju teksta, ne proturječeći mu dok prenose slovo u domenu duha ili se virtuožno njime poigravaju. U svojoj interpretaciji Kafke Jacques Derrida je pokazao kako je čitatelj teksta, stojeći pred zakonom, istodobno njegov čuvar, onaj koji bdije nad slovom.⁰⁶ Čitatelj je odgovoran za slovo upravo zato što ne može proizvoljno promijeniti tekst. Istodobno slovo također pozdravlja čitatelja, pušta ga u svoj život, da tako kažemo. Neko minimalno razumijevanje doslovnog značenja, možda upoznatost one vrste na koju je mislio Adorno, mora se uspostaviti kako bi došlo do doživljaja čitanja. A ipak, čitatelj koji čita neki književni tekst ubrzo će otkriti da se problem pri čitanju takvog teksta sastoji u tome što ne može polagati pravo na tu upoznatost. Dok se tekst otvara pred njime, stvara pristup samo za njega, za njegov subjektivni ili osebusni osjećaj upoznatosti, on ne može prevladati jezovitost u srži poznatosti i prepoznati ono za što vjeruje da je već vidio ili čuo. On ne može proći vrata zakona i dotaknuti sam zakon. Kada bi to mogao, tekst bi bio iluzija, a život bi propao u smrt.

Nakon što je ispričao K.-u parabolu o seljaku koji dođe pred zakon, svećenik potvrđuje kako pripada sudu i primjećuje da upravo iz tog razloga ne želi ništa od K.-a i da nema nikakvih zahtjeva. Sud prihvaća, prima i pušta unutra onoga koji dođe k njemu, te mu dopušta da ode kada to odluči. Te riječi, koje izgovara svećenik, posljednje su riječi prije epiloga romana. Međutim, prije toga, u prvom poglavlju, jedan od muškaraca kojima je naređeno da uhitite K.-a, izjavljuje kako je sud privučen krivnjom i prisiljen odaslati stražare. On naglašava istinitost te tvrdnje riječima: "To je zakon."⁰⁷ Život slova, osjećaj poznatosti u slovu, proganja čitatelja koji može biti dio tog života samo ako prizna zakon, nesvodljivost doslovnog značenja teksta. Utoliko ukoliko je to čitateljeva pozicija, pozicija bavljenja zakonom, i ukoliko se za književnost može reći da podsjeća čitatelja na njegov položaj sugerirajući da doslovno značenje, želi li ga se razumjeti, zahtijeva neko drugačije značenje, figurativno značenje ili značenje koncepta, *Proces* je roman koji razotkriva hiperbolični dinamizam koji potkopava čitateljevu poziciju i pretvara je u nestabilnu. Jer ako je K. išta naučio, onda je to činjenica da, čim više se proces pretvara u nevjerojatan postupak, tim skorijim postaje proglašenje presude. Nedugo nakon što je uvukao K.-a u razgovor, svećenik primjećuje kako se do presude ne dolazi odjednom, kao da je granica između stvarnog suđenja i trenutka kada ono dolazi do kraja propusna. Bi li takvo

06 Jacques Derrida, "Before the Law", u: *Acts of Literature*, ur. Derek Attridge (New York i London: Routledge, 1992.), str. 211.

07 Kafka, *Proces*, str. 18.

shvaćanje doslovnog shvaćanja teksta, takvo shvaćanje zakona ili života, potaknuto čitanjem Kafkina *Procesa*, bilo još jedna nova interpretacija romana? I da i ne. Ono ustvari ne bi ponudilo čitatelju ključ koji bi mu omogućio da prođe kroz vrata zakona i dotakne ga, nego bi mu pokazalo prirodu njegova odnosa prema tekstu, važnost onoga što Adorno naziva "načelom doslovnosti".⁰⁸ Je li to ono o čemu se u *Procesu* ustvari radi, o životu kao čitateljevu životu?

Adorno primjećuje da se čitatelj, ako se ne želi izložiti riziku da se izgubi, mora čvrsto držati doslovnog značenja, te navodi prvu rečenicu *Procesa*, u kojoj se doslovce kaže da je netko vjerojatno "oklevetao" Josefa K., "jer su ga jednog jutra uhitili iako nije ništa skrivio". Možda Agamben nesvjesno slijedi i izdaje Adornov savjet time što samoklevetanje čini "ključem" romana. Ali nije li puka činjenica da već prva rečenica spominje prekršaj i zlo [etwas Böses] dovoljna čitatelju da se zapita, barem na trenutak, ne bi li K. unatoč tvrdnjama o nedužnosti koje se susreću u prvoj rečenici, ipak mogao biti kriv, osobito zato što nije sasvim jasno tko tu govori?

U drugačijem kontekstu spisateljica Elizabeth Costello, fiktivni lik koji je stvorio južnoafrički romanopisac J. M. Coetzee, drži predavanje o načinu na koji filozofi vide život životinja i uvodi kriterij doslovnosti u svrhu razlikovanja između filozofa i književnika, između onih koji vjeruju da ne možemo znati što to znači "biti bilo što drugo do jedan od nas" i onih koji ne dijele to uvjerenje. Zatim aludira na kratki Kafkin tekst "Izvjeste akademiji": "Znam da [filozof] Nagel koristi šišmiše i Marsove samo kako bi postavljao vlastita pitanja o prirodi svijesti. Međutim, poput većine književnika, moj um razmišlja doslovno i željela bih se zaustaviti na šišmišu. Kada Kafka piše o majmunu, smatram da misli u prvom redu na majmuna; kada Nagel piše o šišmišu, smatram da prvenstveno piše o šišmišu."⁰⁹ Drugom prilikom Elizabeth Costello obraća se publici na nekoj konferenciji u Amsterdamu. Ovaj put od nje se očekuje da govori o problemu zla. Njezin "um koji razmišlja doslovno" očituje se od samog početka, čak prije nego što se pojavi za govornicom, na pozornici, budući da oklijeva, pitajući se je li "problem doista prava riječ za zlo, dovoljno velika da bi je sadržavala,"¹⁰ kao da se ponovo implicitno ili u sebi bori s filozofima koji, u nedostatku "uma koji razmišlja doslovno" ili nepovjerenja prema njemu, ne uspijevaju vidjeti "problem u tome što se zlo naziva problemom"¹¹ te smještaju "problem zla" u rasprave o teodiceji, na primjer, i argumentaciju o mogućnosti i teškoći pomirenja loših postupaka i patnje u svijetu s postojanjem Boga. U knjizi *The Problem of Evil and The Problem of God* filozof religije D. Z. Phillips, osjetljiviji od drugih za "problematično nasljeđe" koje uvodi "problem zla" kao "logički problem" i zatim zatvara oči pred njegovom "egzistencijalnom" dimenzijom, optužuje pristaše teodiceje za "instrumentalizam" i "usredotočenost na jastvo",¹² braneći mišljenje da postoji shvaćanje religije i etike o kojemu se ne može raspravljati "u onom smislu u kojemu se to može činiti s pitanjima u logici".¹³ Međutim, on i dalje koristi koncept "problema" ne dovodeći ga u pitanje, možda zato što je i sam pristaša teodiceje te tvrdi na osnovi Kierkegaardova poimanja "kršćanskog strpljenja" da se zla koja bi nas mogla snaći u svijetu mogu smatrati "oblikovanima [ljubavlju prema Bogu i dobroti]".¹⁴ I iako se čini da Elizabeth Costello, Coetzeeova spisateljica, nevoljko prihvaća mogućnost da zlo ikada postane problemom, nešto o čemu se mogu voditi smislene rasprave, koje sučeljavaju prikladne i stručne argumente i protuargumente s namjerom rješavanja onoga što se pokazalo problematičnim, ona ipak u jednom trenutku svoga predavanja iznosi "tezu", nešto za što bi se očekivalo da pripada sferi u kojoj se "um koji razmišlja doslovno" često dočekuje sa

08 Adorno, "Notes on Kafka", str. 247.

09 J. M. Coetzee, *Elizabeth Costello. Eight Lessons* (London: Vintage, 2003.), str. 76.

10 Isto, str. 157.

11 Isto, str. 175.

12 D. Z. Phillips, *The Problem of Evil and The Problem of God* (London: SCM Press, 2004.), str. 58.

13 Isto, str. 228. Ovdje D. Z. Phillips odobravajuće citira ulomak u kojem je Rush Rhees objasnio Wittgensteinovu nevoljkost da kritizira čovjeka poput Calvina.

14 Isto, str. 233.



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sumnjom, budući da su teze obično pozicije ili gledišta koja se odbacuju, ispravljaju ili prihvaćaju u skladu s racionalnim dokazima ili argumentima koji su postavljeni tako da im pridaju supstancu, i budući da se u tu svrhu zlu barem treba dopustiti da se tretira kao problem: “Ovo je moja današnja teza: da određene stvari nisu dobre za čitanje ili za pisanje.”¹⁵ Drugim riječima, Elizabeth Costello više nije sigurna u to da je pripovijedanje “dobro po sebi”. Je li Josef K., čiju krivnju Adorno smješta u njegovo neprestano nastojanje da pokaže kako je u pravu, kako mu se nanijela nekakva nepravda ili kako je žrtva neke greške; je li Josef K., čija je krivnja iz perspektive teze Elizabeth Costello u želji da zna i razumije, da ispriča sebi priču, ondje gdje “nije dobro” baviti se takvom željom, uglavnom nesposoban za strpljenje? Je li ta nesposobnost ono što pretvara njegov slučaj u “problem” i time iskrljuje K.-ov odnos prema sudu? Je li on nesposoban prepoznati šansu koja mu je dana da ukloni “problem”, tako da njegovo umiranje “poput psa”¹⁶ nije toliko znak neuspjeha da povрати svoju autonomiju i ispravi stvari koliko znak neuspjeha da aktivno pridonese deproblematizaciji postojanja, da tako kažemo?

Te “stvari” koje Elizabeth Costello spominje u svojoj “tezi”, ako to uopće tako možemo nazvati, pripadaju, kako ona to formulira, nekom “zabranjenom mjestu” – a to je, usput rečeno, isti izraz koji Derrida koristi u svojoj interpretaciji Kafke kada analizira „dvojaku vezu” zakona.¹⁷ Za Elizabeth Costello to “zabranjeno mjesto” je mjesto zla. Iako ona smatra da nam fikcija pokazuje kako možemo “živjeti ono nemoguće” i biti nešto više ili drugo od “jednoga od nas”; iako za nju biti “u potpunosti čovjek” znači biti svjestan “namjernog neznanja” o zverstvima koje su počinili ljudi, upravo je riječ “opsceno”, njezin “talisman”, ono čime se suprotstavlja opscenosti takvih činova, zlu, mučenju, masovnom ubojstvu i “onome što se događa u klaonicama svijeta”, jer “sporna etimologija” podsjeća je na to da se “određene stvari” moraju držati “iza zastora” ili da postoji neko “zabranjeno mjesto” koje se mora držati u tajnosti. Ništa se ne može naučiti iz iskustva zlih stvari; sve što zlo proizvodi jest zbrka, zatrovanost, promiskuitetni kaos. Na tragu njezina “složenog iskaza” mogli bismo reći da je njezin “um koji razmišlja doslovno” tjera da razlikuje između dvaju neusklađenih, ali ipak gotovo nerazlučivih načina da se bude “čovjek” i stoga nešto više ili drugo od “jednoga od nas”. Ako se, suočeno sa zlom, sjećanje pomrači kako bi održalo ili očuvalo zdravlje uma, Elizabeth Costello sumnja da spisatelj koji se usudi otići “iza zastora”, na ono “zabranjeno mjesto”, i zabilježiti ono što je sjećanje izbrisalo, ustvari dopušta da ga zavedu iste one sile kojima se nastoji suprotstaviti njegov otpor prema zaboravu: “Želimo li spasiti svoju čovječnost, određene stvari koje bismo željeli vidjeti (željeli vidjeti upravo zato što smo ljudi!) moraju ostati iza zastora. Paul West je napisao opscenu knjigu, on je pokazao ono što se ne bi smjelo pokazati.”¹⁸ Odvajanje čovječnosti od nje same, za što Elizabeth Costello optužuje svoga kolegu spisatelja, čiji lik Coetzee nije naprosto izmislio, nešto je pred čime je i ona sama pokleknula, jer ona priznaje da se “ludilo njezina čitanja”, njezina nesposobnost da prestane čitati “opscenu knjigu” i usvajati njezine likove, “urotilo u nasilju” i perpetuiralo nasilje koje joj je učinjeno kao čitatelju. Tako postaje očito čitatelju Kafke, Adorna i Coetzee da doslovno značenje koje prestaje biti enigmatsko može sa sobom donijeti bezumlje i smrt, dok bivanje-pred-tekstom kao bivanje-pred-zakonom može zajamčiti život. Postoje različiti razlozi zbog kojih bi se doslovno značenje moglo prestati činiti enigmatskim: osjećaj bliskosti koji ono uspostavlja moglo bi rezultirati prepoznavanjem; ili bi spoznaja o tome kako je biti onaj drugi mogla prestati biti prolazna; ili bi

15 Coetzee, *Elizabeth Costello*, str. 173.

16 Kafka, *Proces*, str. 213. Prijevod neznatno izmijenjen.

17 Derrida spominje “*lieu interdit*”. Vidi: Jacques Derrida, “Before the Law”, str. 203.

18 Coetzee, *Elizabeth Costello*, str. 168.

život slova mogao stvoriti odviše živu sliku onoga što se ne može pojmiti i što se povlači iza zastora.

Prema tome, Elizabeth Costello podbacuje ondje gdje se činilo da uspijeva. Jer ona je ponosna na to što je bila postojana i nikada nije iskoristila svoj "susret sa zlom": "Zašto se njezine misli vraćaju na tu odavno prošlu i – doista – nevažnu epizodu? Odgovor je sljedeći: zato što je nikada nikome nije otkrila, nikada je nije iskoristila. Ni u jednoj od njezinih priča nema fizičkog napada muškarca na ženu iz osвете zbog toga što je bio odbijen. Ako Tim ili Tom nije sam poživio sve do oronule staračke dobi, ako neki odbor nebeskih promatrača nije sačuvao zapisnik o onome što se dogodilo te noći, događaji iz pansiona pripadaju njoj i samo njoj. Pola stoljeća sjećanje je počivalo u njoj poput nekog jajeta, jajeta od kamena, koje se nikada neće otvoriti i nikada ništa izroditi. Njoj to odgovara, zadovoljna je zbog toga, zbog te svoje šutnje, šutnje za koju se nada da će je ponijeti sa sobom u grob."¹⁹ Bi li Elizabeth Costello mogla smatrati svoju šutnju dobrom kad ne bi vjerovala, ironično, ali ipak iskreno, u "odbor nebeskih promatrača"?

19 Isto, str. 166.

Do one mjere u kojoj je korištenje iskustva zla ili, općenitije rečeno, život slova jednako poricanju enigme i stvaranju smrtonosne sličnosti s prolaskom kroz vrata zakona, doslovno shvaćanje koje čuva život jednako je kreativnom očuvanju, kao da je nedodirljivost slova, bivanje-pred-zakonom, nešto što treba postići, ili kao da je čitateljeva zadaća da proizvede neko "jaje od kamena" umjesto da se probije kroz okamenjenost. Jer ono što Elizabeth Costello čini, a što je naučila od Kafke i slova, jest korištenje aktivnog bivanja-pred protiv onog nametnutog i stoga opasnog, protiv bivanja-pred koje podjaruje iskušenje da se jaje razbije i izrodi nešto. Njezina šutnja također je šutnja čitatelja koji će radije ponovo pročitati tekst nego da se upusti u interpretaciju. Prostor iza zastora je prostor te šutnje, koliko god to može biti, i možda on mora biti mjesto gdje počiva opscenost. "Mora da je netko oklevetao..."

Kafka and the Life of the Letter

Alexander García Düttmann

Reading Kafka's novel *The Trial* and watching Orson Welles' adaptation of it, is, in a sense, a similar experience. The reader who has finished the novel and the spectator who has watched the film to the end both feel that there is not much they can say. But they do so for different reasons. This shows in that the reader may want to read the novel again, rather than engage in an interpretation which he knows will be clumsy and even superfluous, no matter how original or how pertinent, whilst the spectator, especially if he admires the director's work, will probably not want to watch the film a second time, or will be willing to give it another chance only if he believes that he missed something important the first time around and that the film requires repeated viewing to make a more convincing impression. In the latter case it is unlikely that the spectator tests his judgement immediately after his initial disappointment. Instead he will wait until he finds that he can see the film with fresh eyes, as it were.

Welles' failure is neither to be sought in the alleged impossibility of turning Kafka's literary texts into a play or a film nor in an excess of faithfulness to the letter. In his essay on Kafka, Adorno warns against adaptations of the writer's texts because he claims that the figures we encounter in these texts have an inward life and yet their behaviour remains externally determined.⁰¹ Such a contradiction seems incompatible with the transformation of the figures into characters acting on a stage. Its disconcerting effect depends entirely on the text and cannot be separated from it by substituting the letter with the representation of a recognizable figure that moves about freely. For Adorno, the attempt to substitute the letter of Kafka's literary texts is a sign of "illiteracy". However, *Klassenverhältnisse*, the film based on *The Man Who Disappeared*, or, as Kafka's early novel is also known, *Amerika*, demonstrates that there are ways in which the substitution of the letter can at the same time maintain it almost untouched. Straub and Huillet, the directors of this film, preserve something of the letter within the image by depriving the acting of all naturalistic semblance. In *The Trial*, Welles employs anachronism as a filmic device and thereby achieves a visual sense of spatial and temporal contamination and promiscuity, never interrupting the unfolding of the plot or the juxtaposition of different scenes when moving back and forth between the gigantic iron shell of the Gare d'Orsay and the streamlined housing estates in the former Yugoslavia. It is true, then, that Welles' encounter with Kafka points to a shared interest in architecture, as Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari suggest in their book on a "minor literature".⁰² But to appreciate the

01 Theodor W. Adorno, "Notes on Kafka", in: *Prisms*, trans. Samuel and Shierry Weber, Letchworth: Neville Spearman, 1967, pp. 262-3 (note 1).

02 Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *Kafka: Toward a Minor Literature*, trans. Dana Polan, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1986, p. 76.

full scope of the encounter, it should be noted that this interest *resides* in the strange sense of contamination and promiscuity which, in *The Trial*, manifests itself as much in the airless atmosphere and claustrophobic narrowness of the dirty and seedy spaces pertaining to the court, as in K.'s sudden discovery of the pornographic content of the statute-books: his rebellion against his arrest is also a revolution of the body. Perhaps Welles does not quite avoid the commonplace but his invention nonetheless remains faithful to the novel and makes it quite plain that, as an artist, he is not enslaved to the novel's letter. He is not so literal-minded as to substitute the letter for the image. He even conceives of additional scenes such as the one in which K. talks to a computer scientist played by Greek actress Katina Paxinou. This scene was cut from the film shortly before it opened, as was the brilliant shot in which Anthony Perkins jumps from one empty desk to the next and crosses the infinite hall that, in a preceding shot, the spectator had seen filled with typists. Hence Welles does not fall prey to a misapprehension of Kafka's literary texts. Nor does he simply and pedantically illustrate the novel which he adapts to the cinema. Rather, what triggers the spectator's resistance, his unwillingness to go along with the film, is the element of virtuosity in Welles' adaptation, regardless of how much of the director's intention actually materializes in the film itself. Virtuosity makes light of the letter, respects it only to exploit it relentlessly and elevate the artist into a sphere of weightlessness in which nothing remains beyond his reach. As a virtuoso of cinema, Welles fails to do justice to the letter in Kafka because he creates a Kafkaesque film, as if the letter's insistence proved all the more conspicuous there where its density dissolves into the spiritual freedom of unimpeded productivity, or as if it revealed a life of its own there where the free life of spirit knows only of the difference between dumb enslavement and a skilful display that keeps the text suspended in the air like an acrobat's ball.

But how are we to understand the life of the letter that escapes our attention if we stick to this distinction? In his essay, Adorno seems to make two incompatible claims. On the one hand, he states that reading Kafka amounts to acknowledging that an unbridgeable gap blocks the passage between the literal and the figurative meaning of his sentences. We must never be content with the literal meaning of a sentence and yet never renounce it either, for example by subordinating one meaning to the other. This claim stresses the necessity of keeping letter and spirit separate. Ultimately, it is a claim directed against any attempt to interpret the text if interpretation transposes the literal meaning into a figurative meaning and thereby subordinates the literal meaning to what is supposed to be an insight into the text's true meaning. When, in a recent contribution to existing interpretations of Kafka's *Trial*, the Italian philosopher Giorgio Agamben writes that "an attentive reading of the novel demonstrates beyond any doubt" that self-slander constitutes the "key" to its understanding,⁰³ his insight might convey the impression that we finally understand what the novel is all about. Yet, from an Adornian perspective, the persuasiveness of such an interpretation rests on confusion. Just as the filmmaker uses the letter as an opportunity for the exhibition of his artistic productivity, the philosopher uses it for the presentation of a meaning conferred to the text by an indubitable insight. In both cases, the letter is relegated to a secondary role, as if in the end it did not really matter that Kafka's novel belongs to literature.

03 Giorgio Agamben, "K", in: *The Work of Giorgio Agamben. Law, Literature, Life*, ed. Justin Clemens, Nicholas Heron and Alex Murray, Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2008, p. 13.



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On the other hand, however, Adorno states that the reader of Kafka is constantly struck by an intense feeling of familiarity or *déjà-vu*. A detail mentioned in the text, such as Leni's webbed fingers or the similarity between the executioners and tenors, appears to be telling us something, though we know that we cannot explain in what the revelation actually consists of or why it is a revelation in the first place. On reflection, it becomes evident that the two claims Adorno makes are, in truth, one and the same. For what can it mean to say that the letter and spirit, or literal and figurative meaning, diverge, if not that the literal meaning has a revelatory force which proves to be blinding? The life of the letter in Kafka's texts must then be sought in the revelation of a content that belongs so much to life itself, that permeates it so thoroughly, that we are incapable of separating and objectifying it.

A passage from Tolstoy's *War and Peace* might help to clarify the issue. Toward the end of the novel, Count Pierre, who has refused to leave Moscow and has waited for the French troops to occupy the burning city, finds himself confined to quarters in which prisoners of war are being held. Among these prisoners is a peasant called Platon Karatayev, whose singing Pierre admires for its natural quality: "He did not and could not understand the meaning of words taken separately from speech. Each of his words and each of his acts was a manifestation of an activity he knew nothing about, which was his life. But his life, as he looked at it, had no meaning as a separate life. It had meaning only as a whole, which he constantly sensed. His words and acts poured out of him unevenly, necessarily, and immediately as a fragrance comes from a flower. He was unable to understand either the value or the meaning of a word or act taken separately."⁰⁴ If, when asked to repeat what he says, the peasant, who contradicts himself without having any notion of what a contradiction is, and without ceasing to make sense for all that, cannot do so, this is because the coherence at which the question aims is deeply alien to his being, to a life that is nothing but the unmediated manifestation of itself as a whole. In light of Platon's embeddedness within life, as Tolstoy describes it, one could say that Joseph K. is a character who, at the beginning of *The Trial*, comes into conflict with life and yet does not cease to remain embedded in it. Platon's simple-mindedness originates in the fact that he ignores the existence of contradiction; K.'s initial and then increasingly intermittent obstinacy is triggered by a contradiction he cannot grasp.

In *The Trial*, the letter is awoken to life, rather than persisting as the immemorial presupposition of its law, and the question of meaning arises in the interstices that now separate life from itself. Or, to put it differently, K. is summoned before the law, whether he is asked to attend a preliminary hearing or feels irresistibly drawn to the women he considers his helpers. While life for him takes on an abstract dimension, all the more removed from the everyday the more it is determined by the slippery concreteness of an ubiquitous promiscuity, and while the legal proceedings betray the remoteness of a purely intellectual matter, all the more inescapable the more their effect seems uncertain, K. is never simply lost in the world of the court, never simply overcome with surprise, as if the conflict that stirs up his life had arisen because it is impossible to become aware of life without it splitting into separate aspects. The very first sentence of the novel already dampens the surprise. It anticipates what is about to happen and supplies a possible justification for it: "Someone must have slandered Joseph K., for one morning, without having done anything truly wrong, he was arrested."⁰⁵ Who

04 Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky, New York: Knopf, 2007, p. 974.

05 Franz Kafka, *The Trial*, new translation by Breon Mitchell, based on the restored text, New York: Schocken, 1998, p. 3.

speaks here? It is probably K. himself. The following sentences tell us that he is lying in bed, expecting his landlady's cook to bring him his breakfast, as she does every morning, and wondering why, for the first time since he has moved into the room, she is late. He waits for a short while, notices the inquisitive look of the old lady who lives on the other side of the street, and finally decides to ring the bell. A stranger answers his call. This man has come to arrest him. But even if such a reconstruction of the plot is plausible, even if it is likely that the first sentence expresses K.'s thoughts, it is still odd that he would choose to address himself in the third person. Does K. take into account that he has not yet been introduced to the reader properly?

Is it then the narrator who speaks at the very beginning of *The Trial*? In this case, the first sentence would have to be understood as an ironic comment since it would say something about K.'s train of thought while also presenting itself as uttering one of K.'s own thoughts. Why would the narrator otherwise, if he did not want to be ironic, bother to speculate about the reasons for K.'s arrest and even add, as if in need of a qualification, that K. has not done anything wrong, anything bad or evil [*etwas Böses*]? But the irony that divides the voice of the speaker who pretends to be in two different places at the same time would also affect the reader, dragging him into the novel and simultaneously keeping him at bay. Would such a manner of hearing the voice that speaks in the beginning not lead the reader to the conclusion that the spot he occupies as a reader is similar to the one occupied by K.? Both the reader and the novel's main character stand before the law, a law that, for all its inaccessibility, does not leave them alone. It binds them as it abandons them, allowing them to come and go as they please.

The reader opens the book and comes before the letter of the text. No matter how he understands or interprets the text, his understanding will always have to measure itself against the text's literal meaning. It is this meaning that dictates the law to which the reader must submit himself when entering the text. The affirmation of a figurative meaning and the celebration of an artistic appropriation may in the end prove problematic; yet, for as long as they are considered to be valid attempts to come to terms with a text, they will be deemed successful only to the extent that they still comply with the text's literal meaning, and do not contradict it when transposing the letter into the realm of spirit or playing with it virtuosically. In his reading of Kafka, Jacques Derrida shows how the reader of a text, standing before the law, is its guardian as well, the one who watches over the letter.⁶⁶ The reader is responsible for the letter precisely because he cannot change the text arbitrarily. At the same time, the letter also welcomes the reader, lets him into its life, as it were. Some minimal understanding of the literal meaning, perhaps some familiarity of the sort Adorno has in mind, must be established for there to be a reading experience. And yet the reader who reads a literary text will soon find that the problem of reading such a text consists in that he cannot lay claim to this familiarity. While the text opens itself to him, creates an access for him alone, for his subjective or idiosyncratic sense of familiarity, he cannot overcome the uncanniness at the heart of the familiar and recognize what he believes to have seen or understood already. He cannot pass the gate of the law and touch the law itself. If he could, the text would be an illusion and life would collapse into death.

After telling K. the parable of the peasant who comes before the law, the priest confirms that he belongs to the court and observes that, for this very reason, he does not want anything from K., makes no demands on him.

⁶⁶ Jacques Derrida, "Before the Law", in: *Acts of Literature*, ed. Derek Attridge, New York and London: Routledge, 1992, p. 211.

The court accepts, receives, takes in the one who comes to it, and permits him to part when he decides to leave. These words spoken by the priest are the last words before the novel's epilogue. Early on, though, in the opening chapter, one of the men who has been ordered to arrest K., says to him that the court is attracted by guilt and is forced to send out guards. He stresses the truth of his assertion by stating: "That's the law."⁰⁷ The life of the letter, the letter's sense of familiarity, haunts the reader who can be part of this life only if he acknowledges the law, the irreducibility of the text's literal meaning. Inasmuch as this is the reader's position, the position of a preoccupation with the law, and inasmuch as literature could be said to remind the reader of his position by suggesting that the literal meaning, in order to be understood, calls for a different meaning, a figurative meaning or the meaning of a concept, *The Trial* is a novel that uncovers the hyperbolic dynamism that undermines the reader's position and transforms it into an unstable one. For what K. learns, if anything, is that the more the trial turns into an improbable procedure, the more imminent the pronouncement of judgement seems to be. Shortly after having engaged K. in conversation, the priest remarks that judgement is not arrived at suddenly, as if the border between the actual trial and the moment that it comes to an end were permeable. Would such an understanding of the literal understanding of a text, would such an understanding of the law or of life, prompted by a reading of Kafka's *Trial*, amount to yet another interpretation of the novel? Yes and no. It would not so much present the reader with a key that allows him to pass the gate of the law and touch upon it, as it would show him the nature of his relation to the text, the importance of what Adorno calls the "principle of literalness".⁰⁸ Is this what *The Trial* is all about, life as a reader's life?

Adorno notes that, unless he wants to expose himself to the risk of getting lost, the reader must hold fast to its literal meaning, and refers to the first sentence of *The Trial*, in which it is literally said that someone must have "slandered" Joseph K., "for one morning, without having done anything truly wrong, he was arrested". Perhaps Agamben follows and betrays Adorno's advice unwittingly by making self-slander into the novel's "key". But is the mere fact that the first sentence mentions wrongdoing and evil [*etwas Böses*] not enough for the reader to wonder, for a moment at least, whether despite the allegation of innocence that can be found in the first sentence, K. might be at fault after all, especially since it is not clear who speaks here?

In a different context, the writer Elizabeth Costello, a fictional character created by the South African novelist J. M. Coetzee, gives a lecture on the way philosophers see the lives of animals and adduces the criterion of literality so as to distinguish between philosophers and writers, between those who believe that we cannot know what it is "to be anything but one of ourselves", and those who do not share this belief. Then she alludes to Kafka's short text "A Report to an Academy": "I know that [the philosopher] Nagel is only using bats and Martians as aids in order to pose questions of his own about the nature of consciousness. But, like most writers, I have a literal cast of mind, so I would like to stop with the bat. When Kafka writes about an ape, I take him to be talking in the first place about an ape; when Nagel writes about a bat, I take him to be writing, in the first place, about a bat."⁰⁹ On another occasion Costello addresses the audience of a conference in Amsterdam. This time she is meant to speak on the problem of evil. Her "literal cast of mind" manifests itself from the start, before she even appears on the speaker's platform, on stage, since she feels hesitant, asking herself whether "problem

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07 Kafka, *The Trial*, p. 9.

08 Adorno, "Notes on Kafka", p. 247.

09 J. M. Coetzee, *Elizabeth Costello. Eight Lessons*, London: Vintage, 2003, p. 76.

is indeed the right word for evil, big enough to contain it"¹⁰, as if once again she were implicitly or inwardly struggling with philosophers who, lacking or distrusting a "literal cast of mind", fail to see the "problem of calling evil a problem"¹¹ and place the "problem of evil" within discussions of theodicy, for example, of arguments about the possibility and the difficulty of reconciling wrongdoing and suffering in the world with the existence of God. In his book *The Problem of Evil and The Problem of God*, the philosopher of religion D. Z. Phillips, more sensitive than others to a "problematic inheritance" that introduces the "problem of evil" as a "logical problem" and thus blinds itself to its "existential" dimension, accuses theodacists of "instrumentalism" and "concentration on the self",¹² and defends the view that there is an understanding of religion and ethics that cannot be discussed "in the sense in which questions in logic can".¹³ However, he continues to use the concept of "problem" without questioning it, perhaps because he is a theodacist himself, claiming against the background of Kierkegaard's notion of "Christian patience" that the evils that may befall us in the world can be regarded as "informed by [the love of God and the good]".¹⁴ And although Elizabeth Costello, Coetzee's writer, seems reluctant to acknowledge that evil could ever become a problem, something about which meaningful discussions can be had that confront appropriate and pertinent arguments and counterarguments with the intention of solving what has proven problematic, she does, at one point in her lecture, put forward a "thesis", something that one would expect to belong to the sphere in which a "literal cast of mind" is often encountered with suspicion, since theses are normally positions or views to be dismissed, revised or ratified according to rational evidence or arguments designed to substantiate them, and since for this purpose at least one must allow evil to be treated as a problem: "This is my thesis today: that certain things are not good to read or to write."¹⁵ In other words, it is no longer clear to Costello that storytelling is "good in itself". Is Joseph K., whose guilt Adorno locates in his continuous effort to show that he is right, that some injustice has been done to him or that he is the victim of some mistake; is Joseph K., whose guilt, from the perspective of Costello's thesis, lies in a desire to know and to understand, to tell himself a story, where it is "not good" to entertain such a desire, for the most part incapable of patience? Is it this incapability that transforms his case into a "problem" and thereby distorts K.'s relation to the court? Is he incapable of recognizing the chance that he is given to undo the "problem", so that his dying "like a dog"¹⁶ is not so much a sign of failure to regain his autonomy and set things right as it is a sign of failure to actively contribute to the deproblematization of existence, as it were?

The "things" that Elizabeth Costello refers to in her "thesis", if indeed it is a "thesis", belong, as she puts it, to a "forbidden place" – this is, by the way, the same expression Derrida uses in his reading of Kafka when analysing the law's "double-bind".¹⁷ For Costello, the "forbidden place" is the place of evil. Although she thinks that fiction shows us that we can "live the impossible" and be more or other than "one of ourselves"; although, for her, to be "fully human" means to beware of "a willed ignorance" in the face of the beastly deeds committed by humans, it is the word "obscene" itself, her "talisman", that she turns against the obscenity of such deeds, against evil, against torture, mass murder and "what goes on in the slaughterhouses of the world", for its "contested etymology" reminds her that "certain things" must be kept "off-stage" or that there is a "forbidden place" which must be kept secret. Nothing can be learnt from the experience of things evil; all that it

10 Ibid., p. 157.

11 Ibid., p. 175.

12 D. Z. Phillips, *The Problem of Evil and The Problem of God*, London: SCM Press, 2004, p. 58.

13 Ibid., p. 228. Here, D. Z. Phillips quotes, and agrees with, Rush Rhees' explanation of Wittgenstein's refusal to criticise a man like Calvin.

14 Ibid., p. 233.

15 Coetzee, *Elizabeth Costello*, p. 173.

16 Kafka, *The Trial*, p. 231.

17 Derrida speaks of a "*lieu interdit*". See: Jacques Derrida, "Before the Law", p. 203 (trans. mod.).



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produces is confusion, contamination, a promiscuous muddle. In the wake of Costello's "complicated statement", one could say that the mind's "literal cast" forces it to distinguish between two incompatible and yet almost indistinguishable ways of being "human" and hence more or other than "one of ourselves". If, confronted with evil, memory goes blank in order to subsist and maintain the mind's sanity, Costello suspects the writer who ventures "off-stage", into the "forbidden place", and records what memory erases, of allowing himself to be seduced by the same forces his resistance to forgetfulness seeks to oppose: "To save our humanity, certain things that we may want to see (*may want to see because we are human!*) must remain off-stage. Paul West has written an obscene book, he has shown what ought not to be shown."¹⁸ The separation of humanity from itself, with which Costello charges a fellow writer whose character Coetzee has not simply invented, is one to which she herself has fallen prey, for she admits that the "madness of her reading", her inability to stop reading an "obscene book" and making its characters her own, has "conspired in the violation", has perpetuated the violence inflicted upon her as a reader. Thus it becomes obvious to the reader of Kafka, Adorno and Coetzee that the literal meaning that ceases to appear enigmatic, may carry insanity and death along with it, while being-before-the-text as being-before-the-law may vouchsafe life. There are different reasons why the literal meaning can cease to appear enigmatic: the sense of familiarity it establishes may result in a recognition; or the knowledge of what it is like to be the other may not be fleeting anymore; or the life of the letter may provide an all too vivid picture of what cannot be grasped and withdraws off-stage.

Elizabeth Costello fails there where, hitherto, she seemed to succeed. For she takes pride in having stood firm, in having never exploited her own "brush with evil": "Why does her mind go back to this long-past and – really – unimportant episode? The answer: because she has never revealed it to anyone, never made use of it. In none of her stories is there a physical assault by a man on a woman in revenge for being refused. Unless Tim or Tom himself has survived into doddering old age, unless the committee of angelic observers has saved the minutes of the proceedings of that night, what happened in the rooming house belongs to her and her alone. For half a century the memory has rested inside her like an egg, an egg of stone, one that will never crack open, never give birth. She finds it good, it pleases her, this silence of hers, a silence she hopes to preserve to the grave."¹⁹ Could Costello find her silence good were she not to believe, tongue-in-cheek and yet genuinely, in a "committee of angelic observers"?

To the extent that exploiting the experience of evil or, more generally, the life of the letter, amounts to denying the enigma and creating the deadly semblance of a passage through the gate of the law, a life-preserving literal understanding amounts to a creative preservation, as if the letter's untouchability, the being-before-the-law, had to be achieved, or as if the reader's task were to produce an "egg of stone", not to work through the petrification. For what Costello does, having learnt from Kafka and the letter, is to deploy an active being-before against an imposed and therefore dangerous one, against a being-before that feeds the temptation to make the egg crack open and give birth. Her silence is also the silence of the reader who prefers to read the text again rather than to engage in an interpretation. Off-stage is the place of this silence as much as it can and perhaps must be the place where obscenity lies. "Someone must have slandered..."

¹⁸ Coetzee, *Elizabeth Costello*, p. 168.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 166.

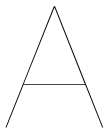




Alessandro Bosetti & Alexander García Düttmann

RAZGOVOR

S engleskoga prevela Marina Miladinov



ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: nakon što sam preslušao *Campanas* i pročitao tvoj tekst. Što se nalazi "onkraj realističkog prikaza pejzaža"?

Pojava glasa. Ali može li se "glas nekog mjesta" – koji je zacijelo nešto drugo od akumulacije zvukova i šumova, kao i nešto drugo od zvuka tvoga glasa koji ponavlja neku riječ ili slog – učiniti čujnim ako nestajanje nije pripadalo tom pejzažu ili mjestu? Što ti onda točno nazivaš glasom?

ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: tvoje prvo pitanje već me satjeralo u kut, budući da uviđam do koje mjere *ne znam* što glas doista jest. *Touché*. A trebao bih, budući da uglavnom radim s onime što svakodnevni govor naziva "glasovima". Usredotočen sam većim dijelom na takozvani govorni jezik. Pretpostavljam da bih trebao znati što je to glas. Ustvari, ti ste me naveo da shvatim kako to ne znam.

Mogli bismo pojednostaviti stvari i reći kako je glas artikulirani zvuk koji proizlazi iz usta ljudskih bića. Nažalost, stvari nisu tako jednostavne.

Na primjer, mi govorimo o "glasu mora", "glasu Stradivarijeve violine", "glasu zajednice". Ponekad čak spominjemo glasove predmeta ili glasove mrtvih.

To su samo retoričke figure, ali ipak, jezik obično otkriva nešto što se događa na dubljoj razini.

Sve bi moglo biti glas. Ili bolje rečeno, *sve bi se moglo pretvoriti u nekakav glas*.

Sve više me privlači misao da se razlika između onoga što je glas i onoga što je svijet – odnosno ostatka zvučnih stvari – ustvari naprosto događa u domeni percepcije.

Inženjeri zvuka dobro znaju kako se ljudski glasovi, kada se miješaju različiti snimljeni zvukovi i šumovi, obično percipiraju kao daleko glasniji od svega drugoga.

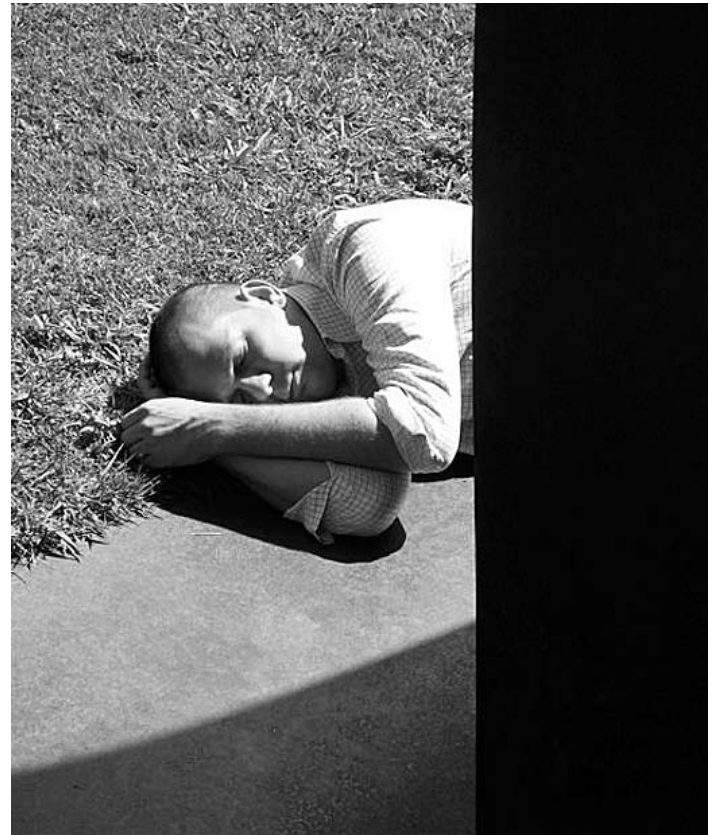
Glas se ističe. Pa evo malenog pokušaja definicije: glas je nešto što se *ističe*, jer *ako se ističe, onda to mora biti glas*.

U zvučnoj i radijskoj umjetnosti na neki se način razlikuje između projekata koji se bave "glasom" i onih koji se bave "zvučnim pejzažom", i ta se razlika nekako uzima zdravo za gotovo. Dakako, nitko vas pri prelasku iz jednoga u drugo neće pitati za iskaznicu, ali postoji tendencija da se stvari smještaju ili na jednu ili na drugu stranu.

Prije nekoliko godina je u fascinantnom arhivu WDR-a Studio Akustische Kunst iskopana jedna kompilacija zvučne umjetnosti, koju je njemačka izdavačka kuća Wergo objavila na dva CD-a, znakovito posvećena "zvučnim zapisima" i "fonografima". Što je učinilo tu razliku očitom? Čini se da postoji polarizacija koja odgovara dvama različitim načinima slušanja. Čak i u ovom slučaju ne mislim da se tim stvarima može baratati tako jednostavno.

Čini se da je sve više slušatelja fascinirano takozvanim "ambijentalnim" načinom slušanja. Imerzivnim slušanjem, uranjanjem u ono što je David Toop uspješno prozvao "oceanom zvuka". Slušatelji traže "groove" umjesto "teksta", oni percipiraju frazu, a ne pojedinačne "riječi". U svojim slušateljskim navikama traže okoliš, a ne glas. Oni se smatraju stanovnicima, a ne primateljima zvučnog artefakta.

FOTO: Xabier Erkiza



Odemo li dalje od definicije glasa kao artikuliranog zvuka koji izlazi iz ljudskih usta i prihvatimo li da se glas može iskristalizirati iz mnogih drugih materijala (glas planeta, misli, prirode, kultura, pejzaža), vidjet ćemo da postoji određeni trenutak kada se nešto zgusne iz određene materije ili određenog okoliša kako bi omogućilo da nastane takozvani glas.

Nešto se istakne. Nešto počinje "govoriti". Nešto dobiva "profil". Počnimo "čitati" zvuk umjesto da se samo kupamo u njemu. Započnimo dvostrani proces selekcije. Nešto u zvučnom okolišu nam govori da tu postoji glas koji treba slušati i osjećamo se prisiljenima isfiltrirati sve ostalo. Ima čak nešto očajničko u kompulzivnoj potrebi ljudi da iščitavaju poruke iz apstraktnih uzoraka. Da dešifriraju čak i onda kada nema ničega što bi se moglo dešifrirati, da čuju glasove iz podzemlja ili iz tišine uma.

Moram pronaći neku vizualnu analogiju: svi znamo što se događa kada tako stisnemo oči da nam se zamagli vidno polje. Sada zamisli nešto što je ustvari nemoguće: kako bi bilo da, dok stišćemo oči, jedan predmet zadrži svoju oštrinu, a sve drugo se zamagli? Znam da to ne možemo, morali bismo instalirati neku vrstu Photoshopa na mrežnicu. Ali kako bi bilo da... Na primjer, da stisnemo oči pred sudoperom, a ondje neki tvrdoglavi prljavi komad suđa izgleda savršeno oštro, dok se sve drugo izgubi u zamagljenoj masi?

Možda bismo mogli reći da je zvučna analogija tog prljavog komada suđa neki "glas"?

Drugi pokušaj definicije bio bi ovaj: *glas se ističe kao uvijek oštar, kontrastiran, ustrajan i ponešto uskomešan predmet koji se javlja u našem polju percepcije.*

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: Glas se ističe, da. I slažem se: sve može postati glasom, iako nema svatko glas. Na neki način glas se javlja ondje gdje se čini da tijelo izgara, kao da je glas čudnovato bestjelesan ili kao da je to glas mrtvih, ne slučajno, nego po definiciji! Mrtvi su ti koji imaju glas, a ne živi, ili možda taj glas postane čujan na pragu između života i smrti, ondje gdje se ne radi niti o životu niti o smrti; upravo zato ustrajem na nestajanju pejzaža. Glas mi još uvijek odzvanja u ušima kada je onaj drugi već nestao, kada je odsutan, kada više nije tu, iako to ne čini zauvijek. U književnosti ili u filozofiji rekao bih da glas nije naprosto sredstvo koje prenosi poruku, nego da poruka koju prenosi ostaje čudnovato neodvojiva od načina na koji glas govori ili pjeva. Je li to jedinstvo ono što sačinjava misterij glasa?

ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: Jedino sam siguran u to da oni postaju glasovi u našim tijelima, odnosno u našoj percepciji.

U slučaju elektromagnetskih valova možemo registrirati signal za koji se čini da ima određenu periodičnost, da nosi značenje i da ga možemo podesiti filtriranjem svega drugoga. Na nama je da odlučimo.

Kao što je glas izvan "odašiljača", tako je i unutar "prijemnika". Pejzaž nestaje zato što, ako glasovi na neki način postoje u onoj liminalnoj pukotini između tijela, kako možemo biti doista sigurni da su došli od drugih tijela, a ne od nas ili s nekog drugog mjesta?

Jedno od velikih otkrića i istina vezanih uz radio jest to da glas, bestjelesni glas, iako je bestjelesan, nužno ukazuje na neko tijelo. Postoji općeprihvaćena dogma o načinu na koji bi trebalo snimati glas za emitiranje na radiju i to bi trebalo biti u takozvanoj "neakustičnoj prostoriji" ili nečemu što je moguće bližem tome. Prostoriji koja nema gotovo nikakvog ili uopće nikakvog akustičnog odraza. Pejzaž nije čujan, čak niti kroz odjek, a učinak je glas koji odjekuje u tvojoj glavi (ili tvome tijelu). Prvi razlog koji se navodi kao opravdanje za takvu praksu je taj da ona čini glas "razumljivijim", dok je drugi stvar bliskosti. Mi se odijevamo u tijelo govornika. Prilagođavamo ga sebi.

To je donekle kao da smo mrtvi. Ili se naprosto pretvaramo da smo mrtvi kao što to čine neke životinje. Skrivaju se iza leša. To je dakako veoma pasivno. Nama "govori" glas koji dolazi s nekog drugog mjesta, ali pod krinkom "našega glasa".

Moram razmisliti o tome zašto sam u mnogim svojim komadima tako opsjednut sinkronizacijom, govorom *in unisono* s drugim glasovima. Uvijek nastojim govoriti paralelno s njima. Nikada ne podleći iluziji da sam to ja. "Ja" sam "ja", a "oni" su "oni", i tu trebaju biti dva čujna glasa istodobno kako bi me spasila od pomutnje. Jedan je leš, a drugi sam ja.

Idealna situacija bila bi kada bismo imali vremeplov koji bi nam omogućavao da unaprijed znamo sve što će se izreći u budućnosti. Na primjer, ako nas pozovu na večeru, znali bismo svaku pojedinu riječ koja će biti izgovorena za stolom. Mogli bismo onda te riječi naučiti napamet i izgovarati *in unisono* s drugima. Mi bismo izgovarali svoju ulogu, a zatim i sve druge.

To me podsjeća na jedan divan rad umjetnice Ulle von Brandenburg – koju prije nisam poznao – koji sam upravo vidio na Bijenalu u Veneciji. Uz nekolicinu drugih veoma zanimljivih obilježja, taj rad prikazuje skupinu ljudi koji razgovaraju za stolom. Svi njihovi glasovi zamijenjeni su pjevajućim glasom umjetnice, koji je sinkroniziran s pokretima usana. Mogli bismo reći da svi oni dijele jedan te isti glas.

Ti kažeš da se "*glas javlja ondje gdje se čini da tijelo izgara*", a ja tome mogu dodati da glas, kojemu su potrebni pejzaži i tijela u kojima će živjeti, živi parazitskim životom nakon što je pobjegao iz gorućih gradova u kojima su oni rođeni. To je ponekad veoma tužno i ima puno veze s čežnjom i nostalgijom.

Ustvari, u "Arcoparlanteu"* nalazimo dosta tog osjećaja i to je nešto što me neočekivano pogodilo. Nisam toga bio svjestan dok sam stvarao ideju za taj komad, ali onda sam se morao pozabaviti svim tim glasovima kojima je bio potreban dom. Još teže je bilo uhvatiti se u koštac sa činjenicom da su i narativi koji su ih pratili također trebali dom. Bilo je to kao da mi govore: "*Zar se ne sjećaš? I ti si proživio ovu situaciju! Zar se ne sjećaš? Ti si taj koji priča ovu priču!*" – ali to nisam bio ja. Sjećanja bez gospodara, na događaje koje nitko nije proživio. Ja sam bio samo ponovni sakupljač. Pazikuća. Sastavljao sam djeliće, to je sve. I bilo mi je žao izgorenih tijela i pejzaža, dakako, ali najviše mi je bilo žao zbog svijesti o tome da nisam bio ondje, da nikada nisam "doživio" te trenutke. I vjerojatno sam bio tužan jer me to podsjetilo na činjenicu da ne mogu biti siguran čak niti u vlastita sjećanja. Jedina sigurna stvar je sadašnjost, sve drugo je puka reprezentacija ili iluzija, ili naprosto šapat, *glas* ustvari.

Drugi komad koji mi pada na pamet je radio-drama francuskog autora Yannisa Paranthoena – zaboravio sam naslov – gdje je snimio nekoliko obrtnika kako šutke rade. Sjedio je s njima, iza ili pokraj njih, sa svojim mikrofonom. Zatim im je pustio snimke preko slušalica i zatražio da opišu što su činili. Tek na kraju, u studiju, sastavio je te dvije snimke. Volio bih čuti što bi Paranthoen rekao na ovo.

* Naručio Deutschlandradio 2008.



Alessandro Bosetti, *I am still asleep*, 2008.

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: Nakon što sam upravo pročitao tvoju posljednju poruku i preslušao prvih dvadeset minuta "Arcoparlantea", dopusti mi da kažem kako sam impresioniran raznim primjerima koje navodiš u svojim opsežnim odgovorima. Nazivam ih "primjerima" jer mi nedostaje bolja riječ, ali sam itekako svjestan neprikladnosti tog termina. To nisu puki primjeri, oni su tijela tvoga glasa. E pa, uz rizik da ću nešto tako izmudrovati da ćeš mi začepiti usta, jer nastojat ću svesti te primjere i tvoje komentare na jednu ideju, rekao bih da je potrebna određena bestjelesnost da bi se pojavio glas, potrebna je "prostoriya koja nema gotovo nikakvog akustičkog odraza", kako si ti to formulirao, tako da svatko tko sluša glas bude u iskušenju da mu pridoda neko tijelo, neki tjelesni volumen: čim je glas bestjelesniji, tim više se nudi tijelu, tim više se lijepi uz tijela, tim više postaje parazitom tijela. Glas ne može postojati bez tijela; ali ne može postojati niti sa tijelom, tijelo je njegov dom i njegovo progonstvo, a to znači da se on nalazi na pragu, kao što smo već ustanovili. Kada bismo uspjeli govoriti jednim glasom, što je za tebe gotovo utopijska perspektiva, bi li tada još uvijek bilo glasa? I što za glas znači to što uvijek postoji netko tko ga ne može čuti, za koga je taj glas već nestao i nikada se neće vratiti, netko tko je ostao bez tijela, bez doma, naime onaj tko govori, onaj tko ima glas koji dolazi k njemu i odlazi k drugima? Ti možeš snimiti moj glas, možeš ga tehnički izmanipulirati, možeš me navesti da ga slušam beskonačno mnogo puta u beskonačno mnogo varijacija i transformacija, ali nažalost, ja nikada neću biti u poziciji da išta čujem... Ja imam glas samo do te mjere da ga moram ostati nesvjestan.



ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: U potpunosti se slažem, ali ipak smatram da su tvoje metafore ponešto nejasne. Postoje tijela i ne postoje tijela. Glasovi govore u stvarnim ljudima, iz njih ili za njih, iako bi naprosto mogli govoriti u prazno. Glasovi imaju veliku odgovornost, budući da prenose (mogu prenositi) poruke. Ako se s time želimo složiti i pronaći način da živimo zajedno, da sklopimo mirovni sporazum, da isposlužemo slučajeve tolerancije i tako dalje, možda ćemo to morati učiniti putem glasa. Ali otkrili smo da postoje različite vrste glasova, glasovi mrtvih i glasovi živih, glasovi s tijelom i glasovi bez tijela, glasovi koji pristaju jednom ili više tijela i glasovi koji ne pristaju nijednome. Postoje čak glasovi zombija i robota.

I sada mi pada na pamet Italija, moja zemlja koji sam napustio prije deset godina.

Mislim na članak lana Fishera pod naslovom "In a funk, Italy sings an aria of disappointment", koji je objavljen u New York Timesu u prosincu 2007. godine. To je najbolji opis "bolesti" koja muči zemlju "glasa" koji sam ikada pročitao.

Nije to bila uobičajena interpretacija, zasnovana na političkoj borbi između ljevice i desnice, ili neki drugi polarizirani prikaz sukoba. Bila je to pretpostavka o duboko ukorijenjenim teškoćama u "izražavanju" onoga što stvara depresiju i stagnaciju.

Taj članak bio je u suglasnosti s mojim složenim odnosom do opere i *belcanta* – toliko im se protivim da sam odabrao usredotočiti svoj rad na muzikalnost govornog jezika, pri čemu gotovo potpuno izbjegavam praksu pjevanja.

Je li *belcanto* onaj glas koji me “može navesti da slušam beskonačno mnogo puta u beskonačno mnogo varijacija i transformacija, ali nažalost, ja nikada neću biti u poziciji da išta čujem”? Nije li on samo dobro profilirano, ali beskorisno robotsko zviždanje koje se ističe u bezličnoj masi jecanja i stenjanja? Koje s mukom ispušta gomila zombija koji nastoje govoriti svi u isto vrijeme i tako naprosto stvaraju tkivo, maglicu elektrostatičkog šuma u kojoj je nemoguće podesiti ijednu konkretnu stanicu? (Uvijek pomislim na Kafkinu Josephine!) Kada je Fisher napisao taj bezazleni članak, rastrgala ga je, naime, spomenuta gomila zombija, a njegovi glasovi utopili su se u stenjanje i statiku do potpunog poništenja.

U zemlji koja nema glasa, a vjerojatno više ni tijela (“*predivan leš koji su pregazili turisti*”, kako kaže Fisher), ističe se samo jedan prodoran glas, glas bez tijela, koji ne stremlji prema tijelu, samo izražava praznu autoreferencijalnost “ljepote” i “osjećaja”.

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: Nisam siguran mogu li te pratiti, pa čak niti želim li to, kada svodiš *belcanto*, a možda i operu kao takvu, na neku vrstu ideologije: kao da su ljepota i osjećaji, lijep i osjećajan glas, i sami ideološki koncepti, kao da je beskonačnost pjevanja ista kao beskonačnost brbljanja, kao da je talijansko podrijetlo takvog pjevanja i takvog brbljanja istovjetno i stoga učinjeno istom vrstom fenomena, kao da činjenica da je u *belcantu* često irelevantno mogu li se razumjeti riječi znači da ondje nema nikakve razumljive poruke i stoga ništa zanimljivo što bismo trebali poslušati! Možda je zadaća ili, ako ti je tako draže, “odgovornost” umjetnika, u tome da otvorim bezdan ondje gdje se, na površini, čini da autoreferencijalnost nije ništa do autoreferencijalnosti. Baš sam jučer ponovo čitao stranice Adornove “Estetičke teorije” gdje on govori o enigmatskom karakteru umjetnosti, o činjenici da umjetnost govori nešto i bez da to kaže, i gdje također tvrdi da su svi elementi koji su potrebni da se stvari promijene ustvari tu, u stvarnome svijetu; potreban je samo minimalan pomak ili premještaj da se postigne promjena. Ali reci, govoriš li ti – kao umjetnik – “o nečemu zanimljivom”? I ako da, kako to činiš?

ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: Ja smatram da je *belcanto* ideološka stvar, ali ne mogu dublje u to ulaziti jer, gledaj, trebalo mi je toliko vremena da odgovorim na ovo pitanje. Letio sam na sve strane, putovao u Baltimore pa u New York na snimanja koja sam trebao obaviti za WDR-ov projekt dječjeg radija i zatim natrag u Baltimore. I mislio sam kako bih trebao odgovoriti na tvoje pitanje, ali nisam, i jeo sam rakove i hamburgere i čak sam se malo udebljao. I mislio sam kako bih trebao dati nekakav misaoni odgovor kad se već dopisujem s filozofom, ali istina je da *onog trenutka kada počnu pjevati, ja više ne mogu misliti*. Vidim svu tu ideologiju kako leti prema meni kao vjetar i zatim izgubim svijest. Ponekad se probudim u epizodi TV-serije *The Sopranos*, prava noćna mora. Zato namjerno ponovo zaspim uz pomoć Stilnoxa i lupam glavom o zid i zatim se probudim u močvari. To je ustvari Italija. Neki kažu: Mussolinijeva zasluga bila je to što je isušio močvare. Ali i to je bila pogreška. Trebao je sačuvati stvarni simbol onoga što Italija jest: močvara. Divovski spomenik pejzažne umjetnosti posvećen ovoj blatnjavoj zemlji. Trebao je pretvoriti močvare u neku borgesovsku palaču, okruženu pseudorimskim zidinama, lukovima i kipovima. Čovjek bi mogao ući u tu zemlju mrtvih čamcem, prolazeći kroz lukove u gustu maglu. Dobio bi malariju i zapao u grozničavi limbo između života i smrti. Kako bi to sve bilo divno! Govorim li o nečemu zanimljivom? Ne znam, doista. Većinu vremena spavam. I sam si to rekao o mojoj izvedbi u Zagrebu. Letargično. Pa to je to, većinu vremena spavam. Bavim se nizom radova u kojima spavam. Tako spavam pod košnicom dok snimam pčele, spavam usred trofeja rogova sa safarija, spavam u kadi za kupanje. Prošle godine bilo je to u jednom motelu u Baltimoreu, napola sam spavao u krevetu u jednom strašno jeftinom i prljavom motelu, imao sam mikrofoni i mumljao sam svoje zamisli, svoje sanjive izjave ispod plahti. Imao sam na sebi stvarno krasnu kinesku svilenu pidžamu. To je organizirao jedan festival performansa koji je želio dovesti umjetnost u javne prostore. Bilo je nekih crnih dama iz motela, vjerojatno kurve, bile su zabavljene predstavom i skakale su po krevetima s nekim mladim hipsterima iz Baltimorea. Eto vidiš, najbolje stvari mi se događaju dok spavam. Ustvari, kad smo već kod košnica – košnica, opet – sada shvaćam kako su budne te pčele u usporedbi s mojim letargičnim stanjem.



Alessandro Bosetti, *Gesualdo Transtations*, Chicago, 2009.

Tkivo pjeva više od pojedinaca, sve se miješa, sve se stapa. Što se mene tiče, ja neprestano brbljam i meljem i mucam. Također sam hemiglot, govorim nekoliko jezika, a sve loše, prema definiciji moga prijatelja Seana Shanahana. Nitko doista ne mari za talijanski jezik, mislim u književnosti, poeziji i tome slično. Stoga moram govoriti sve te druge jezike. Pa sam odlučio da mi oni pripadaju dokle god ih mogu razumjeti. Ne osjećam se kolonizirano jer sam ja taj koji kolonizira njih. Ali to je druga priča. Pa zar bih trebao slijediti Adornov prijedlog i zašutjeti i naprosto raditi što već radim? A to se slaže s tim izjavama, mojim i tuđim, i kao što vidiš, to je zatvoreni krug, jer ja bih želio zašutjeti, ali ne mogu jer je jezik u središtu moga rada. Jezik zamagluje stvari, ali kako ga se možete riješiti? Kako sjebat i tako nešto lijepo i korisno?

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: "Većinu vremena spavam", kako pišeš. To mi se sviđa. Također bi mi se svidjelo vidjeti te kako spavaš pod košnicom: Alessandro, duh košnice. A zatim napola uspavanog u nekoj jeftinoj motelskoj sobi, sa crnim kurvama i hipsterima koji prave silnu buku, buku koja potiče tvoj san umjesto da ga ometa. To je smiješno, blago seksualno, glupo i nedužno, umirujuća i opojna zbrka djetinjstva i takozvane zrelosti, moderna uspavanka. Prije više godina kupio sam CD s recitalom klasične glazbe posvećenom nekoj "temi". Takvi recitali bili su popularni među mladim i donekle inteligentnim pjevačima. Ovaj je bio o snu. Američka sopranistica Dawn Upshaw pjevala je Händela, Monteverdija i druge, svaki je komad bio o snu i njegovim učincima, iako to nije bila zbirka uspavanki. Nije li divna ta riječ? Napola uspavano stanje jedno je od najtajnovitijih duševnih i tjelesnih stanja, stanje koje je smješteno na pragu, način bivanja koji više nije puki način bivanja. Za mene je to slično vječnosti koje se dotičeš na granici iscrpljenosti: misliš da si iznuren, odviše umoran da izađeš, naprosto se želiš osvježiti snom, i onda iznenada osjetiš da nema ničega što ne bi mogao učiniti, da te ništa ne može zaustaviti, da možeš tako nastaviti zauvijek; ne zato što si ponovo pun energije, nego zato što si umor prevladao umorom, da tako kažemo. To vrijedi i za jezik: ne postoji li brbljanje koje započinje ondje gdje se ne možeš sjetiti ničega što bi rekao, a ipak nastavljaš govoriti, ili počinješ iznova govoriti, kao da si blagoslovljen jezikom?

ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: O da, da, da! To je tako istinito! Moglo bi to biti zato što si pijan, ali opet i nisi. Pa ti riječi mogu poteći iz usta poput rijeke. To je blagoslov, ali opet, oprostite ako zvučim new-ageovski, to pokazuje koliko smo sputani. Čim u dubini duše osjetimo da toliko toga izlazi iz nas, pokaže se da su naši mozgovi daleko moćniji nego što smo očekivali. Ali većinu vremena nas nešto obvezuje da se zauzdamo.

A uspavanka, kako je to divna riječ! Baš si me na to podsjetio, nikada nisam o tome razmišljao. I želio bih poslušati tu snimku, haha. (Uvijek se predomislim). Postoji li neka filozofska kategorija za mišljenja/ideje koji su nestabilni i osciliraju super brzo između slaganja i neslaganja, 1 i -1, da tako kažemo, kao elektroni? Tako da spavaš i istodobno pokušavaš reći nešto zanimljivo? A istovremeno si i glazbenik (valjda), odrastao na ponešto stravinskijevskoj (možda i adornojskoj) pretpostavci da glazba govori sama za sebe, da ima svoju vlastitu specifičnost, kao i umjetnost općenito, i nisu joj potrebni podnaslovi, programi, govorni oblačići. A onda dođemo ja i svi ti podtekstovi, govorni oblačići, aluzije, *andeutungen*. Jer ustvari, ja uvijek nastojim govoriti o nečemu. Nije to nimalo lako, nisam baš "blagoslovljen" time što uvijek mogu govoriti o nečemu. Većinu vremena nastojim komentirati, kritizirati, indeksirati, referirati se, kao što to čini većina nas. Dok to činim, već sam zaboravio na predmet. Zaboravio sam o čemu govorim. I pretpostavljam da ta opsesija onime "o čemu se radi" nije baš dobra kod glazbenika. Očekuje se da budeš odan zvuku. Onom vremenski određenom (odnosno "vremenski zahtjevnom", jer troši tvoje vrijeme, moje vrijeme) obliku izražavanja. Ali ja imam problema sa zvukom. Ne mogu podnijeti previše zvuka. Volim ga i mrzim. Možda zato što znam da je vremenski zahtjevan i znam da ću umrijeti i ne želim gubiti vrijeme. Kada sanjam, rijetko sanjam zvuk. Neki skladatelji pričaju o fantastičnim akustičkim snovima koje su sanjali. Zavidan sam im. Nikada nisam imao takve snove. Ali ionako uvijek govorim da sam glazbenik jer tu imam više izgleda da me ozbiljno shvate. I pokušavam govoriti o nečemu. U tome i jest stvar. Kako to činiti? U čemu je razlika? Ti i ja razgovaramo cijelo vrijeme, ali u nekom trenutku ti kažeš nešto ili ja kažem nešto, a u drugom trenutku ne. U čemu je trik? Pokušavao sam s temama. A budući da sam želio stvoriti nešto važno, tražio sam važne teme: prijevod, identitet, talijanska kolonijalna prošlost, ugroženi jezici, stvari poput toga. I tako sam sakupio sve te važne teme. I još uvijek se nisam od njih

odvojio. Za mene su one ozbiljna stvar. Ali također uviđam da su odviše velike za mene. I počinjem zavidjeti drugim umjetnicima, koji izabiru daleko manje "važne" teme, možeš razgovarati o palcu, o tjestenini, o jajetu, to je sasvim lako. I neka od najboljih djela su upravo takva. Nedavno sam gledao neke slike radova s jajima Martina Kippenbergera. Eto, on definitivno govori o nečemu. Ne znam je li to nešto važno ili nije. Meni svakako zvuči zanimljivo. I zato sam izgradio ovaj stroj, *Masku/Ogledalo*, koji treba proizvesti teme o kojima će se govoriti. To bi moglo biti prilično zanimljivo. A moglo bi to biti i naprosto *the aboutness of being about*, kao što je netko rekao. I to ponekad može biti veoma dosadno. I ne rješava problem toga kako s time skladati glazbu. Eksperimentalna glazbena scena nije baš od neke pomoći, budući da se stječe dojam da je zapela ondje gdje je likovna umjetnost bila šezdesetih godina: rothko, ed reinhardt i sve to. Drugo je s rock-glazbom, ondje možda ima više rizika, ali to i nije moj koine, a sada sam možda prestar za nju. I stoga je Maska/Ogledalo pokušaj da se izađe iz onih velikih tema i izabere nešto nasumično. Naposljetku, većina naših interakcija s drugim ljudima događa se oko nasumičnih tema. I zato trenutno eksperimentiram s time. Naziv *Maska/Ogledalo* je opet takav jedan naziv velike teme. I prilično je dosadan! Trebao sam to nazvati "Češljem/Pinčom ili "Psom/Školjkom", jer pretpostavljam da se radi o svemu.

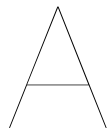
Idući pokušaj bio bi spavanje. Sviđa mi se način na koji opisuješ napola uspavano stanje. Iako se to ne odnosi nužno na mene. Mene to stanje duboko užasava. To je često mjesto gdje mi se počne vrtjeti u glavi i ne mogu prestati slagati popise. Ne mogu se toga riješiti. Imam ideje o idejama o stvarima koje treba učiniti i ako trebam objasniti ono što sam prije napisao: ne razmišljam ni o čemu, samo *komentiram*, *kritiziram*, *indeksiram*, *referiram se*.

A ipak, ponekad mi se ljeti događa da dođem do onoga o čemu govoriš. To je na neki način povezano s ljetom i sa zavjesama koje leluju na povjetarcu. Veoma je ugodno.

Ali čim zaspem, dođu snovi, a snovi su uvijek o nečemu zanimljivom. U snovima nema popisa, nema teorija, nema komentara, i što se mene tiče, nema referencija ni na što značajno. Ali uvijek postoji nešto zanimljivo, nešto što postoji i što se događa. Korištenje snova za umjetničke svrhe je opasno, a možda je i veoma dosadno. Ali snovi su uvijek zanimljivi osobi koja ih sanja. To je neka vrsta čistog života. Zvuči li to zanimljivo ili samo pričam nekakvo hipijevsko sranje?

Alessandro Bosetti & Alexander García Düttmann

A CONVERSATION



ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: After listening to *Campanas* and reading your text. What is “beyond the realist’s depiction of a landscape”?

The emergence of a voice. But could the “voice of a place” - which must be something else than an accumulation of sounds and noises, and also something else than the sound of your voice repeating a word or a syllable - make itself heard if disappearing did not belong to the landscape, or the place? What exactly do you call a voice, then?

ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: Your first question already pushes me into a corner since I realize how much I *don’t know* what a voice really is. *Touché*. And I should, since I mainly work with what common language defines as “voices”. Most of the time I focus on so-called spoken language. Supposedly I should know what a voice is. In fact, you make me realize I don’t.

We could simplify this by saying that voice is articulated sound coming out of the mouth of human beings. Unfortunately, things are not that easy.

For instance we say: “the voice of the sea”, “the voice of a Stradivari violin”, “the voice of a community”. We sometimes even refer to the voices of objects or the voices of the dead.

Those are just figures of speech although usually language may reveal that something is going on at a deeper level.

Everything could be a voice. Or better *everything could turn into being a voice*.

I am more and more tempted to think that the distinction between what is voice and what is the world - as is to say the rest of things sonorous - just happens inside the realm of perception.

It is well known to sound engineers how human voices tend to be perceived as much louder than the rest, when mixing together different recorded sounds and noises.

The voice sticks out. So we have a little attempt at a definition: the voice as something that *sticks out* since *if it sticks out, it must be a voice*.

In sound- and radio-art there is somehow a border between projects dealing with “voice” and projects dealing with the “soundscape” that is sort of given for granted. Not that anybody would ask you to pass while crossing but things tend to dispose themselves on either one or the other side of it.

A few years ago, a sound art compilation from digging in the amazing archives of the Studio Akustische Kunst of WDR was released by the German label Wergo on two CDs significantly dedicated to “voicings” and “phonographers”. What made that distinction so evident? There seems to be a polarization corresponding to two different ways of listening. Even in this case I don’t think things can be dealt with so easily.

More and more listeners seem to be fascinated by the so-called “ambient” way of listening. Immersive listening, diving into what David Toop has successfully named “ocean of sound”. Listeners look for a “groove” rather than a “text”, they perceive a phrasing “instead” of distinct “words”. They look for an environment rather than a voice in their listening habits. They see themselves like inhabitants rather than receivers of a sound artefact.

If we go past the definition of voice as an articulated sound coming out of a human mouth and accept that a voice could crystallize out of many other materials (voice of planets, of thoughts, of nature, of cultures, of landscapes), we will see that there is a certain moment when something coalesces out of a certain matter or a certain environment to let the so called voice emerge.

Something sticks out. Something starts "telling". Something gets a "profile". We start "reading" the sound and not just bathing in it. We initiate a double sided process of selection. Something in the sound environment tells us there is a voice to be listened to and we feel compelled to filter out all the rest. There is even something desperate in the compulsory need of human beings to read messages out of abstract patterns. Deciphering even where there is nothing to be deciphered, hearing voices from the *Hades* or from the silence of the mind.

I have to think of a visual analogy: we all know what happens when we squeeze our eyes to blur out the visual field. Now think of something that is in fact impossible: What if, while squeezing your eyes, an object keeps its sharp appearance while all the rest is blurred out? I know we can't, we may have to install some sort of Photoshop software on our retina. But, what if... For example, if we squeeze our eyes in front of our kitchen sink but there is an obstinate dirty dish that keeps looking perfectly sharp while everything else disappears into a blurry mass.

Could we say that the sonorous analogy of that dirty dish is a "voice"?

So another definition attempt could be: *a voice is a sticking out, ever-sharp, contrasted, wilful and somehow agitated object appearing in our field of perception.*

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: A voice sticks out, yes. And I agree: everything can become a voice, though not everybody has a voice. Somehow the voice emerges there where the body seems to burn away, as if the voice were strangely disembodied or as if it were the voice of the dead, not by chance but by definition! The dead have a voice, not the living, or perhaps the voice makes itself heard on a threshold, between life and death, there where it is neither a matter of life nor of death; that's why I insisted on the disappearance of the landscape. A voice still rings in my ears when the other has vanished, when he/she is absent, when he/she is no longer there, though it does not do so forever. In literature or in philosophy, I would say that a voice is not simply a vehicle transmitting a message but that the message it transmits remains strangely inseparable from the way the voice speaks or sings. It is this unity that makes the mystery of the voice.

ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: The only sure thing to me is that they become voices in *our* bodies as to say in *our* perception.

As with electromagnetic waves, we detect a signal that seems to have a certain periodicity, that seems to carry significance and we *tune in* filtering all the rest away. It's just us deciding it.

As much as a voice is outside the "transmitter" it is inside the "receiver". The landscape disappears because if voices exist somehow in that liminal crevice between bodies, how could we be really sure that they came from other bodies and not from us from some other place?

One of the big revealed truths in radio-making is that the voice, the disembodied voice, although disembodied, should reveal a body. There is a somehow commonly accepted dogma about the way a voice has to be recorded for radio broadcasting and this should happen in a so called "shalltotraum" or something as close as possible to it. A room with almost no or no acoustic reflection in it. The landscape is not hearable, not even through resonance and the effect is that of a voice that resonates in your head (or in your body). The first reason given as a justification for this practice is that it makes the voice more "understandable", the second is a matter of intimacy. We dress up with the body of the speaker. We fit it onto us.

This has something to do with being dead. Or simply pretending at being dead like some animals do. Hiding under a corpse. It is naturally very passive. We are "spoken" by a voice that comes from elsewhere but disguises itself as "our voice".

FOTO: Xabier Erkiza



I have to think of why in many of my pieces I am so obsessed by dubbing, speaking in *unisono* with other voices. I always try to speak along with them. Never to succumb to the illusion that this is me. "Me" is "me" and "them" is "them", there should be two hearable voices there at the same time to save me from confusion. One is the corpse and the other is me.

The ideal situation would be that of having a time machine allowing us to know in advance everything that will be said in the future. If, for example, we are invited to a dinner we will already know every single word that will be spoken at the table. We could then learn it by heart and speak it in *unisono* with the others. We will speak our part and then all other parts as well.

This reminds me of a beautiful piece by artist Ulla Von Brandenburg - previously unknown to me - I just saw it at the Venice Biennale. Among several other very interesting features, it was portraying a group of people having a conversation around a table. All their voices had been substituted, in lip-synch by the singing voice of the artist. They were all sharing the same voice, so to say.

You say that "the voice emerges there where the body seems to burn away" and I can add to it that the voice, needing landscapes and bodies to live in, has a parasitical life after fleeing from the burning cities they were born in. It is sometimes very sad, it has a lot to do with longing and sensucht.



There is actually a lot of this feeling in "Arcoparlante"* and it is something that struck me unexpectedly. I wasn't aware of that while conceiving the piece's idea but then I had to deal with all those voices needing a home. And what was even more difficult to deal with was that the narratives that they were taking along were also in need of a home. It was like they were saying to me: "Don't you remember? You lived this situation! Don't you remember? This is you telling this story!" but it wasn't me. Memories without a master of events nobody had lived. I was just the re-collector. The caretaker. I was putting the pieces together, that's all. And I was sad for the burned away bodies and landscapes, of course, but mostly sad for the awareness of not having been there, of never having "experienced" those moments. And probably I was sad because this made me think of how I could not have been sure even of my own memories. The only safe thing is being in the present, all the rest is just a representation or an illusion, or just a whisper, a voice, as a matter of fact.

* Commissioned by Deutschlandradio in 2008

Another piece I have to think about was a radio-play from French author Yannis Paranthoen - I forgot the title - where he recorded several craftsmen while working silently. He sat with them, behind or beside them with his microphone. Then he replayed the recordings to them over headphones and had them describe what they were doing. Only in the end, in the studio, did he put the two recordings together. I would love to hear what Paranthoen would say about this.

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: Having just reread your last message and having just listened to the first twenty minutes of “Arcoparlante”, let me say how impressed I am by all the different examples you give in your extensive answers. I call them “examples” for lack of a better word, for I am very much aware of the inaptness of the term. They are not just examples, they are your voice’s bodies. Now, if, at the risk of saying something smart and being hit in the mouth, I try to reduce these examples and your comments to an idea, I would claim that, for a voice to emerge, a certain disembodiment is required, “a room with almost no acoustic reflection in it”, as you put it, so that whoever listens to a voice is tempted to attribute a body to it, a bodily volume: the more disembodied, the more the voice offers itself to a body, the more it latches onto bodies, or the more it becomes the body’s parasite. A voice cannot exist without a body; but it cannot exist with a body either, the body is its home and its exile, and this means that it finds itself on a threshold, as we have already understood. If we managed to speak in one voice, for you an almost utopian perspective, would there still be a voice? And what does it mean for the voice that there is always one who cannot listen to it, for whom the voice has always already disappeared and will never be back, one who is left without a body, a home, namely the one who speaks, the one who has a voice that comes to him and goes out to others? You can record my voice, you can manipulate it technically, you can make me listen to it endless times in endless variations and transformations, but, sadly, I will never be in a position to hear anything... I have a voice only to the extent that I must remain oblivious to it.

ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: I could not agree more and still I think that there is something blurry in your metaphors. There are bodies and there are no bodies. Voices speak in/out/for real people though they could also just speak in the void. There is a big responsibility in voices since they convey (they may convey) messages. If we are to agree, find a way to live together, stipulate a peace treaty, negotiate instances of tolerance etc., we may have to do it through the voice. But as we found out here there are different types of voices, voices of the dead and voices of the living, voices with a body and voices with no body, voices fitting to one or more bodies and voices fitting to none. There are even voices of zombies and robots.

And now I have to think of Italy, my country I left ten years ago.

An article comes to mind that appeared on December 2007 in the New York Times, by Ian Fisher “In a funk, Italy sings an aria of disappointment”. It was so far the best description I’ve read of the “malaise” that is entrapping the “voice” land.

It wasn’t the usual interpretation based on the political struggle between the left and the right or some other polarized depiction of a conflict. Rather, it was an assumption of a deeply rooted difficulty to “tell” what generates depression and stasis.

That article resonated my complicated relationship with opera and bel canto - I am so disaffected with it that I choose to focus my voice work on the musicality of spoken language almost completely skipping the singing practice.

Isn’t *bel canto* that voice that you “can make me listen to it endless times in endless variations and transformations, but, sadly, I will never be in a position to hear anything”? Isn’t it just a well-profiled but useless robotic whistle sticking out from an indistinct mass of grunts and groans? Barely uttered by a mob of zombies pretending to speak all at once and simply generating a texture, a fog of electrostatic noise where it is impossible to tune into any specific station? (I must always think of Kafka’s Josephine!). When Fisher wrote that harmless article, he was namely torn apart by the aforementioned mob of zombies, his voices submerged into the grunts and static to the point of complete annihilation.

In a country that has no voice, and probably no body anymore (“an exquisite corpse trampled over by tourists” i.e. Fisher), just a piercing voice sticks out, a voice with no body, aiming for no body, just stating the empty self-referentiality of “beauty” and “feelings”.

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: I am not sure that I can follow you, or that I want to do so, when you reduce *bel canto*, and perhaps even opera in general, to some kind of ideology: as if beauty and emotion, the beautiful and emotional voice, were in themselves ideological concepts, as if the infinity of singing were the same as the endlessness of chatter, as if the Italian origins of such singing and such chatter were identical and therefore made both into the same kind of phenomenon, as if the fact that in *bel canto* it is often irrelevant to understand the words meant that there is no intelligible message and therefore nothing of interest to which we should listen! Perhaps the task, or, if you prefer, the “responsibility” of the artist would be to open up the abyss there where, on the surface, self-referentiality appears to be nothing except self-referentially self-referential. Yesterday, I happened to be reading once again the pages in *Aesthetic Theory* where Adorno talks about the enigmatic character of art, about the fact that art says something without saying it, and where he also claims that all the elements needed for things to be different are there, in the real world; only a minimal shifting or displacing would be required to bring about a change. But tell me, do you - as an artist - “talk about something interesting”? And if so, how do you do it?

ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: I think that *bel canto* is ideological but I can't go further on that because, as you see, it took me so long to answer this question. I did some plane hopping and went to Baltimore and NYC to do the recordings I had to do for this WDR children's radio project and then to Baltimore again. I thought, I should reply to your question but I didn't and I ate crabs and burgers and I even gained some weight. And I thought that I had to answer something thoughtful since I am having this mail conversation with a philosopher but the truth is that *as soon as they start singing I can't think anymore*. I see this ideology blowing towards me like a wind and then I lose consciousness. Sometimes I wake up inside an episode of *The Sopranos*, the TV series, it's like a nightmare. So I deliberately fall asleep again by means of Stilnox and banging my head on the wall and then I wake up in a swamp. That is in fact, Italy. Some say: Mussolini's merit was to clean up swamps. But this was a mistake too. He should have kept the real symbol of what Italy is: a swamp. A gigantic land-art monument to this muddy country. He should have transformed the swamps into some Borgesque place, surrounding them with pseudo-Roman walls, arcs and statues. You could have entered this land of the dead by boat, going through the arcs into a thick fog. You would have caught malaria and entered a feverish limbo between life and death. How beautiful this all could have been! Am I talking about something interesting? Really, I don't know. Most of the time I am asleep. You said it about my performance in

Zagreb. Lethargic. So it is what it is, most of the times I am asleep. I am engaged in a series of works where I am asleep. Like sleeping under a beehive while recording it, or sleeping amidst safari horn trophies, or being asleep in a bathtub. Last year it was in a motel in Baltimore, being half asleep in this bed, in this super cheap dirty motel, having a microphone and blubbering my thoughts, my asleep utterances from below the sheets. I had really fancy Chinese silk pyjamas. It was organized by a performance festival wanting to place art in public spaces. There were these black ladies from the motel, probably hookers, having fun with the performance and jumping on the bed along with some young Baltimore hipsters. So, as you can see the best stuff happens to me while I sleep. Actually, talking of beehives - the beehive, again - I now realize how awake those bees are in contrast to my lethargic state.

The texture sings more than the individuals, all is mashed, all is blended. As for me, I chatter endlessly and blabber and stutter. I am also a hemigloit, speaking several languages all badly according to my friend Sean Shanahan's definition. Nobody really cares for the Italian language, I mean in literature and poetry and so on. So I have to speak those other languages. And I decided that they belong to me as much as I can understand them. So I don't feel colonized because it's me that colonizes them. But this is another story. And I should follow Adorno's suggestion and shut up and just do whatever I am doing. Which is made up of these utterances, mine and others, and as you can see it's a circle because I would like to shut up but I can't shut up because language is at the center of my work. Language blurs but how can you discard language? How could anyone fuck up something so pretty and useful?

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN: “Most of the time I am asleep”, you write. I love that. And I also love seeing you asleep under a beehive, Alessandro the spirit of the beehive. And then half asleep in the cheap motel room, with the black hookers and the hipsters making a lot of noise, noise that nourishes your sleep rather than disturbing it. It’s silly, mildly sexual, stupid and innocent, a soothing druggy confusion of childhood and so-called maturity, a modern lullaby. Years ago I bought a CD with a recital of classical music dedicated to a “theme”. Such recitals were fashionable amongst young and somewhat intelligent singers. This one was all about sleep. With American soprano Dawn Upshaw singing Handel, Monteverdi and others, each piece a piece on sleep and its effects, though it was not a collection of lullabies. Don’t you love that word? Perhaps being half asleep is one of the most mysterious mental and bodily states, a state that has its place on a threshold, a way of being that is not simply a way of being anymore. To me it’s similar to the eternity upon which you touch at the limit of exhaustion: you think that you are worn out, too tired to go on, you just want to get some refreshing sleep, and suddenly you feel that there is nothing you cannot do, that nothing can stop you, that you can continue forever; not because you feel energetic once again but because you have overcome tiredness within tiredness, so to speak. This holds true of language, too: is there not a chatter that starts there where you cannot think of anything to say and where you still keep talking, or begin to talk yet again, as if you had been blessed with language?

ALESSANDRO BOSETTI: Oh, yes yes yes. It is so true! And it could be because you are drunk but also not. And can just start flowing out of your mouth like a river. It’s a blessing and yet, sorry if I sound new agey now, it shows how many constraints we have. Once we deeply feel free there is so much stuff that pours out, our brains are much more powerful than we expected. But most of the times something obliges us to hold our horses.

And lullaby, what an amazing word! You make me think of it, I never thought of it. And I would like to hear that record ahah. (I always change my mind). Is there a philosophical category for opinions/ideas that are unstable and oscillate super swiftly between agreeing and disagreeing, 1 and -1 so to say, like electrons? Being asleep and at the same time trying to say something interesting. And at the same time being (supposedly) a musician, grown up on the somehow Stravinskian (and maybe Adornian) assumption that music speaks for itself, it has its own specificity, like art in general, it does not need subtitles, programs, speech balloons. And here I go with all these subtexts, speech balloons, allusions, *andeutungen*. Because in fact I always try to speak about something. Not that it is easy, I am not so “blessed” as to be able to speak always *about something*. Most of the time I tend to *comment on*, *criticize*, *indict* and *refer to*, as most of us do. While doing it I forgot the object. I forgot about what I am talking about. And this obsession with the *aboutness* is supposedly not so good for a musician. You are supposed to be loyal to sound. To this time based (read “time consuming”, your time, my time) form of expression. But I have a problem with sound. I can’t take too much of it. I love and hate it. Maybe because I know it is time consuming and I know I am going to die and I don’t want to waste time. When I dream I rarely dream sound. Some composers recount amazing acoustic dreams they had. I am envious. Never had such dreams. But anyway I keep saying I am a musician since it’s there where I have more chances to be taken seriously. And I try to talk about something. And that’s the point. How do you do it? Where is the difference? You (me) are talking all the time but at some point you (me) are saying something and some other times you (me) are not. Where is the trick? I tried having themes. And since I wanted to do important work I looked up important themes: translation, identity, Italian colonial past, endangered languages, stuff like that. So I have all these important themes. And I am still stuck with those. I am serious about them. But I realize they are also far too big for me. And I grow envious of other artists that pick far less “important” themes, you can talk about a thumb, noodles, an egg, just that easy. And some of the best work is just like that. I was just watching some pictures of Martin Kippenberger’s egg works. Well, he’s definitely talking about something. Don’t know if this is something important or not. It definitely sounds interesting to me. And so I built this machine, mask/



Alessandro Bosetti, *I am still asleep*, 2008

mirror that is just supposed to bring up stuff to be talked about. And it could be pretty interesting. And it could be just about the *aboutness of being about* as somebody said. And sometimes it can be very boring. And it does not solve the problem of how you make music with it. And the experimental music scene does not really help since the feeling is that it is stuck to where visual art was in the sixties, Rothko, Ed Reinhardt and all that. It is different with rock, there is maybe more risk there but it's also not my koine and now I am maybe too old for it. And so Mask/Mirror is an attempt to get out of those big themes by picking something random. After all most of our interactions with fellow humans are about random themes. So for now I have been experimenting with that. The name Mask/Mirror, again is such a big theme-name. It's kind of boring! I should have called it "Comb/Pinch" or "Dog/Clam" since it's supposedly about everything.

And the next attempt could be sleep. I like the way you describe being half asleep. It does not apply to me necessarily. I am deeply frightened by that state. It's often the place where my head starts spinning and I can't stop making lists. I can't get out of it. I have ideas over ideas of things to do and if I have to make sense of what I wrote before: I am not thinking of anything, I am just *commenting on, criticizing, indicizing and referring to*.



Still, it happens to me in the summer sometimes that I can reach what you are talking about. It's somehow associated with the summer and with some breeze moved curtains. This is very pleasant.

But as soon as I fall asleep then dreams come and dreams are always about something interesting. In dreams there are no lists, no theories, no comments and as far as I am concerned, no reference to anything that matters. But there is always something interesting, *something* that exists and that *happens*. Using dreams for art purposes is dangerous and possibly very boring. But dreams are always interesting for the person dreaming them. It's some kind of pure life. Does it sound interesting or I am just talking some hippie shit?





Thomas Köner

U razgovoru s Ivanom Neimarević

Razgovor s engleskoga prevela Marina Miladinov

U gotovo svim tekstovima posvećenim stvaralaštvu nemačkog multimedijalnog umetnika Thomasa Könera iznova se susrećemo sa sličnim terminima i sintagama – izolacionizam, minimalizam, suspenzija vremena, tama, polarni predeli, odsustvo tragova ljudi, života... I zaista, na prvi pogled bi se moglo reći da su svi njegovi radovi zvučni i vizuelni traktati o otuđenosti, kako onoj koja se nameće u susretu sa nesavladivošću primarnog ljudskog okruženja – prirodom, tako i potonjim produktima ljudske interakcije – savremenim društvom koje nas okružuje. Osećanja otuđenosti i progonjenosti gotovo su neizbežna i u diskursu o *Procesu* Franca Kafke, te nam se nameću kao polazište razmatranja sličnosti poetika dvojice umetnika i kao dodirne tačke na kojima je zasnovan video rad Thomasa Könera predstavljen u okviru programskog ciklusa *Proces: Muzika* na 25. Muzičkom Bijenalu u Zagrebu.

Traženje sopstvenog umetničkog izraza u svetu muzike, Thomas Köner je započeo još u najranijoj mladosti, prvo kao violinista u orkestru mladih u Bohumu, potom nastupajući u pank i jazz bendovima, da bi formalno muzičko obrazovanje zaokružio studijama na Muzičkoj akademiji u Dortmundu i usavršavanju u CEM-Studiju u Arnhemu. Sa početkom devedesetih godina prošlog veka, njegov muzički profil dobija sasvim prepoznatljiv izgled, na CD izdanjima *Nunatak* *Gongamur* (1991), *Teimo* (1992) i *Permafrost* (1993) objavljenim u produkciji holandske izdavačke kuće Barooni. Bilo da je reč o zvucima koje proizvode gongovi ili snimcima zabeleženim u arktičkim pojasevima Finske, Könerova osnovna preokupacija ostaje posvećeno istraživanje finih detalja i nijansi zvukova. Njegovi raniji radovi iz oblasti muzike ostaju lišeni ritma ili melodije, već se neophodna dinamika uspostavlja neprekidnim eksperimentisanjem sa tonskom bojom, formiranjem velikih dronskih stuktura koje su, svaka ponaosob, realizovane minucioznom obradom pojedinih zvukova. *Loop*, taj paradigmatični postupak u elektronskoj muzici, gotovo da ne postoji u Könerovom rečniku, koji se bazira na neprekidnom razvoju i izranjanju jedva приметnih zvučnosti iz tišine, vibriranju gotovo nečujnih, ali fizički opipljivih frekvencija (sasvim drugačije lice, Thomas Köner je sredinom devedesetih predstavio kao član *Porter Ricks*-a, eksperimentalnog dub-techno dua u kojem je nastupao pored Andyja Mellwiga). Njegova solo karijera nastavila je da se razvija kroz izdanja koja su usledila a u kojima je nadalje istraživao zvučni svet sub-polarnih pejzaža (*Kaamos*, *Unerforschtes Gebiet*, *Nuuk*) ili različitih geografskih predela evociranih kombinacijom autentičnih zvučnih zapisa i pažljivog kompozicionog postupka (*Zyklop*, *la barca*), pozicionirajući se kao jedna od najduže prisutnih i sasvim osobenih umetničkih figura na elektronskoj eksperimentalnoj sceni.

Saradnje sa umetnicima koji su svoja kreativna nastojanja iskazivali u filmskoj umetnosti (Jurgen Reble, Yann Beauvais) kao i porudžbine muzeja Louvre, Musée d'Orsay i



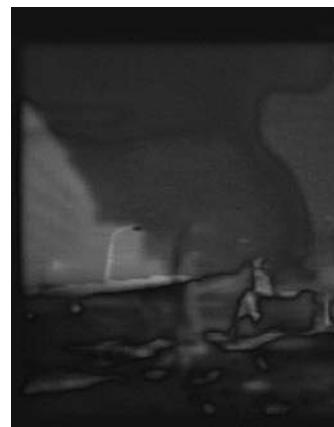
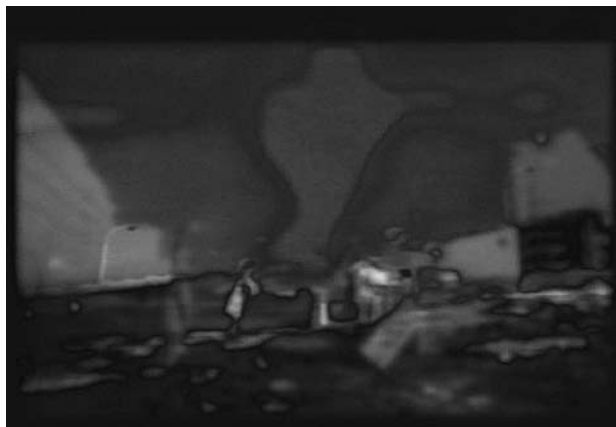
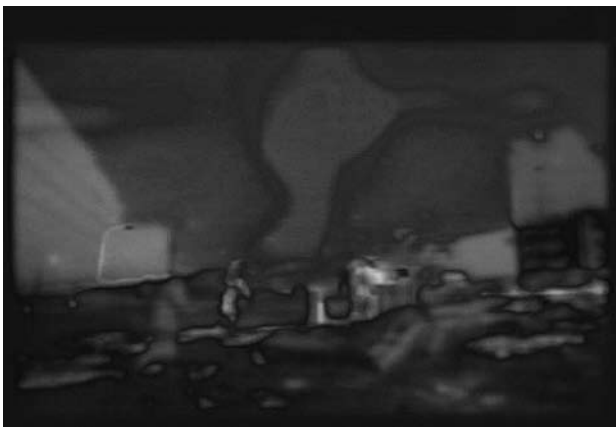
drugih da komponuje muzičku pratnju za veći broj nemih filmova, Könera je dovela u dodir sa novim medijem. Kao rezultat tih kolaboracija nastale su instalacije i koncertna izvođenja u kojima je ovaj umetnik počeo da istražuje pre svega temporalne odnose audio i vizuelnih medija, specifičnost njihovih jezika i horizonte koji se otvaraju u trenutku njihovog spajanja. U svom autopoetičkom eseju *Le silence au fond de l'abîme* Köner navodi: "Poseban odnos slike i zvuka nije samo potenciran od strane industrije, već i od strane mnogih vizuelnih umetnika koji zvuk u svojim delima koriste samo u službi pojačavanja. Zvuk mora da pojača sliku ili naraciju. Kako ne mogu da veruju snazi svojih slika (pogodite zašto!) njima je potrebno sve više i više zvuka, elektronske muzike, orkestara, sub-basova, propuštenih kroz 4, 5 ili čak 8 kanala. Ovo je inflacija a u njenom centru se uvek nalaze nedostatak poverenja i inherentnog kvaliteta. Sasvim je jasno da ja pokušavam da radim protiv ove inflacije."

U svojim delima, Köner zato ostavlja dovoljno prostora i zvuku i slici, kako bi se posmatračima omogućilo da kroz širenje polja pažnje, uoče svo bogatstvo detalja i nijansi. Efekat koji se ovakvim postupkom stvara teoretičari različito tumače: kao stvaranje polja dramatične praznine (Hans Günter Golinski), trenutka beskonačnosti (Louise Ismert) ili kako sam autor navodi "osećaja duboke dosade čija je funkcija da otvori vrata koja vode u sobe ispunjene neviđenim i neoslušnutim iskustvima". Dosadašnji video radovi ovog umetnika, mogli bi se grupisati u višestruko nagrađivanu trilogiju inspirisanu zimskim predelima snimljenim sigurnosnim kamerama (*Banlieu du Vide*, *Suburbs of the Void*, *Nuuk*) i grupu radova koji bi se, prema samom materijalu i načinu odnošenja prema njemu, mogli smatrati više "političkim". Reč je o triptihu pod nazivom *Peripherique* (sa delovima Harar, Beograd, Buenos Aires, koji prikazuju tri nivoa "izopštenosti" marginalizovanih društvenih entiteta), video *Pneuma monoxyd* (u kojem istražuje strukturu "trenutka", poroznu granicu sadašnjosti i budućnosti, predosećaja i sećanja) i *Pasajeros Pelegrinos Pilotos*, u kojima

se problematizuje odnos čoveka sa svojim idealnim "ja", koje se ovde ispoljava kao spoljašnja manifestacija, predstavljena beličastim "dvojnikom", koja "zna sve, nikada ne pravi greške i naravno, uvek se pojavljuje suviše kasno." Poseban senzibilitet svih ovih radova proističe iz njihove suštinske nepretencioznosti i sposobnosti autora da na nekolocini minimalnih pokreta, zvučnih ili vizuelnih, izgradi složene strukture koji obuhvataju slušaoca, uranjajući ga u lavirint u kojem naizgled prepoznatljive situacije otkrivaju nove detalje, istovremeno dovodeći do dezorijentacije posmatrača, koji može samo da se prepusti ovom zavodljivom toku.

Slične karakteristike poseduje i najnovije Könerovo video ostvarenje, nastalo tokom proleća 2009. godine i premijerno predstavljeno na 25. Muzičkom Bijenalu u Zagrebu u okviru programa *Proces: Muzika*. Kao i radovi Alessandra Bosettija i Stephana Mathieua, ovo delo predstavlja Könerovu veoma ličnu refleksiju o Kafkinom *Procesu* i kinematografskoj verziji ovog dela koja je 1962. godine u režiji Orsona Wellesa delimično snimana upravo u ovom gradu.

Vizuelni segment instalacije sastoji se od dva osnovna motiva-sekvence preuzete iz pomenutog filma u kojem su najpre prikazani muškarac i žena koji uz veliku muku pokušavaju da izguraju poteži kofer uzbrdo i momenat kada se ispred zgrade oblikovane prema uzusima arhitektonske estetike karakteristične za početak 60-tih godina prošlog veka, ovaj par kreće, naizgled rastajući se. U postupku sasvim karakterističnom za Könera, ovaj umetnik višestruko usporava pomenuta kretanja i filtrirajući video zapis, zamagljuje jasne obrise crno-belog filma, stvarajući "nezemaljske" utvare, koje se privlače i odbijaju. U momentu kada se suptilni, jedva primetni pokreti počnu percipirati kao repeticija već viđenog kretanja, njihova neumitnost i nepostojanje razrešenja postaju izvor nelagode, dok zvučni zapis pojačava taj utisak uvođenjem glasa, koji jedva razumljivim šapatom izgovara prepoznatljive rečenice iz Kafkinog romana.



IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: Izbor video materijala na neki je način veoma simboličan – čisti napor koji protagonisti moraju uložiti u guranje tog teškog kovčega uzbrdo čini se jednako jalovim kao i nastojanje Jozefa K. da riješi svoj slučaj. I lik čovjeka koji nastoji pobjeći od žene (barem se tako čini) mogao bi se također interpretirati na različite načine. Koja je bila tvoja namjera i kako se odvijao postupak izbora materijala?

THOMAS KÖNER: Izvorni naslov Kafkina djela je *Der Prozeß*, što se ne odnosi samo na suđenje, nego i na koncept procesa. To je proces kao nešto što se vjerojatno razvija beskonačno i gdje je sadašnji trenutak samo mali građevni blok spojen s prošlošću i budućnošću na nevidljiv i nerazumljiv način. Od onih stvari koje vidimo i čujemo mi percipiramo samo površinski dojam, ali one se protežu u prošlost i budućnost s golemim i skrivenim dimenzijama.

Kada sam otkrio da su dijelovi filma *The Trial* snimani na jednoj zagrebačkoj lokaciji, bio sam ushićen. Moju glazbenu kompoziciju *Der Prozeß* naručio je Muzički bijenale u Zagrebu i stoga je trebala biti i predstavljena u tom gradu. Ljudi iz publike možda su neki put i prošli pokraj mjesta gdje su snimane filmske scene – budući da je Zagreb malen grad, to je prilično vjerojatno – te su tako i sami postali dijelom *Procesa*, fizičkim produžetkom scenografije zahvaljujući pojačanoj fizici vremena.

Palo mi je na pamet da potražim izvornu lokaciju snimanja, koja je vjerojatno do danas znatno promijenila izgled, i da ponovo snimim te scene – čineći današnji grad Zagreb svjesnim činjenice da je sva aktivnost oslobođena temporalnosti i da se događa čitavo vrijeme, što je u ovom slučaju vječna scena guranja kovčega uzbrdo, koja se događa upravo sada, hic et nunc, i to na jednoj sasvim određenoj adresi upravo u ovom gradu!

Jedan od ciljeva moje skladbe stoga je bio da učinim scenu iz filma prepoznatljivom u svijetu stanovnika Zagreba i publike Muzičkog bijenala, razotkrivajući njezinu filozofsku

dimenziju i njezinu beskonačnost – drugim riječima, njezinu vremensku prisutnost.

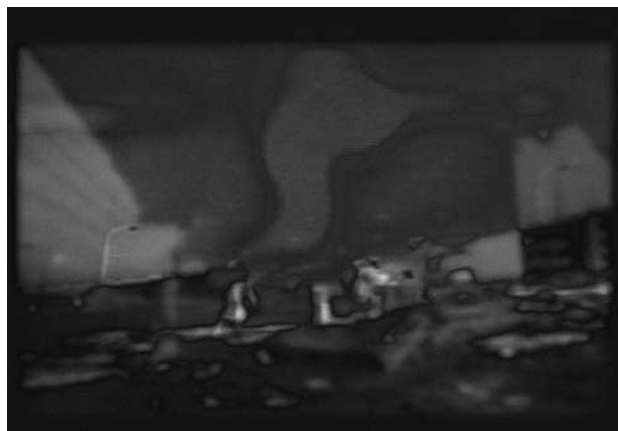
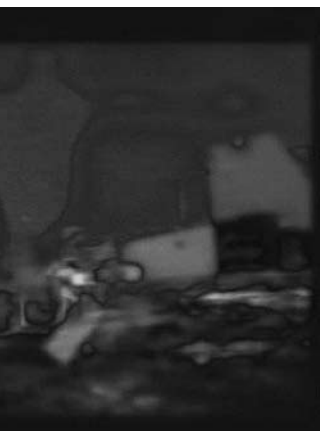
IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: Zvučni materijal koristi stvarne rečenice iz romana. Glas ih izgovara na sablastan način i u moru delikatnih zvukova one se pojavljuju upravo na vrijeme kako bi nas podsjetile na agoniju kroz koju Jozef K. prolazi. Ali s druge strane, stvarne riječi jednako su benigne kao i snimka čovjeka koji nosi kovčeg. Reci nešto više o tom izboru i svojoj sposobnosti da stvorite i evocirate tako snažne osjećaje očaja i izolacije tako jednostavnim sredstvima.

THOMAS KÖNER: Nastojao sam svojom glazbom zacrtati i konstruirati jedan zvučni prostor, a da ga ne ispunim narativnim melodičnim elementima. Na neki način to se može doživjeti kao veoma strano i zastrašujuće, iako sam želio da se slušatelj snažnije poveže s mojim eteričnim zvučnim materijalom nego sa svojim zamišljenim snovima – kao umjetnost to je sasvim apstraktno i uopće nije ilustrativno.

IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: Neki autori spominju "Kafkin efekt", opisujući ga kao osjećaj dezorijentacije i izgubljenosti. U mnogim svojim video radovima poigravaš se istim sredstvima. Prepoznaješ li to kao elemente svoje poetike koji bi se mogli prepoznati kao dodirna točka s Kafkinim djelom?

THOMAS KÖNER: Na način na koji ja čitam Kafku, ta dezorijentacija je veoma dobra i zdrava stvar. Čovjek je potpuno dezorijentiran. Postati toga svjestan naprosto je od vitalne važnosti.

Ono što se smatra "dezorijentacijom" je laž, izmišljotina koju dezorijentirani roditelji prenose svojoj djeci, koja kopiraju



i usvajaju njihovo bezumno ponašanje, *danse macabre* kroz generacije koji se čini temeljem izgradnje društava.

Zato ja ovdje ne govorim o orijentaciji – što se čini nemogućim – nego o svjesnosti dezorijentacije i umjetničkim sredstvima za njezino stvaranje: to je svakako jedan od pristupa u mojoj vizualnoj umjetnosti.

IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: Tvoja subverzivnost u radu sa zvukovima – stvaranje naizgled velikih dronskih struktura koje su ustvari sve prije nego homogene ili napravljene kao petlje, poigravanje s ritmom koji se uvodi sa sasvim drugačijim značenjem, kao promjena zvučne situacije itd. – je li to tvoj način da uneseš humor i našališ se upravo s “ozbiljnim” svijetom elektronske glazbe?

THOMAS KÖNER: Moja glazba uopće nije duhovita, ali je doista prilično udaljena od klasične suvremene glazbene scene.

U svome radu nastojim – koristeći i zvučna i vizualna sredstva – stvoriti prostor koji bi se odnosio i na prostornu percepciju i na neko unutrašnje stanje. To je kao da izvanjski svijet i unutrašnje sfere slušatelja postoje u neprestanoj isprepletenoj razmjeni koja postaje porozna putem zvuka.

Stoga u mojim djelima ne nalazite melodiju niti slične narativne elemente, barem ne na površini.

Kao u slučaju neke velike sante leda, gdje je uzvišeni dojam u predosjećaju da bi se unutra nešto moglo skrivati, moje glazbene strukture mogle bi otkriti svoje opskurne sjene zvuka, ali nikada na predvidiv način.

IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: Deleuze i Guattari pisali su o subverzivnom humoru u Kafkinu djelu... Ti o tome imaš veoma osobno mišljenje...

THOMAS KÖNER: Humor je način stvaranja distance u odnosu na situacije – ili čak oslobođenje od spona identiteta, koje su glavni uzroci patnje u bilo kojoj situaciji. Slažem se, Kafkin humor je izlaz, strategija bijega kako bi se izmaklo zamci koju uspostavlja solidna iluzija identifikacije.

U tom smislu, skladatelj koji kaže “ja sam skladatelj” također je uhvaćen u zamku, a isključujući beskonačni broj drugih gledišta on postaje tužnim herojem koji brka sputanost s koncentracijom u svojoj gotovo religioznoj marljivosti te očekuje od publike da ga slijedi na tom putu. To je razlog zbog kojeg su izvedbe suvremene glazbe nabijene sličnim vjerskim pritiskom kao i drugi liturgijski činovi.



Thomas Köner

In conversation with Ivana Neimarević

Introduction translated from the Serbian by Marina Miladinov

In almost all texts dedicated to the art of German multimedia artist Thomas Köner one comes across similar terms and phrases – isolationism, minimalism, time suspension, darkness, polar regions, absence of human traces, of life... And indeed, at first it might seem as if all his pieces were sonic and visual treatises on alienation, imposed upon humans in their encounter with their untameable primary environment – nature – or in that with the later product of human interaction – the modern society that surrounds us. Feelings of alienation and persecution are also rather inevitable when speaking about *The Trial* by Franz Kafka, and they impose themselves as a starting point for considering the parallels between the poetics of the two artists and also as a point of contact on which Thomas Köner's video, presented in the section on *Process:Music* at the 25th Music Biennial in Zagreb, is based.

It was in his earliest youth that Thomas Köner began his quest for his own artistic expression in the world of music, first as a violinist in the youth orchestra of Bochum, then by

performing in various punk and jazz bands, and eventually by completing his formal musical education at the Music Academy in Dortmund and specializing at CEM in Arnhem. In the early 1990s, his musical profile was already recognizable and known to the public through his CDs *Nunatak Gongamur* (1991), *Teimo* (1992), and *Permafrost* (1993), published by the Dutch label Barooni. Whether it was sounds produced by gongs or recordings made in the arctic regions of Finland, Köner remained fundamentally dedicated to the exploration of subtle details and sonic nuances. His earlier musical pieces were void of all rhythm or melody, while the necessary dynamism was achieved through incessant experimenting with tonal shades and through forming large drone-like structures that, each in its own turn, were realized through the meticulous processing of individual sounds. The loop, as the paradigmatic procedure of electronic music, is virtually non-existing in Köner's vocabulary, which is based on the permanent evolution and emergence of barely perceptible resonances from silence, the vibrations of almost inaudible, yet physically tangible frequencies (although in the mid-1990s Thomas Köner showed a completely different face as a member of *Porter Ricks*, an experimental dub-techno duo with Andy Mellwig). His solo career continued with compositions in which he kept exploring the sonic world of sub-polar landscapes (*Kaamos*, *Unerforschtes Gebiet*, *Nuuk*) and various other geographic regions, evoked through a combination of authentic sound recordings and careful composition procedures (*Zyklop*, *la barca*), whereby he has positioned itself as one of the most persistent and outspokenly individualistic artists on the scene of electronic experimental music.

Collaborations with artists who have expressed their creative efforts in the field of cinema (Jurgen Reble, Yann Beauvais), as well as commissions by Louvre, Musée d'Orsay, and other institutions to compose music that accompanied a number of silent films, brought Köner into contact with a new medium. The result of these collaborations were various installations and concerts in which he began to explore

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Thomas Köner – a conversation
Ivana Neimarević

Frakcija #53/54
Process:Music

Thomas Köner, *Der Prozeß*, 2009 ►



primarily the temporal relationship between sonic and visual media, the specificity of their languages, and the horizons that are created in the moment of their fusion. In his autopoietic essay *Le silence au fond de l'abîme*, Köner has stated the following: "The special image / sound relationship that is not only forced by the industry, but also by many visual artists that use sound in their works is about amplification only. Sound has to amplify the image or the narration. As they cannot trust the power of their image (guess why!) they need more and more sound, electronic music, orchestras, sub-bass, 4, 5, meanwhile up to 8 channels are diffused. This is inflation and at its center is always a lack of trust and inherent quality. It is quite obvious that I am trying to work against inflation."

That is why Köner has always left enough space for both sound and image in his work, so as to make it possible for the observers to broaden their field of attention and perceive the whole richness of details and nuances. The effect obtained by that procedure has been variously interpreted by theoreticians: as creating a field of dramatic void (Hans Günter Golinski), a moment of endlessness (Louise Ismert) or, as the author himself has stated, "this deep boredom [that] can function as a door through which rooms are entered, rooms that are maybe rich of unseen and unheard experiences". Köner's video art can be divided into two segments: the much awarded trilogy inspired by winter landscapes recorded by surveillance cameras (*Banlieu du Vide*, *Suburbs of the Void*, *Nuuk*) and a group of artworks that may be considered more "political" as to the material and the way the artist has treated it. These latter pieces include a triptych entitled *Peripherique* (consisting of Harar, Belgrade, and Buenos Aires, representing three levels of "exclusion" of marginalized social entities), video *Pneuma monoxyd* (in which Köner explored the structure of the "moment", the porous border between present and future, presentiment and memory), and *Pasajeros Pelegrinos Pilotos*, in which he explored the relationship between man and his ideal "self",

here expressed as an external manifestation, represented by a livid "double" that "knows all, never makes mistakes and, of course, always appears too late." The peculiar sensibility of all these artworks emerges from their essential lack of pretentiousness and the artist's ability to build complex structures based on a small number of slight movements, both sonic and visual, which then capture the listener and plunge him or her into a labyrinth in which seemingly familiar situations reveal new details and cause the observer to become disoriented and unable to do anything else but to abandon himself to the seductive flow.

Köner's most recent video piece has similar characteristics. It was created during the spring of 2009 and premiered at the 25th Music Biennial in Zagreb, as part of the *Process:Music* programme. Just like the artworks of Alessandro Bosetti and Stephan Mathieu, it represents a very personal reflection of Köner's on Kafka's *The Trial* and the cinematic version of it, directed by Orson Welles in 1962 and partly shot in Zagreb.

The visual segment of the installation consists of two basic motifs/sequences, taken over from the aforementioned film, which show a man and a woman who are investing visible effort in order to push a rather heavy suitcase uphill, followed by a moment in which the couple apparently separates in front of a building designed in accordance with the architectural aestheticism typical of the 1960s. By using a procedure that is quite characteristic of him, Köner has slowed down this movement several times and filtered the video recording, blurring the clear contours of the black-and-white film and creating "unearthly" ghosts that both attract and repulse. At the moment in which the subtle, barely perceptible movements are perceived as repeating a movement that has been seen before, their inevitability and the non-existence of a solution become a source of unease, while the sound recording intensifies the impression by introducing a barely discernible voice that whispers familiar sentences from Kafka's novel.

Thomas Köner – a conversation
Ivana Neimarević

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IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: The selection of the video-material is in a somehow very symbolic – the shire effort the protagonists have to invest in order to push this heave suitcase up the hill seems as futile as Jozef K.'s endeavor to resolve his case. Also the figure of the man, trying to get away from the woman (at least that is how it seems) could also be interpreted in different ways. What was your intention and how did the process of selection of the material evolve?

THOMAS KÖNER: The original title of Kafka's work *The Trial* is *Der Prozeß* which refers not only to a trial but also to the concept of a process. It is a process, something that evolves probably infinitely, where the current moment is just a small building block that is connected to the past and to the future as well, in an invisible and incomprehensible way. Of those things that we see and hear, we perceive only a surface impression, they extend into the past and future with vast and occult dimensions.

When i found out that parts of the *Trial* movie were filmed on location in Zagreb, i was thrilled. My musical composition *Der Prozeß* was commissioned by the Music Biennale Zagreb and therefore would be presented in Zagreb. People from the audience might probably have passed the spot where the movie scenes were filmed - as Zagreb is a small city, this was not unlikely - having become a part of the *Process* already, a physical extension of the filmset due to the enhanced physics of time.

I had the idea of finding the original filming location, that would have probably changed its face considerably by today, and re-shoot the scenes - making today's city of Zagreb aware of the fact that all activity is liberated from temporality and happens all the time, in this case the eternal scene of pushing a suitcase uphill, that happens right now, hic et nunc, and at a very precise address in this very city!

One aim of my composition was thus to make a scene from the movie recognisable in the world of the Zagreb residents and Music Biennale audience, unveiling its

philosophical dimension and its infinity - or, so to speak, its presence of time.

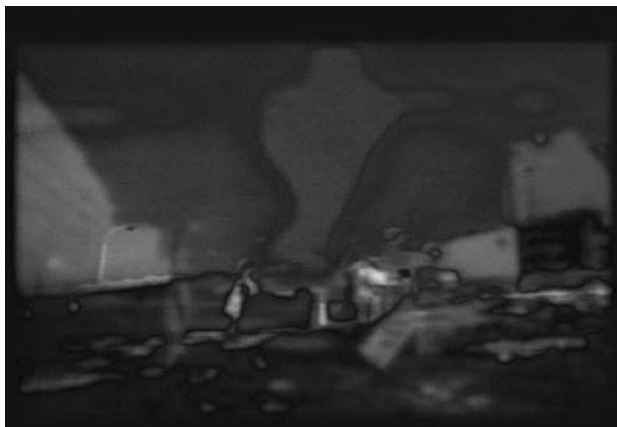
IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: The sonic material uses the actual sentences from the novel. The voice speaks them in a ghostly fashion and in the sea of delicate sounds they appear just in time to remind us of a agony Jozef K. is enduring. But on the other hand, the actual words are as benign as the footage of a man carrying the suitcase. Tell me more about this selection and your ability to create and evoke such a strong feelings of despair and isolation with such simple means.

THOMAS KÖNER: With my music I try to outline and construct a sonic space, without filling it with narrative melodic elements. Somehow this can be perceived as very unhomy and scary, though I wished the listener would relate more to my ethereal sonic material than to his imagined dreams - as art it is completely abstract and not illustrative at all.

IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: Some authors were talking about 'Kafka effect' describing it as disorientation and feeling of being lost. In many of your video works you tend to play with the same devices. Do you recognize this as elements of your poetics that could be identified as a crossing point with Kafka's work?

THOMAS KÖNER: In the way that I read Kafka the disorientation is a very good and healthy thing. Man is utterly disoriented. Being aware of this is just essential.

What is considered 'orientation' is a lie, a fabrication that is passed on by disoriented parents to their children, who copy and paste erratic behaviour, a danse macabre through the generations that seems to be the building foundation of societies.



So here I am not talking about orientation - which seems impossible - but of the awareness of disorientation, and artistic tools for its creation: this is certainly one approach of my visual art.

IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: Your subversiveness in working with the sounds – creating seemingly large drone-like structures that are in fact everything but homogeneous or made in loop-like fashion, playing with the rhythm which is introduced in completely different meaning, as a change of sonic situation etc. – is this your way of introducing humor and making fun of the very ‘serious’ world of electronic music?

THOMAS KÖNER: My music is not humorous at all, it but it does exist at a distance from the classical contemporary music scene.

In my work i try to - both with sonic and visual means - to create a space, that refers both to a spatial perception as well as an inner state. As if the external world and a listeners inner realms existed in a constant interlaced exchange that becomes permeable by the means of sound. Therefore you don't find melody or similar narrative elements in my work, at least not on the surface.

As in a big iceberg, where the sublime impression lies in the premonition that something could be hidden inside, my musical structures might reveal their obscure shadows of sound, but never in a predictable way.

IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ: Deleuze and Guttari spoke of subversive humor in Kafka's work.. You have a very personal view on that...

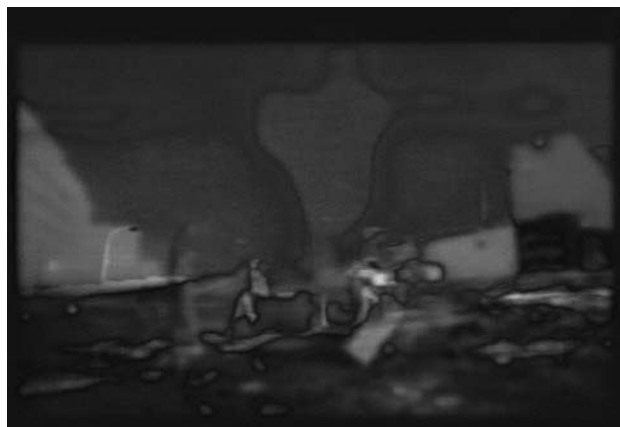
THOMAS KÖNER: Humour is a way of creating distance to situations - or even liberation of the attachments of identity, which are the main causes of suffering in any situation. I agree, Kafkas humour is a way out, an exit strategy to get out of a trap that is constructed by the solid illusion of identification.

In that sense, a composer that says 'I am a composer' is trapped as well, and by excluding the infinite number of other views he becomes a sad hero, who confuses constriction with concentration in his nearly religious diligence, and expects the audience to follow him on this trip. This is the reason why presentations of contemporary music are charged with a similar religious pressure as other church services.

Thomas Köner – a conversation
Ivana Neimarević

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Stephan Mathieu

U razgovoru s Ksenijom Stevanović

S engleskoga prevela Marina Miladinov

K SENIJA STEVANOVIĆ: Kako ste se osjećali kada ste prihvatili poziv da slušno intervenirate u Kafkin i Wellesov Proces? Kako ste uspjeli pronaći mjesto za glazbu između književnosti i filma?

STEPHAN MATHIEU: Prihvatio sam to odmah i s uzbuđenjem, budući da obožavam taj film i uvijek volim raditi u skladu s nekim zadanim konceptom. Tada sam nakon nekog vremena primijetio da se moram uhvatiti u koštac s dvama spomenicima, divovima, i u jednom trenutku sam osjetio nesigurnost u pogledu toga imam li što dodati radnji. Ono što je uslijedilo bilo je prilično kafkijansko putovanje, budući da sam napravio nekih pet kompletnih verzija, bacajući u smeće jednu za drugom sve do veoma poodmakle faze rada.

KSENIJA STEVANOVIĆ: Znam da vas je osobito nadahnula Parabola o vrataru – i u književnoj i u filmskoj verziji, ako se ne varam, ili vam je jedna bila draža od druge? Što vas je privuklo baš tom dijelu Proces?



STEPHAN MATHIEU: Ustvari sam uzeo tu parabolu kao polazišnu točku zato što za mene sadrži samu bit romana. Kada sam kasnije doznao za tehniku kojom je rađena filmska verzija, to me se snažno dojmilo, taj čudni mehanički proces s iglama.

KSENIJA STEVANOVIĆ: U svojoj scenografiji *Procesa* koristite 16-milimetarsku petlju – između dvaju antikvarnih projektoru – kao i *Virginal* i mehaničke gramofone... Kako biste opisali svoju prvu “filmsku” vrpцу i rad s njom? Kakav je koncept iza toga?

STEPHAN MATHIEU: Ideja da radim sa 16-milimetarskim filmom bila je na početku moje kompozicije. Bio sam u potrazi za apstraktnim prijevodom radnje pa sam odlučio prevesti prvi odlomak parabole o vrataru u binarni kod, što je rezultiralo nizom od oko 23 tisuće nula i jedinica. Zatim sam to prenio na 16-milimetarski film tako što sam jedinicu pretvorio u bijeli okvir, a nulu u crni. Reprodukcijska u petlji rezultirala je brzim crno-bijelim treperenjem, što vam priča tu priču uvijek iznova, prevedenu u svjetlost. Također sam

koristio taj kod u skladanju gudačkog kvarteta, to je odredilo trajanja i visine. Snimio sam glasove s prvim četirima violama (lira, tenor, diversion, da gamba), rasporedio ih s pomoću narezane vrpce i montirao rezultat na acetatne gramofonske ploče od 78 okretaja u minuti. I podešavanje mog spineta izvedeno je iz toga koda.

KSENIJA STEVANOVIĆ: Vaš rad u proteklih nekoliko godina usredotočen je na uporabu “stare/antikvitetske” tehnologije – što vas vuče k tim “zastarjelim” zvučnim strojevima i predmetima?

STEPHAN MATHIEU: Svakako se tu dobrim dijelom radi o određenom zamoru novinama, a istovremeno je to i način da zadovoljim svoju fascinaciju korijenima, korijenima glazbe općenito i podrijetlom određenih stilova, što me dovelo do korijena audio snimanja i reprodukcije, transkripcije zvuka u žlijeb koji se može interpretirati s pomoću stilusa. Sviđaju mi se arhaični aspekti gramofona i ‘nosača podataka’ poput ploča od 78 okretaja u minuti, način na koji pohranjuju i reproduciraju zvuk.



Stephan Mathieu

In conversation with Ksenija Stevanović

K SENIJA STEVANOVIĆ: how was it for you to respond to the invitation to make an aural intervention into Kafka's and Welles' *The Trial*? To try to find a place for music in between literature and film?

STEPHAN MATHIEU: I accepted with excitement immediately, I love the movie and I always like to work along a given concept. Then after a while I noticed I had to deal with two monuments, giants and at a point I started to become unsure whether I can add something to the plot. What followed was a pretty Kafkaesque journey, doing some 5 nearly complete versions, scrapping one after the other until a very late stage.

KSENIJA STEVANOVIĆ: I know that you were specially inspired by the Gatekeeper's Parable - am I correct, with both the literal and the film version of it - or did you have a preference? What has drawn you to this particular part of *The Trial*?



STEPHAN MATHIEU: Actually I took the parable as a starting point, as for me it holds the essence of the novel. Hearing about the technique involved in the film version later had a strong impact on me, this strange mechanical pin process.

KSENIJA STEVANOVIĆ: In your *Trial* setup you use 16mm loop - between two vintage projectors - in addition to the *Virginal* and the mechanical gramophones... How would you describe your first "film" tape and working with it? What is the concept behind it?

STEPHAN MATHIEU: The idea to work with 16mm film stood at the beginning of my composition. I was looking for an abstract translation of the plot, so i chose to translate the first paragraph of the gatekeeper's parable to binary code, resulting in a string of some 23.000 ones and zeros. I transfered them to 16mm film by turning a one into a white frame and a zero into a black frame. Playing this back in a loop results in a fast black and white flicker, telling the story

over and over again translated into light. I also used this code to compose the string quartet - durations and pitch values were defined by it. I recorded the voices with four violas (lyra, tenor, diversion, da gamba), arranged them with sliced tape and cut the results onto 78rpm dubplate records. Also the tuning of my spinet is derived from the code.

KSENIJA STEVANOVIĆ: Your work in past few years centers around the use of "old/vintage" technology - what draws you to the "obsolete" sound machines and objects?

STEPHAN MATHIEU: It certainly has a lot to do with a certain tiredness of the new and at the same time it is a way to deal with my fascination for roots, roots of music in general, the origin of certain styles which led me to the roots of audio recording and playback, the transcription of sound into a groove that can be interpreted/read by a stylus. I like the archaic 'data carrier' aspects of gramophones and 78s, the way they store and reproduce sound.



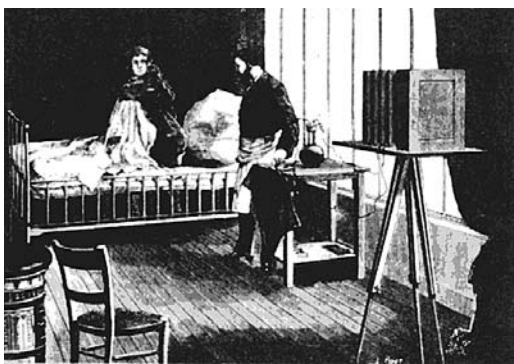


Kino/Fantazam

Pavle Levi

○ d kako je filmske tehnologije i kinematografske prakse, stvarnost funkcionira kao neka vrsta *ur-kina*. Kako je to precizno formulisao filmski teoretičar Stephen Heath: kinematografski aparat učinio je stvarnost "primalnom scenom kina (istorijom koja je uvek već tu, koja prethodi smislu uspostavljenom filmovima i kojoj se ovi, na koncu, uvek vraćaju)".⁰¹ Dva primera avangardnih praksi iz dvadesetih godina prošlog veka odlično ilustruju ovu tezu.

Razmotrimo najpre kolaž Maxa Ernsta *Neuspelo bezgrešno začće*, iz 1929. godine. Sadržaj, kompozicija i emotivni naboj (a svakako i naslov) ove slike sugeriraju ambivalentnost primalne scene — dete nije u stanju da razume tačnu prirodu enigmom obavijenog afektivnog čina kome je svedok; ono seksualni odnos roditelja interpretira kao nasilje.



◀◀ Max Ernst, *Neuspelo bezgrešno začće*, kolaž br. 2 u *La femme 100 tetes* (1929.)

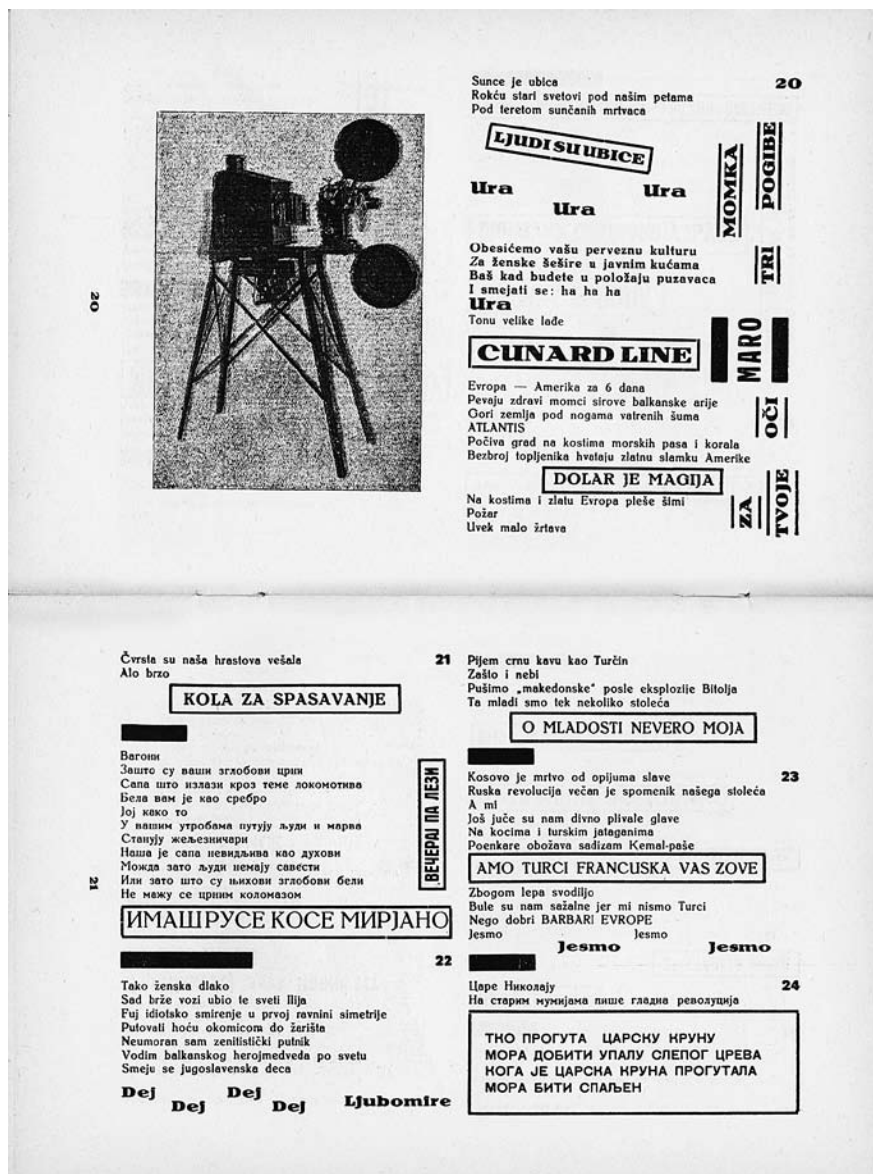
◀ novinski original (19. vek)

No, *Neuspelo bezgrešno začće* zapravo je Ernstova revizija jedne ilustracije koju je preuzeo iz novina, a koja prikazuje čin kadriranja: prevođenje "sirovog" života u scensku postavku, radi fotografskog ovekovečenja. Vidljiva u novinskom originalu, kamera se, tako, ispostavlja kao neka vrsta okidača; kao nepriznati, potisnuti inicijator primalnog fantazma koji suštinski uokviruje naše poimanje svakodnevnice. Štaviše, zahvaljujući Ernstovoj intervenciji, aparat kamere ovde se retroaktivno otkriva kao i sam sadržan u mizanscenu fantazma koji uspostavlja.

Jasnu demonstraciju međusobnog prožimanja stvarnosti i kinematografske tehnologije nalazimo i u tipografskoj pesmi Ljubomira Micića, *Stotinu vam bogova!* U ovom montažno zasnovanom zenitističkom tekstu iz 1922. godine, proglasi, obaveštenja, reklamni fragmenti i parole kojima se poziva na revolucionarnu umetničku akciju, kao da mahnito doleću sa svih strana

⁰¹ Stephen Heath, *Questions of Cinema* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1981), p.224.

sustižući se telegrafskom brzinom. Razbacani diljem teksta nalaze se i brojni simptomi "sveprisutnosti" kina: opisi ulica, bolničkih zidova i pogrebnih vozila oblepljenih posterima za film *Kabinet Doktora Kaligarija*; teorijske opaske o "kinoizmu," "filmu kao Esperantu" i "jedinoj kolektivnoj umetnosti"; poziv da se "crkve pretvore u kinematografe"; čak i slike samog filmskog aparata, poput ove:



◀ Ljubomir
Micić, *Stotinu
vam bogova!*
(1922.)

Stotinu vam bogova! ne nudi samo viziju stvarnost kao "nulte tačke" kina. Iz Micićeve tipografske poezije izvire život shvaćen kao *a priori* "kontaminiran" tehnologijom mehaničke i automatske proizvodnje slika -- život nepročišćen i "zavistan od filmskog instrumentarija" (da parafriziramo Waltera Benjamina).⁰²

02 Walter Benjamin, "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," *Illuminations*, ed. Hannah Arendt (New York: Schocken Books, 1967), pp.232-233.

Vršeći pomak od pitanja vezanih za ontologiju filmskog medija ka pitanjima estetike i tehnike, pozabavimo se sada sledećim problemom: kako odrediti elementarnu dinamiku onoga što bismo mogli nazvati primalnom

scenom filmske montaže? Suštinu ove dinamike moguće je sažeti u sintagmi "montaža kao kasapljenje." Reč je, dakle, o fantazmu o seči (filma) kao uvek već direktnoj, manje ili više sanitarnoj, intervenciji u ljudsko meso.⁰³ Tokom čitave istorije filmske umetnosti montaža je upravo iz ovog fantazma o vlastitom poreklu crpla umeće da se kritički odnosi prema društvenom nasilju, široko rasprostranjenom tokom 20. veka—od Eisensteina i Buñuela, do Hitchcocka i Kubricka; od Pasolinija i Makavejeva, do Connera i Sharitsa...⁰⁴ Između dva kadra, između dve slike, u među-prostoru i među-vremenu koji predstavljaju "nesvesno kina," nema razlike između stvarnosti i umetničke imaginacije, slaganja i rastakanja, kreacije i destrukcije, životnih nagona i nagona smrti.

Jednu od najranijih i najdirektnijih eksplikacija spone između montaže i kasapljenja nalazimo u filmu *Menilmontant* (1926). U uvodnim kadrovima, reditelj Dimitri Kirsanoff sasvim nepripremljenog gledaoca direktno izlaže ekstremnom nasilju. Film počinje *in medias res*, divljačkim ubistvom sekirom efektivno dočaranim nizom brzih, diskontinuiranih montažnih rezova. Bez da će gledalac ikada saznati zašto, muž i žena, otac i majka, bivaju mučki ubijeni; na poprištu zločina nalaze ih njihove dve kćerke. Ovom dramski modifikovanom "primalnom scenom" počinje životna saga - i Kirsanoffljeva psihološka studija - mladih protagonistkinja.



◀ Dimitri Kirsanoff,
Menilmontant (1926.)

Značaj fantazma o kasapljenju za razumevanje elementarnih mehanizama filmske montaže nedavno je elaborirao Jean-Luc Godard u projektu *Histoire(s) du Cinema*. Dovodeći u vezu film, slikarstvo i nauku, Godard tvrdi: "Istorija kina se najpre vezala za istoriju medicine. Eisensteinova izmučena tela, preko Karavađa i El Greka, upućuju na Vezalijusove autopsije.... Pošto je filmska industrija htela da imitira život u pokretu, normalno je, logično, da se najpre prodala industriji smrti."⁰⁵

Montažer je dakle doktor, hirur, isto koliko i mesar. U ex-jugoslovenskim zemljama, *corps morcelé*, telo u fragmentima, postalo je simbolom devedesetih godina. Mediji fotografije, filma i televizije intenzivno su dokumentovali raspad Jugoslavije po novouspostavljenim linijama etničkog razdvajanja - masakre, mučenja, komadanja. *Je vous salue Sarajevo* (1993.), Godardovo kratko video-pismo upućeno stanovnicima opkoljenog grada, bavi se upravo ovom problematikom. Dokumentarnu fotografiju (autora Rona Haviva) koja prikazuje jedan ratni zločin u Bosni, podvrgao je operaciji tekstualnog rastakanja: proizveo je dvominutni niz telesnih fragmenata, seriju krupnih kadrova koji prikazuju izolovanje glave, ruke, čizme, puške.

⁰³ Ovaj deo teksta delimično je inspirisan idejama o montaži Branka Vučićevića, izloženim u knjizi *Paper Movies* (Zagreb, Beograd: Arkzin & B-92; 1998), pp.28-46.

⁰⁴ Veza između nasilja i montaže svakako nije privilegovano "filmska." Brojne primere iste moguće je naći u umetnosti i literaturi 20. veka (Picasso, Tzara, Artaud, Bataille, Bellmer, Burroughs i mnogi drugi).

⁰⁵ *Fatale Beauté*, epizoda 2B iz niza *Histoire(s) du cinéma* (1988-1998).



▲ Jean-Luc Godard,
Je vous salue Sarajevo (1993.)

06 Edgar Morin, *The Cinema, or the Imaginary Man* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2005).

07 Koča Popović, "Prodana sudbina," *Nadrealizam i postnadrealizam* (Beograd: Prosveta, 1985), p.19.

08 "Jer uistinu šta može biti veće blaženstvo nego ležati pored žene i ljubiti je u 'tajnom' prisustvu sopstvenog deteta, za koje se smatra da spava, naročito ako veruje da ga gruvanja dubina i krici ujeda potmulo drže vrlo budno, čula široko otvorenih iza njegovih belih zavesa, zureći kad prestane da sluša, pošto je već časovima prestalo da diše. I ovog je puta razdraganost prisnija, neminovnija, naročito budnija i podlija. Oko zarobljenika—to mrtvo, prisutno oko—ne pokriva se ni jednog jedinog trenutka za sve vreme dostojanstvenog obreda, prezirući valjda za savršeni prizor tih bliskosti materiju svog iznurenog mozga izgnječenu, iskorenjenu od prekomernog uda iskrivljenog starca, ponajviše nadahnutog ljigavim i božanskim dočekom ovih jastuka svesti." Ibid., p. 20.

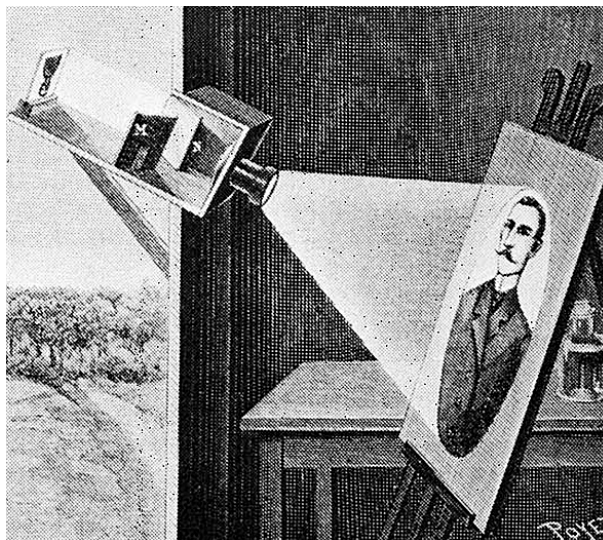
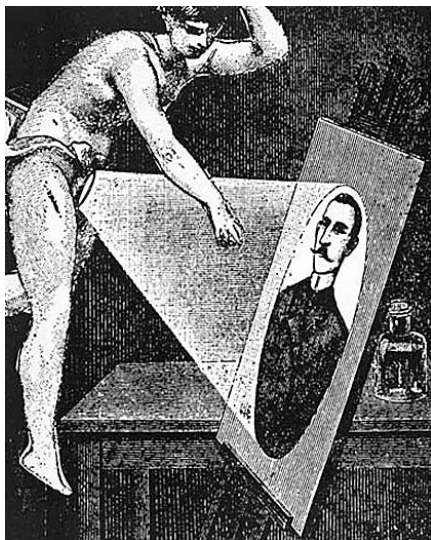
Kako je primetio Edgar Morin, kinematografski aparat uspostavio je ekvilibrijum izmedju projekcije slike kao funkcije tehnološkog prikazivanja i kao funkcije gledaočeve psihičke aktivnosti.⁰⁶ Kada bi, pak, slikovni/vizuelni prinos ljudske psihe mogao biti direktno eksternalizovan i materijalizovan u subjektovom okruženju, fantazam na kome počiva kinematografski izum—fantazam o "totalnom kinu" (Morin)—ne bi više bilo moguće razlikovati od fizičke stvarnosti. Izvrstan primer zanatlijske realizacije ove sanjarije o "totalnom kinu," nalazimo u jednom od nadrealističkih kolaža koje je Marko Ristić inkorporirao u tekst Aleksandra Vuča za pisani film *Ljuskari na prsima* (1930.).

Reč je o slici ljudske glave koja projektuje zrak svetlosti kroz širom otvorena usta na reflektujuću površinu kašike, pozicionirane kao da je ekran. Ili je, pak, reč o zraku svetlosti koji se, polazeći od sveće, odbija o kašiku, a zatim, kroz usta, biva projektovan u unutrašnjost glave, kao u nekoj *camera obscuri*?

Prednost koja je ovde data ustima, a ne oku, kao mestu kinematičke razmene—razmene subjektivnih i objektivnih, unutrašnjih i spoljašnjih slika—ukazuje na želju da instrument vida bude osporen u onoj meri u kojoj predstavlja deo aparata ljudske svesti. Usta možemo razumeti kao metonimičku zamenu za ispražnjenu očnu duplju; njoj je oduzet organ, ali joj je ostavljena funkcija vida, uspostave slike. Naravno, najčuveniji primer direktnog nadrealističkog napada na oko nalazimo u prologu Buñuelovog i Dalijevog filma *Un chien andalou* (1928.). Sam reditelj, Buñuel, tu glumi čoveka koji nonšalantno oštri brijač da bi njime, zatim, u krupnom planu, isekao oko jedne žene. Film može da počne...

U nadrealističkim istraživanjima mogućnosti transformacije oka, proces izmeštanja aparata vida često poprima batajevsku orijentaciju ka "prizemno" seksualnim aspektima korporealnog. Kod Koče Popovića, u automatskom tekstu "Prodana sudbina," oko se, na primer, javlja kao "pupčano oko." Popović piše o oku lociranom "pored ženinog pupka. Uglavljeno tu u salu bez snage da prevaziđe osnovu svoje želje, oko izgubi svoju sada izlišnu upornost i ostane tako, samo dekorativno i ukočeno".⁰⁷ U maniru koji podseća na Dalijev "paranoično-kritički" metod, "pupčano oko" označeno je kao tačka u kojoj se može biti svedokom vlastitog nastanka. Drugim rečima, u Popovićevom tekstu primalni fantazam o poreklu konstruisan je na bazi "perspektive stomaka" ženskog aktera u roditeljskom koitusu. Pupak je uzet kao marker ove paradoksalne, refleksivne ali još uvek ne-subjektivizovane i "besformne" (Bataj), instance putenog gledanja/spoznaje.⁰⁸

Često nadrealističko markiranje i (de/re-)montaža ženskog tela razotkrivaju patrijarhalni strah od kastracije i denaturalizuju mehanizme nasilja kojima se poredak koristi u cilju održanja rodovske nejednakosti. Postoje nadrealističke umotvorine koje krajnje eksplicitno oku - organu vida, ali i instrumentu kontrole i vladanja – nadređuju ženske genitalije. To je slučaj sa slikom broj 36 Maxa Ernsta iz knjige *La femme 100 tetes*, u podnožju koje piše: "Magično svetlo, bez i jedne izgovorene reči i u svim vremenskim prilikama."



◀◀ Max Ernst, kolaž br. 36 u *La femme 100 tetes* (1929.)

◀ novinski original (19. vek)

Ovaj kolaž prikazuje portret brkatog muškarca projektovan na platno/štafelaj zrakom svetlosti koji potiče "ispod pojasa," iz seksualnog organa žene koja lebdi u vazduhu. U originalnoj novinskoj ilustraciji koja je poslužila kao podloga za kolaž, izvor svetlosti bila je *camera obscura*. U Ernstovoj obradi, žensko spolovilo funkcioniše kao aparat za (re-)produkciju i distribuciju slika. Žena je stvarna, muškarac je samo njena eterična projekcija (simptom). Muškarac ne postoji, do kao *imaginarni označitelj*.⁰⁹

Na početku beše... kino?

⁰⁹ Termin "imaginarni označitelj" uveo je u filmsku teoriju Christian Metz. Videti Metzovu studiju *The Imaginary Signifier: Psychoanalysis and the Cinema* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1977).

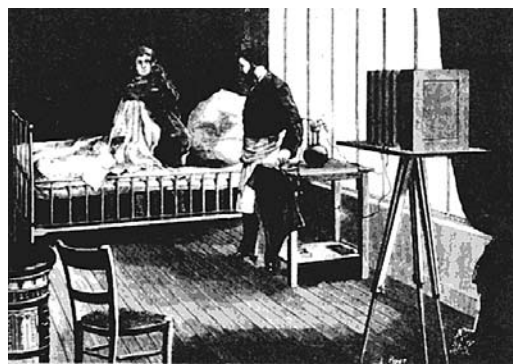
Cinema/ Phantasm

Pavle Levi

Translated from the Serbian by Marina Miladinov

Since the beginnings of cinematic technology and cinema theatres, the reality has functioned as a sort of *ur-cinema*. As the film theoretician Stephen Heath once accurately observed, the cinematic apparatus has turned the reality into “a primal scene of cinema (a history that is always there before the meaning of its films and as their ultimate return).”⁰¹ Two examples of avant-garde practices from the 1920s illustrate this hypothesis perfectly.

Let us first consider the collage “The might-have-been Immaculate Conception” by Max Ernst from 1929. Its content, composition, and emotional charge (and certainly its title as well) suggest the ambivalence of a primal scene – the child not being able to understand the actual nature of the act it is witnessing, since it is shrouded in mystery, and thus interprets the sexual intercourse of its parents as violence.



◀ Max Ernst, “The might-have-been Immaculate Conception,” collage no. 2 in *La femme 100 têtes* (1929)

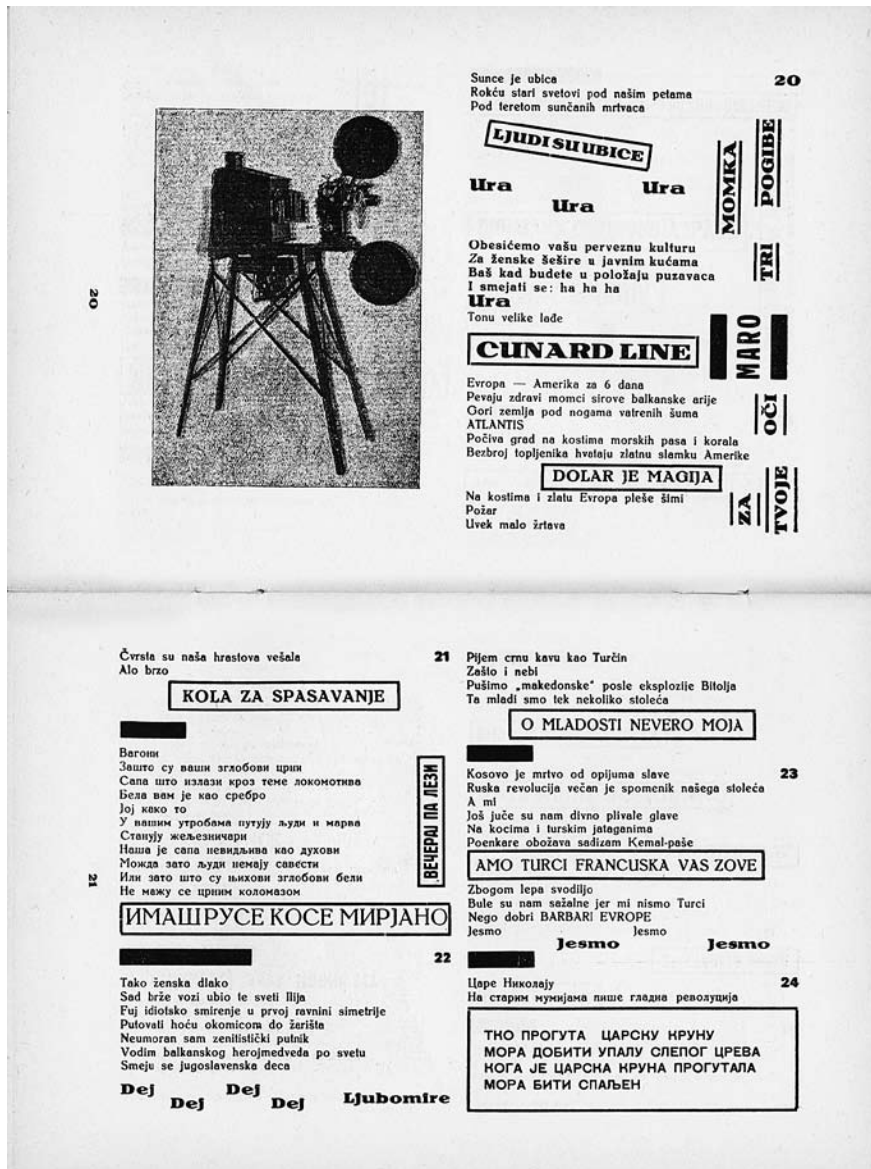
◀◀ and the original newspaper illustration (19th century)

However, “The might-have-been Immaculate Conception” is actually Ernst’s revision of an illustration taken from the newspapers, which shows the act of composition: of translating the “raw” life into a staged scene in order to be eternalized as a photograph. Visible in the original newspaper clip, the camera thus functions as a sort of trigger; as an unacknowledged, suppressed initiator of the primal phantasm that essentially frames our understanding of the reality. Moreover, owing to Ernst’s intervention, the camera device is here retroactively disclosed as included in the *mise-en-scène* of the phantasm it establishes.

Another clear demonstration of the mutual permeation of the reality and cinematic technology can be found in a typographic poem by Ljubomir Micić, entitled *Stotinu vam bogova!* In this montage-based Zenitist text from 1922, manifests, announcements, advertisement fragments, and slogans

⁰¹ Stephen Heath, *Questions of Cinema* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1981), p. 224.

inviting to a revolutionary artistic action seem to fly in frantically from all sides, catching up with each other in telegraphic speed. The text is also interspersed with numerous symptoms of the "omnipresence" of cinema: descriptions of streets, hospital walls, and undertaker's cars covered with posters for *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*; theoretical remarks on "cinematism", on "film as an Esperanto," and on "the one collective art"; an invitation to "transform churches into cinema theatres"; and even images of the cinematic apparatus such as this:



◀ Ljubomir Micić,
Stotinu vam bogova! (1922)

Stotinu vam bogova! does not merely offer a vision of the reality as the "zero point" of cinema. Micić's typographic poetry generates life understood as a priori "contaminated" by the technology of mechanical and automatic production of images – life that is unpurified and "dependent on cinematic instruments" (I am paraphrasing Walter Benjamin).⁰²

02 Walter Benjamin, "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," *Illuminations*, ed. Hannah Arendt (New York: Schocken Books, 1967), pp. 232-233.

Shifting away from the issues related to the ontology of the cinematic medium towards those of aestheticism and technique, we shall devote ourselves to the following problem: how can we determine the elementary dynamics of what we could call the primal scene of cinematic montage? The essence of that dynamics can be expressed by the saying that “montage is carnage.” In other words, it is the phantasm of cutting (the film) as an intervention into human flesh, which is always direct and more or less sanitary.⁰³ Throughout the history of cinematic art, it was precisely this phantasm of its own origins that montage used to derive its skill of adopting a critical attitude towards social violence, so widespread in the 20th century – from Eisenstein and Buñuel to Hitchcock and Kubrick; from Pasolini and Makavejev to Conner and Sharits...⁰⁴ Between two frames, between two images, in that in-between space and in-between time that represent “the unconscious of the cinema,” there is no difference between the reality and artistic imagination, between composition and decomposition, between creation and destruction, between the drives of life and the drives of death.

One of the earliest and most direct explications of the link between montage and carnage can be found in the film called *Menilmontant* (1926). In the introductory shots, director Dimitri Kirsanoff directly exposes the completely unprepared viewer to scenes of extreme violence. The film begins *in medias res* with a savage axe murder, effectively presented through a series of fast, discontinued montage cuts. The viewer will never find out why that man and his wife, the father and mother of a family, were brutally murdered, leaving their two daughters on the crime scene. The dramatically modified “primal scene” serves here to introduce the life saga – and Kirsanoff’s psychological study – of the young protagonists.

03 This section was partly inspired by ideas on montage of Branko Vučičević, as exposed in his book *Paper Movies* (Zagreb and Belgrade: Arkzin & B-92, 1998), pp. 28-46.



◀ Dimitri Kirsanoff,
Menilmontant (1926)

04 The link between violence and montage is by no means reserved to cinema. Numerous examples can be found in the visual arts and literature of the 20th century (Picasso, Tzara, Artaud, Bataille, Bellmer, Burroughs, and many others).

05 *Fatale Beauté*, episode 2B of the serial *Histoire(s) du cinéma* (1988-1998).

The significance of the carnage phantasm in understanding the elementary mechanisms of cinematic montage has recently been elaborated by Jean-Luc Godard in his project called *Histoire(s) du Cinéma*. By correlating film, painting, and science, Godard has established the following: “The history of cinema is also tied to that of medicine. The tortured bodies of Eisenstein, beyond Caravaggio and El Greco, correspond to the first dissections by Vesalius... Since the film industry wanted to imitate the life’s movement, it was normal, it was logical that it should first sell itself to the death industry.”⁰⁵

The film editor engaged in montage is thus a doctor and a surgeon, but also a butcher. In ex-Yugoslav lands, the *corps morcelé*, the fragmented body,

became a symbol of the 1990s. The media of photography, film, and television were closely documenting the fall of Yugoslavia along the newly established lines of ethnic separation – massacres, tortures, mutilations. *Je vous salue Sarajevo* (1993), Godard's short video letter addressed to the inhabitants of the city under siege, dealt precisely with these issues. He subjected a documentary photograph (by Ron Haviv) showing a war crime in Bosnia to an operation of textual decomposition, which resulted in a two-minute series of bodily fragments, a series of close-ups showing severed and isolated heads, hands, boots, guns.



▲ Jean-Luc Godard,
Je vous salue Sarajevo (1993)

As Edgar Morin has observed, the cinematic apparatus has established an equilibrium between projecting an image as a function of mechanical presentation and as a function of the viewer's mental activity.⁰⁶ If the image/visual contribution of the human mind could be directly externalized and materialized in the subject's environment, the phantasm on which the cinematic invention is based – the phantasm of "total cinema" (Morin) – could no longer be distinguished from the physical reality. An excellent example of a craftsman's realization of that dream of "total cinema" can be found in one of the surrealist collages that Marko Ristić incorporated into the text of Aleksandar Vučo for the film "Ljuskari na prsima" (1930).

It is an image of a human head that projects a ray of light through its widely open mouth onto the reflecting surface of a spoon, positioned as if it were a screen. Or is it a ray of light that comes from a candle, gets reflected from the spoon and is then projected through the mouth into the head's interior, like in a sort of *camera obscura*?

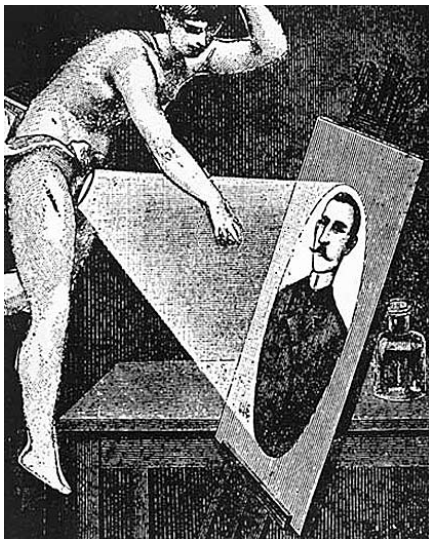
The preference that is here given to the mouth over the eye as the place of cinematic exchange – the exchange of subjective and objective, of internal and external images – indicates the wish to negate the instrument of sight to the extent in which it is a part of the apparatus of the human mind. We may understand the mouth as a metonymic substitute for an emptied eye socket; it has been deprived of the organ, but left with the function of sight, of establishing the image. The most famous example of direct surrealist attack on the eye is certainly the prologue to Buñuel's and Dalí's film *Un chien andalou* (1928). Buñuel, the director, plays a man who sharpens a razor nonchalantly and then cuts up a woman's eye in a close up. The film may now begin...

In the surrealist research on the possibilities of transformation of the eye, the process of dislocating the apparatus of sight often acquires a

⁰⁶ Edgar Morin, *The Cinema, or the Imaginary Man* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2005).

07 Koča Popović, "Prodana sudbina," *Nadrealizam i postnadrealizam* [Surrealism and Post-Surrealism] (Belgrade: Prosveta, 1985), p.19.

08 "For truly, there can be no greater bliss than to lie next to a woman and make love to her in the 'secret' presence of one's own child, which is supposedly sleeping, especially if one believes that the thudding of the depths and the screams of biting are secretly keeping it wide awake, with its senses fully open behind its white curtains, staring when it ceases to listen, having ceased breathing hours before. Again, the joy is more intimate, more inevitable, and especially more awake and more malicious. The eye of the prisoner – that dead, present

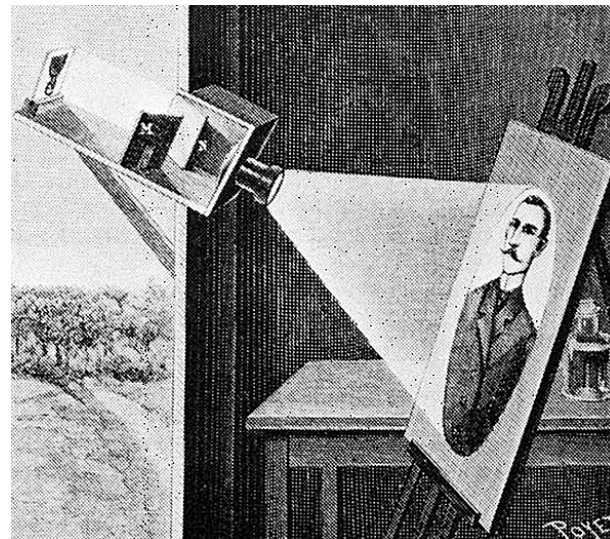


eye – is not covered for a single moment of that dignified ritual, as the desire to obtain a perfect picture of these intimacies makes it despise the matter of its exhausted brain, pressed and uprooted by the oversized organ of that perverted old man, largely inspired by the slimy and divine welcome of these cushions of consciousness." Ibid., p.20.

09 The term "imaginary signifier" was introduced into the theory of film by Christian Metz. Cf. his book *The Imaginary Signifier: Psychoanalysis and the Cinema* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1977).

Bataillean orientation towards the "basely" sexual aspects of the corporeal. Thus, with Koča Popović, in his automatic text called "Prodana sudbina," the eye appears as the "umbilical eye." Popović writes about an eye located "near the woman's navel. Anchored there in fat, with no power to overcome the base of its desire, the eye loses its now obsolete persistence and is left there just like that, merely decorative and stiff."⁰⁷ In a manner reminiscent of Dali's "paranoical/critical" method, the "umbilical eye" is marked as the point of witnessing one's own creation. In other words, in Popović's text the phantasm of origin is construed on the basis of the "stomach perspective" of the female agent in the parental coitus. The navel is understood as the marker of that paradoxical, reflexive and yet still unsubjectified and "formless" (Bataille) instance of sensual viewing/knowing.⁰⁸

The surrealist marking and (de/re-)montage of the female body often disclose the patriarchal fear of castration and denaturalize the mechanisms of violence that the system uses in order to preserve gender inequality. There are surrealist inventions that quite explicitly place the female genitals above the eye as the organ of sight, but also as an instrument of control and domination. Such is the case of image no. 36 by Max Ernst from the book *La femme 100 têtes*, which bears a subscription saying: "Without a word and in any weather: magic light."



◀◀ Max Ernst, collage no. 36 in: *La femme 100 têtes* (1929)

◀ the newspaper original (19th c.)

This collage shows a man with a moustache projected onto the screen/canvas by a ray of light that originates from "under the belt," from the genitals of a woman floating in the air. In the original newspaper illustration on which the collage was based, the source of light was a *camera obscura*. In Ernst's version, the female genitals function as the apparatus for (re-)producing and distributing images. The woman is real, whereas the man is merely her etheric projection (the symptom). The man does not exist, except as the *imaginary signifier*.⁰⁹

In the beginning there was... cinema?

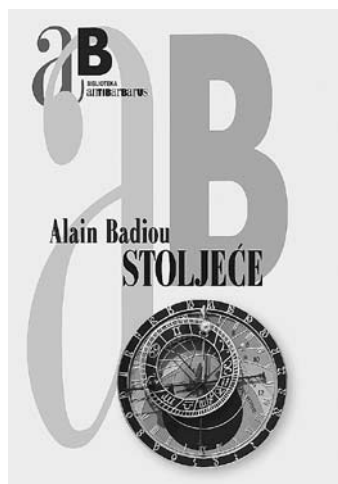




Filozofova osveta

Leonardo Kovačević

(Alain Badiou, *Stoljeće*, prijevod: Ozren Pupovac, Antibarbarus, 2008.)



Kada je prije nekoliko godina na ovim prostorima izbila javna rasprava oko Žižeka, jedna je sudionica svog najdražeg autora branila sljedećim riječima: "Dok čitam Žižeka, osjećam se jaka". Vjerojatno bi isto rekli svi oni koji su osjetili sušu 'radikalne', 'lijeve' teorije - ili društvene kritike - koja je počela sredinom sedamdesetih, sa Solženjicinovim denuncijacijama komunizma, a vrhunac doživjela s raspadom Istočnog bloka. Nemoć ljevice pred trijumfirajućim liberalizmom i pustošenjem ideje kraja povijesti tijekom dva desetljeća preobražena je u frustraciju. Iako su prve znakove života "lijeve teorije" odaslali Laclau i Mouffe sa svojim programom "radikalne demokracije", Žižek je bio taj koji je početkom devedesetih malodušnost ljevice preobrazio u entuzijazam. Zasluge za takav drastičan zaokret libidinalne ekonomije ljevice idu njegovim britkim i duhovitim kritikama postojećeg post-ideološkog stanja i zagovaranju radikalnog rascjepa unutar njega prizivanjem i ponovnim legitimiranjem velikih revolucionarnih figura. Bez konkretnog političkog programa, doduše. Ali oživljavanje određenog revolucionarnog imaginarija u kombinaciji s "ljevičarskim" provokacijama i polemikama po časopisima, bilo je dovoljno da se mnogi počnu "osjećati jako". Ta se vrsta horizonta još proširila. Na prijelomu milenija pojavila se knjiga – *Imperij* (2000) - koja osjećaj snage nadopunjuje erupcijom radosti i optimizma. Za komunizam Negrija i Hardta nisu više dovoljne samo revolucionarne figure, nego i sveci i anđeli. Ali, naravno, bilo je samo pitanje vremena kada će se komunizam pokušati premjestiti iz tog vedrog katoličkog okružja u herojsko protestantsko ili barem ono asketsko jansenističko.

Obrisi takve ideje već su, međutim, postojali. Zamislio ih je Alain Badiou postavljajući Svetog Pavla i Pascala kao glavne junake neumornog širenja u epifaniji otkrivene istine. Geslo tog misionarstva u obliku pitanja Badiou stavlja na početku svoje knjige *Sveti Pavao i utemeljenje univerzalizma* (1997.): "Za što je sve spremno, ovdje, sada i zauvijek, jedno uvjerenje?". Da bi neki subjekt ono radikalno partikularno (kao što je to osobno uvjerenje) učinio univerzalnim, on ne treba samo proći kroz pročišćujuću vatru proturječnosti, nego i svijet mora postati *poganski*, barbarski, rascijepljeni svijet kojem treba objaviti istinu. Nositelj te istine mora dakle biti junak, ako ne i mučenik, sa svim kušnjama koje su imali i kršćanski sveci: malodušnost, nevjera, malaksalost, itd. *Etika* (1993.) i *Sveti Pavao* (1997.) knjige su koje tom junaku priskrbuju moralne maksime i daju mu vjetar u leđa idejom milosti.

Sve dakle ukazuje na evoluciju jedne nemoći pred društvenom situacijom u teologijom impregnirani osjećaj snage i mogućnosti

transcendencije postojećeg stanja. No, sve one kojima je odviše sumnjiva ta bliskost klasične teološke sheme "povijesti spasenja" i jednog filozofskog sustava, iz kojeg proizlazi i jedan radikalni politički projekt, Badiou umiruje izjavom da je ateist. Može li se bez težih posljedica po Badiouov materijalizam iz teološkog konceptualnog aparata iskaz o božjoj opstojnosti i njegova iskupljenja svijeta od grijeha jednostavno zamijeniti iskazom o politici i njezinoj materijalnoj preobrazbi svijeta? I ako je odgovor na to pitanje negativan, koja je to točno cijena uporabe tog konceptualnog aparata u izgradnji onog političkog oblika koji Badiou u posljednje vrijeme naziva *komunističkom hipotezom*? Neka odgovor ostane za sada neizvjestan.

Problemsko polje u kojemu ćemo pokušati naći odgovore na ta pitanja naizgled ne obećava. Riječ je o spektru tema koji Badiou razrađuje u knjizi *Stoljeće* (2005.), dakle tekstu koji više predstavlja određenu reakciju ili bolje - osvetu (ta riječ daleko više priliči autorovu vokabularu) - totalitarističkom i renegatskom diskursu, nego u sebi zatvoren teorijski projekt. No, time on ni po čemu ne gubi na važnosti: riječ je o knjizi (ili točnije, skupu predavanja održanim na *Collège international de philosophie* od 1998. do 2001.) koja aktivira sav Badiouov teorijski napor i instrumente kako bi jedno stoljeće otela pukoj povijesnoj datosti i učinila da progovori o sebi samom. Pretpostavka je knjige, iako neizgovorena, da stoljeće treba shvatiti kao "događaj". Na to upućuje i Badiouova pomalo neobična posveta Natachi Michel koja je "jednog dana izgovorila presudu: 'Dvadeseto se stoljeće dogodilo'". Postavlja se naravno pitanje: kako od nekog neodjelitog protoka vremena učiniti ono što Badiou naziva *operatorom* mišljenja? Ne čini li se taj pokušaj uzaludan čak i onda kada pod *vremenom* jednostavno mislimo na sinkronu opstojnost njegovih potrošača odnosno junaka? Ne postoje li samo pojedinačna *vremena*, odnosno anakrona pluralnost vremena nečijih egzistencija? Tu je dakle nesumnjivo na djelu dobro poznata Badiouova operacija *oduzimanja* ili *izuzimanja*: jedno se stoljeće izuzima iz drugog, iz 'lošeg' stoljeća koje označava neodređeni protok vremena od 1900. do 2000. izuzima se 'dobro' stoljeće, stoljeće invencije, sukoba i izgradnje novog čovjeka. Pri tome "loše" stoljeće neće biti ono koje pripada nacistima i ostalim zlikovcima, nego upravo anonimnim, neimenovljivim opstojnostima koje ni na koji način nisu upisane u "vrijeme". Iako te neuhvatljive, anakrone egzistencije izbivaju iz Badiouovog stoljeća, retroaktivno, svi bi se zadaci kao i dijagnoze vremena trebali odnositi i na njih, na to Drugo povijesti. Tako se na samom početku, u samoj ideji projekta stvari već počinju komplicirati: učiniti *vremena* (jednim) *vremenom* znači i *razume* svesti na (jedan) *razum*. Kao što Rancière primjećuje jednom prilikom - "Diskurs o vremenu i diskurs o drugom dio je istog sustava i zatvaranja".

No, to ne znači da će Badiouva konstrukcija stoljeća biti jednostavna i monolitna - u gotovo svakom poglavlju ona će isticati dijagonalne i labirintske figure stoljeća: ono je slomljena kralježnica zvijeri koja povezuje kralješke, stoljeće je fragmentirano, antagonizirano, maskirano, nedijalektizirana podjeljenost, putanju stoljeća poredstavlja *anabaza*, lutanje. Ukratko, ono je "disjunktivna sinteza". Pa ipak, želimo li da "stoljeće govori o sebi samom", ne suočavamo li se s previše glasova? Koja vrsta niti može povezati heterogene fragmente omeđene nekim vremenom? Odgovor koji nudi Badiou jest: strast za realnim. Najprije treba reći da je to istodobno odgovor na pitanje što je središnje iskustvo stoljeća i metoda odgovora na to pitanje. Osvrnimo se najprije na tu metodu.

Na početku projekta, Badiou se dakle mora suočiti s *realnim* stoljeća, odnosno sa spomenutim skupom heterogenosti omeđenim jednim

01 Usp. Alain Badiou, *Beyond formalisation; an interview*, prijevod na engleski Bruno Bosteels i Alberto Toscano, Angelaki, vol. 8, 2003., str.115

02 Isto, str.116.

vremenom. Ono što sam predlaže, to i čini: on se upušta u neprekidno pročišćavanje (*épuration*) realnog kako bi se radikalnim pojednostavljenjem sama jezgra antagonizma dobila u svojoj najčišćoj formi.⁰¹ Nasuprot tome, "ako se ponovno uspostave nijanse i kompleksnost, čista ideja stvaranja i novosti ostaje oslabljenom".⁰² Da bi došao do tog novog, mora se dakle platiti cijena: mora se riješiti svake složenosti i nijansi koje se kao prepreke pojavljuju u tom prolasku kroz vatru proturječja. Na kraju, proturječja nestaju, a pojavljuje se čisti sukob u figuri broja Dva. To Dva postaje i brojem Badiouova stoljeća: ono označava nepomireno trvljenje stoljeća u različitim sferama: u politici, znanosti, umjetnosti, filozofiji, psihoanalizi, itd... Kao i nemir, okrutnost, krv, strast. Badiou tako svoju metodu transponira i u proces subjektivacije različitih osobnosti stoljeća: oni izgaraju u strasti da nadiđu sami sebe, da dotaknu realno, demaskiraju stvarnost i izume novu egzistenciju.

No, ne znači li dotaknuti ili proći kroz realno imati posla s Drugim, sa šokom heterogenosti, s pavlovljevskim padom s konja? Čini se da pojam strasti za realnim tu izravno korespondira s Badiouovom teorijom događaja: dodir s realnim siloviti je trenutak epifanije – događaj, a izdržavanje u tom trenutku znači konstituirati se kao subjekt beskonačne istine. Munjeviti udar ideje podrazumijeva i radikalnu separaciju, uspostavljanje platonističke distance između onog što je Ideja i onoga što je njezina loša kopija. Badiou i njegovi heroji moraju se zato riješiti još dosta prljavštine *nijansi i kompleksnosti* kako bi se afirmirala radikalna razlika: umjetnost se mora strogo razlikovati od kulture, kultura od robe, politika od društvenosti, mišljenje od mnijenja, jezik mišljenja od jezika novinarstva itd... Ali u konačnici, ni umjetnost ni politika se u ovim okvirima ne mogu smatrati autonomnim djelatnostima: one se trebaju podvrgnuti toj Ideji i njezinu širenju. Na to jasno ukazuje Badiouova uporaba pjesništva i drame u knjizi: stihovi nisu samodostatni, nikada ne izriču ono o čemu govore jer ih Badiou preobražava u maksime, pokliče ili formule (npr. Rimbaud "Ja je drugi" ili Pessoa "Oslanjati se na nekonzistentnosti"). Pjesnike ili pisce koji se zadovoljavaju pisanjem o ljubavi, prirodi ili moru Badiou vuče za kosu kako bi ih na silu pretvorio u heroje beskonačne istine.

Otuda i odgovor na pitanje zašto se danas osjećamo tako jaki dok čitamo Badioua: svaka nas njegova knjiga, a to je slučaj i sa *Stoljećem*, poput neke centrifugalne sile nosi u sferu oštro podijeljenih razlika u kojoj se moramo odreći svijeta loših kopija. Banalnost običnog vremena i anakronih egzistencija Badiou, dakle, mora nadopuniti moći istinitog odnosno snagom radikalne afirmacije. No, time se mijenja i objekt osvete: to su svi oni koji se odbijaju susresti s paralizirajućim Drugim, sa Stvari, kako bi znanje o sebi i svijetu tkali u raskoraku značenja i provizornosti tuđih riječi.

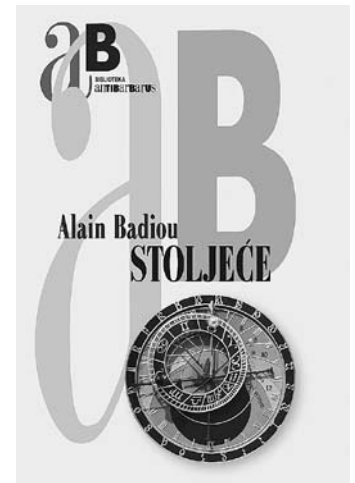
Philosopher's Revenge

Leonardo Kovačević

(Alain Badiou, *Stoljeće*, translation: Ozren Pupovac, Antibarbarus, 2008)*

A few years ago, when a public debate arose in Croatia over Žižek, one of the contenders defended her favourite author by saying: "When I read Žižek, I feel strong." Probably her feelings are shared by all those who experienced the dryness of 'radical', 'leftist' theory – or social criticism – that was launched in the mid-1970s, with Solzhenitsyn's denunciation of communism, and reached its pinnacle with the fall of the Eastern Bloc. The powerlessness of the left when faced with triumphant liberalism and the rampant idea of the end of history turned into frustration within two decades. Even though the first signs of life of a new "leftist theory" were shown by Laclau and Mouffe with their programme of "radical democracy," Žižek was the one who, in the early 1990s, transformed the dejection of the left into enthusiasm. The left owes this drastic turn in its libidinal economy to his pungent and witty critique of the prevailing post-ideological situation and his endorsement of a radical schism within it by evoking and re-legitimizing of great revolutionary figures. To be sure, he did not have a proper political programme. Nevertheless, the revival of a particular revolutionary imagery, combined with his "leftist" provocations and polemics in journals, was sufficient for many to start "feeling strong." That horizon was broadened even further. At the turn of the millennium, a book appeared – it was the *Empire* (2000) – that complemented the new feeling of empowerment with an eruption of joy and optimism. The communism of Negri and Hardt demanded more than just revolutionary figures: it needed saints and angels. And, of course, it was only a matter of time when communism would make an attempt at transposing itself from that cheerful catholic setting into a heroic protestant, or at least an ascetic Jansenist one.

Contours of that idea had already been present. They were envisioned by Alain Badiou, who established Saint Paul and Pascal as the main protagonists of tireless expansion in the epiphany of revealed truth. Badiou formulated the motto of that missionary zeal at the beginning of his book *St Paul: The Foundation of Universalism* (1997): "what a conviction is capable of, here, now, and forever." If a subject were to turn the radical and the particular (such as a personal conviction) into something universal, he or she must not only pass through the cleansing fire of contradiction, but the world must also become *pagan*, barbaric, split world that needs to have truth revealed to it. The herald of that truth must therefore be a hero, perhaps even a martyr, with all the temptations that are typical for Christian saints: dejection, doubt, weariness, etc. *Ethics* (1993) and *Saint Paul* (1997) were the books that equipped that hero with moral maxims and blew wind into his sails with the idea of grace.



* Available in English:
Alain Badiou, *The Century*, transl.
by Alberto Toscano, Polity Press,
2007

All this indicates that the powerlessness which was felt in the face of social situation has evolved into a theologically imbued feeling of empowerment and possibility of transcending the existing situation. As for those who feel suspicious about the proximity of these ideas to the classical theological scheme of "history of salvation" and about a philosophical system that results in a radical political project, Badiou has appeased them by saying that he is an atheist. But is it possible to take the theological apparatus and simply substitute the statement about God's existence and his redemption of the world from sin with a statement on politics and its material transformation of the world without some heavy consequences for Badiou's materialism? And if the answer to that question is negative, then what exactly is the price of using that conceptual apparatus in building up the political form which Badiou has recently called *the communist hypothesis*? Let us leave this question unanswered for a moment.

The problem field in which we shall try to find the answers to these questions appears unpromising. Badiou has dealt with a range of topics in his *Century* (2005), which is a sort of reaction to, or rather a revenge (for that word suits the author's vocabulary much better) against the totalitarian and renegade discourse, rather than a self-sufficient theoretical project. But that does not diminish its importance in the least: it is a book (more precisely, a series of lectures held at *Collège international de philosophie* from 1998-2001) that fully activates Badiou's theoretical potential and instruments in order to rescue a century from its historical determination and allow it to speak for itself. The premise of the book, albeit unspoken, is that a century should be understood as an "event". It is manifest in Badiou's somewhat unusual dedication to Natacha Michel, who "one day... pronounced the verdict: 'The twentieth century has taken place'." That certainly raises another issue: how can an undivided flow of time produce something that Badiou has called the *operator* of thinking? Doesn't such an attempt seem futile even if we understand *time* simply as a synchronous existence of its consumers, or rather heroes? Aren't there only singular *times*, that is, an anachronous plurality of times of people's existences? Undoubtedly we are dealing here with the famous Badiou's operation of *subtraction* or *extraction*: one century is extracted from another – a 'good' century, a century of invention, conflict, and construction of a new man is extracted from the 'bad' century, which indicates an undefined flow of time from 1900 to 2000. Thereby the "bad" century is not the one that belongs to the Nazis and other villains, but precisely the one that belongs to all those anonymous and unnameable existences that are in no way inscribed in "time". Even though these evasive, anachronous existences are absent from Badiou's century, retroactively all tasks and diagnoses of time should also apply to them, to that Other of history. Thus, it is from the very outset, the very idea of the project, that things begin to get complicated: to make (one) *time* out of *times* means reducing *minds* to (one) mind. As Rancière has once observed, "discourse on time and discourse on the o constitute a common system and closure."

And yet, that does not imply that Badiou's construction of the century is simple and homogeneous – in almost every chapter he emphasizes the diagonal and labyrinth-like figures of the century: it is the broken back of a beast that connects the vertebrae, the century is a fragmented, antagonized, masked, non-dialecticized division, its trajectory being the *anabasis* or wandering. Briefly, it is a "disjunctive synthesis". But then again, if we want the "century to speak for itself," are we not facing too many voices? The sort of voices that cannot even connect the heterogeneous fragments

circumscribed by a particular time? The answer offered by Badiou is passion for the real. First of all, one must say that it is an answer to the question of the central experience of the century and at the same time a method of answering that question. Let us first take a look at the method.

In the beginning of his project, Badiou must face the *real* of the century, that is, the above-mentioned cluster of heterogeneities, circumscribed by a particular time. And he does what he has proposed: he engages in permanent *purification* (*épuration*) of the real in order to get to the very core of antagonism in its purest form by *radical simplification*⁰¹. On the other hand, he "re-establishes the nuance and complexity, the pure idea of creation and novelty is in turn enfeebled."⁰² Thus, in order to *achieve* that *novelty*, one must pay the price: one must dispose of all complexity and nuance that present themselves as obstacles on that passage through the fire of contradiction. Eventually, contradictions will disappear and the pure conflict will emerge as number Two. That Two is also the number of Badiou's century: it signifies the relentless struggles of the century in various spheres: in politics, science, art, philosophy, and psychoanalysis, as well as in restlessness, cruelty, blood, and passion. Thus, Badiou transposes his method to the process of subjectifying various personalities of the century: they are burning with desire to overcome themselves, to touch the real, to unveil the reality, to invent a new existence.

But *touching the real* or *passing through the real* – doesn't it imply having to do with the Other, with the shock of heterogeneity, with the Pavlovian fall from the horse? It seems that the idea of *passion for the real* directly corresponds here to Badiou's theory of event: the touch with the real occurs in a violent moment of epiphany – an event – and persevering in that moment equals constituting oneself as the subject of endless truth. The rapid strike of the idea also implies radical separation and constitution of a Platonic distance between the Idea and its bad copy. Badiou and his heroes must therefore get rid of a considerable amount of filthy *nuance* and *complexity* in order to assert a radical difference: art must be strictly differentiated from culture, culture from commodity, politics from sociality, thinking from opinionating, the language of thought from the language of journalism, etc... And yet, eventually neither art nor politics can be considered autonomous activities in this framework: they are subjected to the Idea and its promulgation. That is manifest from Badiou's use of poetry and drama in his book: verses are never self-sufficient, they never express what they are saying, since Badiou transforms them into maxims, exclamations, or formulas (e.g. Rimbaud's "I Am an Other" or Pessoa's "Relying on Inconsistencies"). As for those poets and writers who are satisfied with writing about love, nature, or the sea, Badiou pulls them by the hair to turn them forcibly into the heroes of endless truth.

Thence the answer to the question why we feel so strong today while reading Badiou: each of his books, including *Century*, grabs us as if by centrifugal force and takes us into the sphere of strictly drawn differences, in which we must renounce at the world of bad copies. Thus, Badiou must complement the banality of ordinary time and anachronous existences with the power of the true, or the power of radical affirmation. However, that also changes the object of revenge: now it is directed at all those who refuse to face the paralyzing Other, the Thing, and keep on weaving the knowledge about themselves and the world in the discrepancy of meaning and the provisoriness of other people's words.

01 Cf. Alain Badiou, "Beyond formalisation; an interview," transl. by Bruno Bosteels and Alberto Toscano, *Angelaki* 8 (2003), p. 115.

02 *Ibid.*, p. 116.





Owen Hatherley

U razgovoru s Markom Kostanićem

Razgovor s engleskoga prevela Marina Miladinov

Konfuznost rasprava o kulturnoj proizvodnji na suvremenoj ljevici veliki dio reputacije duguje činjenici što je veliki dio suvremene ljevice – kulturna ljevica. Proces kulturalizacije ljevice je paralelan i uvjetovan neoliberalnom kontra-revolucijom koja je gotovo u potpunosti uništila potencijale lijevih socijalno transformativnih projekata i osporila legitimnost participacije radikalnih ideja u javnom prostoru. Te ideje su premještene u domenu kulture. Njihova socijalna verifikacija ostvariva je jedino kroz aplikacije u kulturnim i umjetničkim projektima. Ulazak u javnu raspravu i zadobivanje statusa relevantne teme lišene tabloidizacije ili dnevno-političkih afera, pojmovi poput socijalizma mogu osigurati gotovo jedino pod aurom projektne aplikacije. Aura uspostavlja distancu i ukida moguću politizaciju.

Uzrok konfuznosti treba tražiti u manjkavostima povijesne perspektive. Uvijek nanovo postavljena pitanja o valorizaciji političkih efekata kulturno-umjetničkih praksi obično završavaju u samorazočaranju i lamentiranju nad vlastitom jalovosti. Ili, kod onih potpuno politički dezorijentiranih, u narcističkoj autoglorifikaciji. Problem je u nepotpunoj historizaciji kriterija valorizacije. Politička produktivnost određenih modernističkih tendencija iz prve polovice 20. stoljeća nije plod genijalnosti i lukavosti pojedinih autora ili grupa, niti slabosti kooptacijskih strategija tadašnjeg sistema. Modernistički pokreti bili su dio šireg političkog pokreta čija masovnost im je osiguravala političku vidljivost i utjecajnost. Izostanak takvog tipa masovnosti lijevog pokreta danas je ključni razlog izostanka i politički produktivnih umjetničkih pokreta. Nije toliko bitno što se producira nego u kakvom se historijskom i političkom okviru producira.

Iznimno plodni mladi britanski kulturni teoretičar Owen Hatherley u svojoj knjizi *Militant Modernism*, u čitavoj plejadi renomiranih novina i časopisa poput *The Guardian*, *New Left Review*, *The Wire* ili *International Socialism* i na blogovima *sit down man*, *you're a bloody tragedy* i *The Measures Taken*, opisuje i analizira upravo takve modernističke kulturne prakse, prvenstveno u arhitekturi i muzici, koje su bili konstitutivni dio lijevih političkih programa i direktno vezane uz svakodnevni život radničke klase. Njegovo gostovanje u Zagrebu krajem 2009. i predavanje u sklopu projekta *East Dance Academy* bili su prilika za kratki razgovor.

MARKO KOSTANIĆ: možete li pojasniti koncept 'militantnog modernizma' u odnosu na druge 'modernizme'?

OWEN HATHERLEY: 'Militantni modernizam' je neka vrsta spoja, budući da se sastoji od dviju stvari koje se presijecaju, iako ne nužno (ali su daleko moćnije kada se presijecaju). Također je povijesni anakronizam, budući da nitko od onih koje ja tako opisujem ne bi upotrijebili taj termin. Pod 'militantnim modernizmom' podrazumijevam u prvom redu one 'modernizme' koji su najradikalniji u raskidanju s prošlošću te predlažu permanentnu revoluciju umjesto nove ortodoksije. Tako u umjetnosti pritom mislim na vortizam i konstruktivizam, ali ne i na purizam ili minimalizam; u arhitekturi na brutalizam, ali ne i na 'međunarodni stil'; u glazbi na Deliju Derbyshire prije nego na Stockhausena, i na post-punk, synth-pop i kontinuum rave-jungle-2step-grime prije nego na 'clicks & cuts' ili na 'Intelligent Dance Music'; u kazalištu na Brechta prije nego na Becketta; a u filmu na Makavajeva prije nego na Kena Loacha. U svim tim slučajevima modernizam se nalazi u direktnoj opoziciji prema 'stvarima kako jesu' i ne zanima ga da se uklopi u postojeći okoliš, ne želi proizvesti nikakav moderni klasicizam. U političkom smislu 'militantni modernizam' je onaj modernizam koji nema samo 'stajališta o politici', nego je imanentno političan te nastoji revolucionarno promijeniti svakodnevicu, i u tu kategoriju možemo uključiti nešto od umjetnosti koju smo ranije spomenuli, iako ne svu.

Što se tiče načina na koji se taj modernizam odnosi prema ostalima, on je u izričitoj polemici s određenim koncepcijama o tome što modernizam jest. Dakako, to se baš ne slaže s definicijom modernizma kakvu daje engleska povijest književnosti, jer ona ubraja u nj Virginiju Woolf i D. H. Lawrencea, ali se u arhitekturi protivi ideji modernizma kakvu je sedamdesetih i osamdesetih godina 20. stoljeća zastupao Peter Eisenman, a koja je u biti tvrdila da u arhitekturi nije došlo do istinskog modernizma zato što je bila odviše vezana uz 'humanizam', pod kojime on podrazumijeva emancipacijsku politiku. Ja pak naglašavam da je masovna arhitektura upravo u tom trenutku bila najviše modernistička. To nipošto ne znači – nadam se da je to

jasno – da polažem isključivo pravo na riječ 'modernizam' – Virginia Woolf ili Eisenman ne prestaju biti modernisti zato što ja tako kažem, ali nastojim se izboriti za modernizam koji njihova dominacija briše.

MARKO KOSTANIĆ: Kulturološki studiji proizvod su specifičnog povijesnog trenutka poslijeratne Engleske i mogu se smjestiti u tradiciju engleske marksističke historiografije. Kako biste smjestili kulturološke studije u odnosu na modernističke projekte prestrukturiranja *Lebenswelts* radničke klase?

OWEN HATHERLEY: To je prilično složeno pitanje. Kulturološki studiji jednako su proizašli iz djela Richarda Hoggarta, koji nije bio marksist, kao i, na primjer, iz engleskog Udruženja povjesničara Komunističke partije i ljudi poput E. P. Thompsona. U svojoj knjizi *The Uses of Literacy* Hoggart se čini skeptičnim u pogledu modernizma, ako ga uopće i zanima. On ističe – s pravom – da su politički aktivne i samouke osobe, kao i one koje je specifično zanimala modernistička transformacija života, bile u manjini u engleskom proletarijatu te nastoji prikazati one koji nisu bili, kako on kaže, 'neslavni Jude'. Pedesetih godina 20. stoljeća to je možda i imalo određenu vrijednost, u vrijeme kada je ostatak klase možda bio ignoriran ili previđan za volju idealizacije politički aktivnih i samoukih, ali pedeset godina kasnije pokret je sasvim drugačije usmjeren. Radnička klasa uglavnom se smatra inertnom, prirodno rasističkom i neobrazovanom bagrom, koja žudi za tradicijom više od bilo čega drugog, i u tom procesu čitav jedan dio engleskog proletarijata – njegov svjesni dio – naprosto je izuzet iz razmatranja. Put od knjige E. P. Thompsona *Making of the English Working Class* do nedavnog prikaza Michaela Collinsa pod naslovom *The Likes of Us – A Biography of the White Working Class* izrazito je simptomatičan. Dok se Thompson usredotočio samo na svjesne proletere, zanemariivši ili odbacivši 'puk koji je za crkvu i kralja', za Collinsa je taj 'puk' jedini autentični proletarijat, dok drugi naprosto nije postojao. Ne treba niti reći kako smatram da se Thompsonov proletarijat može povezati s modernističkim projektom, dok Collinsov ne može.

The Uses of Literacy, a još neposrednije od toga djelo Wilmotta & Younga, svakako su utjecali na neka nastojanja oko reformiranja 'Lebenswelta radničke klase', da tako kažemo, u obliku 'novog brutalizma', koji je u slučaju Park Hilla u Sheffieldu, na primjer, nastojao istražiti mreže prijateljstava i društvenosti u radničkim četvrtima i primijeniti ih na modernizam koji bi raskinuo s purizmom međunarodnog stila (za koji su svi tvrdili da razara zajednice, a ne nudi nikakvu sličnu strukturu u zamjenu) i stvorio topliju, energičniju i manje kanaliziranu arhitekturu – ali doista ne znam bi li se Hoggart s time složio. Svakako modernizam Park Hilla ili čak mjesta poput Thamesmeada nikada nije želio biti puritanski i nametnut radničkoj klasi, nego je težio tome da surađuje s njome umjesto da radi protiv nje. Brutalistički arhitekt Peter Smithson jednom se potužio kako radnička klasa za koju je on mislio da gradi – ljudi sličnog podrijetla kao njegovi roditelji, izučena, samouka, sindikalna strana radničke klase – uopće nije ona koja je na kraju zauzela brutalističke socijalne stanove. Istodobno se čini da je uništenje i ocrnjivanje socijalnog stanovanja tu glavni čimbenik, a ne neka vrsta gađenja prema betonu.

Što se tiče kasnije verzije kulturoloških studija, one vezane uz Birminghamsku školu, mogu reći da uvelike cijenim rad Dicka Hebidgea ili Stuarta Halla, osobito u tome što su ispravili Hoggartovo olako odbacivanje masovne kulture kao 'blistavo upakiranog seksa', kao traćenja teško stečene pismenosti i kao nečega što otkriva koliko su složene i političke (s malim 'p') subkulture i pop-glazba ustvari bile i jesu. Ustvari, tu bih otišao i nešto dalje. Dvadesetih godina 20. stoljeća naširoko su se vodile debate o 'proletkultu', proleterskoj kulturi u Sovjetskom Savezu, o tome je li moguće stvoriti specifično proletersku kulturu umjesto buržajske ili nije. U to vrijeme sve je to bilo prilično nedefinirano, a velika postignuća sovjetske avangarde nisu bila nužno proleterska (iako nekolicina njezinih predstavnika, poput Maljeviča, Rodčenka, Meljnikova ili Leonidova, doista nije imala buržajsko podrijetlo). I Lenjin i Trocki smatrali su da je proleterska umjetnost paradoks i da bi, kada bi se i pojavila, bila čisti amaterizam. Ustvari, termin 'proleterska umjetnost' naposljetku je počeo označavati

mlaki novi klasicizam socrealizma, a ne futurizam kakvome su se neki izvorno nadali. Eto, meni se čini da je niz punk-post-punk-hardcore upravo neki oblik futurističke proleterske kulture, uz mogućnost lako dostupne distribucije i produkcije kakva je otvorena umjetniku iz radničke klase, kod kojega su izobrazba i klasično obrazovanje sasvim irelevantni. Stoga mislim da je u tom smislu njihov rad još uvijek vrijedan, ali ondje gdje se s njime ne slažem jest degeneracija Birminghamske škole i njezino svođenje na ideju da je svaki čin potrošnje neka vrsta subverzije ili otpora, što ja smatram apsolutno neuvjerljivim. Mislim da je važno istaknuti i transformacijske mogućnosti i duboko apolitičnu stvarnost masovne kulture, umjesto da gledamo na šoping kao na sredstvo subverzije loših struktura koje su nametnute odozgo. A to nas dovodi do...

MARKO KOSTANIĆ: Jedno od prevladavajućih objašnjenja sloma Istočnog bloka zasniva se na tvrdnji o 'želji za konzumom' istočne radničke klase. Zanimarimo li glupost tog objašnjenja, njegova relevantnost u aktualnim debatama mogla bi nam možda otkriti nešto o širem okviru u koji valja zadrijeti pri pokušaju ponovne uspostave ili ponovnog promišljanja političkih i kulturnih praksi modernizma.

OWEN HATHERLEY: Pa... da. Čini se da je i to povezano s pitanjem potrošnje kao otpora i herojskih potrošača s njihovim mikro-subverzijama planiranja i čega sve ne. Očito je da smatram kako je to prilično suluda ideja – ne mislim da su obilje pornografije i veliki lanci H&M-a bili na listi želja Solidarnosti – ali način na koji su strujanja nakon 1989. redom prigrlila neoliberalizam (uz zanimljivu iznimku ljevičara PDS-a u Istočnoj Njemačkoj) znači da je to način na koji se to danas redovito tumači. Stoga zalagati se za zanezarene kvalitete svijeta iz razdoblja nakon 1945., a prije 1979. ili 1989., osobito za estetiku toga doba, u određenom smislu znači izložiti se optužbama za 'ostalgiju' ili ono to sam u britanskom kontekstu nazvao 'nostalgijom za strogoćom'.

Moj prijatelj Mark Fisher o tome govori na vrlo zanimljiv način, naime kaže da su naizgled statične, paternalističke i birokratske institucije poslijeratnog socijaldemokratskog konsenzusa ustvari ostavljale više prostora raznim mogućnostima, više prostora avangardi, nego što to čini navodno obilje izbora u razvijenom neoliberalizmu. Često koristi kao primjer glazbu iz BBC-jeve televizijske emisije *Doctor Who*, gdje je 60-ih i 70-ih godina u pozadini svirala *musique concrète* BBC-jeve Radiofoničke radionice te se tako u epizodi "Demoni mora", na primjer, u ključnom televizijskom terminu mogla čuti glazba koja je zvučala kao Throbbing Gristle više nego bilo što drugo. Kada je ta emisija ponovo oživljena prije nekoliko godina, glazba je odjednom bila nekakva mlaka orkestralna kašica. To nas dovodi do onoga što Mark naziva 'retrospektivnim imposibilizmom', ideje da je avangardna glazba subotom uvečer nemoguća i da je stoga oduvijek bila nemoguća, iako ustvari možemo pokazati da su takve stvari još donedavno smatrane normalnima i svakodnevnima. To se često javlja u mojim projektima, naime ideja da se masovne stambene zgrade 'ne mogu' graditi u samouvjerenom modernističkom stilu, budući da je to komercijalno nemoguće. Činjenica da komercijalnost u tom trenutku nije bila krajnja svrha cjelokupne kulture značila je da je tako nešto ustvari bilo moguće i da je ograničenost komercijalnog aspekta ustvari značila više 'raznolikosti' u svakodnevnom životu, a ne manje. Ako želimo da se te stvari ponovo događaju (a dakako da se ne bi ponovile niti se trebaju ponoviti na sasvim isti način), onda trebamo izdubiti nove kolektivne prostore i nove *institucionalne* prostore (budući da se po marginama prčka već više nego dovoljno) negdje gdje lov na profit nije jedini kriterij za postojanje nečega i gdje više nema prisilnog imperativa da se patroniziraju 'obični ljudi'.

MARKO KOSTANIĆ: Možete li opisati projekt na kojemu trenutno radite – "Amerikanizacija" weimarske Njemačke i Sovjetskog Saveza dvadesetih godina 20. stoljeća?

OWEN HATHERLEY: To je moj doktorat i još nije završen pa vam o tome ne mogu reći mnogo. Radi se o izučavanju pojma amerikanizma u tim dvjema zemljama. To je nešto što se obično smatra – ne bez razloga – povezanim s fetišom fordizma, tejlorizma i američkih menadžerskih tehnika nadzora. Iako to ne želim zataškavati, postoji relativno malo studija o popularnom amerikanizmu toga doba, vremena kada su marksistički mislioci i umjetnici bili naprosto opčinjeni proizvodima masovno proizvedene masovne kulture te su gledali iste filmove i sanjali uglavnom iste snove kao i masovna publika, samo što su te nove 'američke' forme nastojali prilagoditi vlastitim ciljevima. Dijelovi koji su trenutno manje-više gotovi govore o *slapstick* komediji (od Chaplina do Kulešova) i o neboderima od Chicaga do Harkova. Treći dio, na kojemu trenutno radim, bavi se 'funkcionalizmom' u Njemačkoj i načinu na koji se on odnosi (ili bolje: ne odnosi) prema popularnim snovima amerikanizma; a četvrti će biti o američkom utjecaju na 'treće' staljinističko razdoblje krajem dvadesetih i početkom tridesetih godina. Glavna svrha disertacije je na neki način izučiti novi prostor i način na koji se to odnosi prema onome što je Benjamin nazvao 'kolektivnim snom', kao i prema politici i masovnoj kulturi. U određenom smislu radi se o retrospektivnoj argumentaciji o političkoj učinkovitosti – ili neučinkovitosti – popkulture.

Owen Hatherley

In conversation with Marko Kostanić

Introduction translated from the Croatian by Marina Miladinov

The confusion in debates on cultural production within the contemporary left owes a good amount of its reputation to the fact that a considerable part of the contemporary left is – cultural left. The process of culturalization of the left is parallel to and conditioned by the neoliberal counterrevolution, which has almost entirely destroyed the potentials of leftist, socially transformative projects and questioned the legitimacy of participation of radical ideas in public space. Those ideas have been transferred to the domain of culture and their social verification is now feasible only through their application in cultural and artistic projects. Notions such as socialism can secure their entry into the public debate and acquisition of the status of a relevant topic, void of all tabloidization or association with political affairs, only by taking on the aura of project applicability. That aura establishes a distance and abolishes the possibility of politicization.

The source of confusion should be sought in the deficiency of historical perspective. Recurring questions of evaluating the political effects of cultural and artistic practices usually end in self-disappointment and lamentations over one's own futility. With those who are politically entirely disoriented, it might even end in narcissist self-glorification. The problem lies in the incompleteness of historicization of the evaluation criteria. The political productivity of certain modernist tendencies in the first half of the 20th century was not a fruit of genius or cleverness of individual authors or groups, much less of the weakness of cooptation strategies in the political system of the time. Modernist movements were part of a broader political movement and its mass character ensured their political visibility and influence. Absence of this type of massive scale in the leftist movement of today is also the key reason for the lack of politically productive artistic movements. The issue is not so much what is produced, but in what sort of historical and political framework it is produced.

In his book on *Militant Modernism*, the exceptionally prolific young British theoretician of culture Owen Hatherley has described and analyzed precisely such modernist cultural practices, primarily in architecture and music, which were a constitutive part of leftist political programmes and directly linked to the everyday life of the working classes. His other writings on this topic include articles in a number of prominent newspapers and magazines such as *The Guardian*, *New Left Review*, *The Wire*, and *International Socialism*, as well as blogs *sit down man*, *you're a bloody tragedy* and *The Measures Taken*. His visit to Zagreb late in 2009, during which he held a lecture in the framework of the *East Dance Academy* project, gave us an occasion for a short interview.

MARKO KOSTANIĆ: Can you elaborate the concept of Militant Modernism in relation to other Modernisms?

OWEN HATHERLEY: Militant Modernism is something of a composite, in that it combines two things which intersect but need not necessarily do so (but are far more powerful when they do intersect) and is a historical anachronism in that none of those who I describe thus would have used the term. By Militant Modernism I mean, first of all, those Modernisms which are most extreme in their break with the past, which suggest a permanent revolution rather than a new orthodoxy. So, in art I refer to Vorticism and Constructivism but not Purism or Minimalism; in architecture Brutalism and not the International Style; in music Delia Derbyshire over Stockhausen, and post-punk, synth-pop and the continuum of rave-jungle-2step-grime rather than the milieu of clicks & cuts or 'Intelligent Dance Music'; in theatre Brecht over Beckett; and in film Makavajev over Ken Loach. In all of these cases the Modernism in question is in direct opposition to 'things as they are', has no interest in blending in with an existing environment, does not aim to produce a modern classicism. Politically speaking, Militant Modernism is Modernism when it does not merely have 'views on politics', but when it is immanently political, when it attempts a revolution of everyday life, and in this category some, if not all, of the art above can be included.

In terms of how it relates to other Modernisms, it is in explicit polemic with certain conceptions of what Modernism is. Naturally it has little truck with the English Literature definition of Modernism as Virginia Woolf or DH Lawrence, but in architecture it dissents with the idea of Modernism held up by Peter Eisenman in the 1970s and '80s, which in essence claimed that a true Modernism in architecture had not occurred because it was too tied up with 'humanism', by which he means emancipatory politics, but I stress that mass architecture was at its most Modern at that very point. What I'm not doing, I hope it should be clear, is laying exclusive claim to the word 'Modernism' – Woolf or Eisenman don't cease to be Modernists because I say so, but I do try to

argue for a Modernism which their dominance effaces.

MARKO KOSTANIĆ: Cultural studies are a product of a specific historical moment in postwar England and can be situated within the tradition of English Marxist historiography. How can you situate cultural studies in relation to the Modernist projects of rearranging working class *Lebenswelt*?

OWEN HATHERLEY: This is a rather complicated point. Cultural studies comes as much out of the work of Richard Hoggart, who was no Marxist, as much as it comes from, say, the Communist Party Historians Group and the likes of E. P. Thompson. In *The Uses of Literacy* Hoggart appears sceptical about Modernism, when it interests him at all. He points out – rightly – that the politically active, the self-educated and those who were specifically interested in a modernist transformation of life were in the minority in the English proletariat, and he tries to give an account of those who were not, as he puts it, 'Jude the Obscure'. In the 1950s that may have had a certain value at a time when the rest of the class may have been ignored or overlooked in favour of the idealisation of the politically active and the autodidact, but 50 years later the movement is wholly the other way. The working class are largely thought of as an inert, naturally racist and ill-educated rump, who desire tradition if anything, and in the process a whole section of the English proletariat – the conscious part of it – has simply been written out of the account. The journey from E. P. Thompson's *Making of the English Working Class* to Michael Collins' recent *The Likes of Us – A Biography of the White Working Class* is an extremely symptomatic one. If Thompson concentrated only on the conscious proletarians and ignored or dismissed the 'church and king mob', for Collins the 'church and king mob' are the only authentic proletariat and the other simply didn't exist. Needless to say, I think that Thompson's proletariat can be linked to a Modernist project and the Collins' can't.

The Uses of Literacy, and more directly the work of Wilmott & Young, was certainly

an influence on some attempts to reform 'working class Lebenswelt' if you like, in the form of New Brutalism, which in the case of, say, Park Hill in Sheffield attempted to study the networks of friendship and sociality in working class areas and apply them to a Modernism which would break with the purism of the international style (which they had all claimed broke up communities without providing a similar structure as a replacement), by creating a warmer, more bustling, less channelled architecture – but whether Hoggart would have approved of this I have no idea. Certainly the Modernism of Park Hill or even of places like Thamesmead was never intended to be a puritan imposition on the working class, but aimed to work with rather than against it. The Brutalist architect Peter Smithson once lamented that the working class he felt he was building for – people from a similar background to his parents, the skilled, self-educated, trade unionist side of the working class – were not those who ended up living in Brutalist council estates. At the same time, the destruction and denigration of public housing seems the major factor in this rather than some kind of revulsion against concrete.

With reference to the later version of cultural studies, that of the Birmingham School, well – I have a great deal of respect for the work of Dick Hebdige or Stuart Hall, particularly in correcting Hoggart's lofty dismissal of mass culture as 'sex in shiny packets', as a waste of hard-won literacy and revealing how complex and (small p) political subcultures and popular musics actually were and are. In fact, I'd actually take that a few steps further. In the 1920s, there were extensive debates over 'Proletcult', proletarian culture, in the Soviet Union, about whether or not it were possible to create a specifically proletarian rather than bourgeois art. At the time this was all fairly inconclusive, and the great achievements of the Soviet avant-garde were not necessarily proletarian (although a handful of its members – Malevich, Rodchenko, Melnikov, Leonidov – were not from bourgeois backgrounds). Both Lenin and Trotsky considered proletarian art to be a contradiction in terms, and that if it did emerge it would be mere

amateurism. In fact, 'proletarian art' eventually came to mean the bland new classicism of Socialist Realism rather than the Futurism that some originally hoped it might be. Well, it seems to me that punk, post-punk, and the hardcore continuum were precisely a form of futurist proleto-cult, with a means of easily accessible distribution and production open to the working class artist, in which training and classical education were entirely irrelevant. So in that sense I think their work is still valuable, but where I dissent from it is in the degeneration of the Birmingham School into the idea that every act of consumption is some sort of act of subversion or resistance, which I find enormously unconvincing. I think it's important to stress both the transformative possibilities and the deeply apolitical realities of mass culture, rather than seeing shopping as a means of subverting bad top-down structures. Which brings us to...

MARKO KOSTANIĆ: One of the dominant explanations of the collapse of the Eastern Bloc has been based on the Eastern working class's 'will to consume'. The stupidity of this explanation aside, its relevance in current debates can perhaps tell us something about the broader framework in which you have to intervene trying to re-establish or reinvent political and cultural practices of Modernism.

OWEN HATHERLEY: Well, yes. This seems to be linked again to the question of consumption as resistance, and the heroic consumer with their microsubversions of planning and what have you. Obviously I think this to be a fairly dimwitted idea – I don't think abundant porn and large branches of H&M were on Solidarność's list of demands – but the way that the post-1989 currents all embraced neoliberalism (with the interesting exception of the PDS/Linke in East Germany) means that this is how it is invariably read today. So there is a sense in which to argue for the overlooked qualities of the post-1945 and pre-1979 or 1989 world, specifically the aesthetics of that time, is to open oneself to the accusations of Ostalgie or what I've called in the British context 'austerity nostalgia'.

My friend Mark Fisher makes a very interesting point on this, on how the apparently statist, paternalist, bureaucratic institutions of the postwar social-democratic consensus actually had more room for possibility, more space for the avant-garde, than does the alleged abundance of choice in late neoliberalism. He often uses as an example the music to the BBC television programme *Doctor Who*, which in the 1960s and 1970s was soundtracked by the musique concrete of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, so in, say, the episode “The Sea Devils” music which sounded more like Throbbing Gristle than anything else was played on prime-time television. When it was revived a few years ago the music was a bland orchestral pap. This leads to what Mark calls ‘retrospective impossibilism’, the idea that avant-garde music on a Saturday night is impossible and hence was always impossible, when in fact one can point to such things being considered normal and everyday in the recent past. In my own project this comes up often, the idea that you ‘can’t’ build mass housing in a confidently modernist vein, because it’s commercially impossible. The fact that commerce was not the eventual aim of all culture at that point meant that these things actually were possible, that limits on commerce meant more ‘diversity’ in the everyday, not less. In order for those things to occur again (and of course they would not and need not recur in exactly the same fashion) new collective spaces need to be carved out, and new *institutional* spaces (as there’s already more than enough fiddling at the margins) somewhere that the pursuit of profit is not the sole criteria for something’s existence, and where there is no longer the compulsory imperative to patronise ‘ordinary people’.

MARKO KOSTANIĆ: Can you describe the project you are currently working on – the ‘Americanization’ in Weimar Germany and the USSR in the 1920s?

OWEN HATHERLEY: It’s a PhD, and is not finished, so there’s only so much I can tell you. It’s a study of the notion of Americanism in the two countries. This is something usually considered – not without reason – to be tied up with the fetish for Fordism, Taylorism, for American managerial techniques of control. While I do not intend to whitewash this, there is a relative lack of studies of the popular Americanism of the period, the time when Marxist thinkers and artists were absolutely in love with the products of a mass-produced mass culture, going to see the same films, and having much the same dreams as the mass audience, but trying to bend the new ‘American’ forms to their own ends. Currently the parts of it that are more-or-less complete are on slapstick comedy (from Chaplin to Kuleshov), and on skyscrapers from Chicago to Kharkov. The third part, which I’m working on at the moment, is on ‘functionalism’ in Germany, and how it relates (or rather doesn’t relate) to popular dreams of Americanism; and the fourth will be on American influence in the Stalinist ‘third period’ of the late 20s/early 30s. The essential aim of the work is some kind of study of new space, and how this relates to what Benjamin calls ‘the collective dream’, and how this in turn relates both to politics and mass culture. In a way, it’s a retrospective argument about the political efficacy – or otherwise – of pop.





Svijet među nama

Marina Garcés

Sa španjolskoga prevela Sandra Palihnić

Da bismo mogli reći *mi*, valja naučiti prepoznati anonimnost svijeta među nama. U tom procesu, anonimnost prestaje biti sinonim za lišenost ili siromaštvo subjekta te nam se prikazuje kao bogatstvo svijeta kojeg smo dio. Govorit ću o tom bogatstvu i kako ga shvatiti u političkom smislu.

1.

U tu svrhu, prvo nam se zapitati zašto nam je tako teško reći *mi*. U kojem je smislu to tako? Teško je kada ne znamo s kim računamo, tko su *naši*. Kada u mnoštvu poznanstava i odnosa ne nalazimo saveznike, kada živimo u neznanju i svejedno je... No, teško je i kada moramo posegnuti za vanjskim identitetima da nam kažu tko smo da bismo se osjetili prepoznatima ili kada se, generalizirajući, izgubimo u praznim univerzalijama. Tako se čini da iskustvo pojma *mi* ne postoji samo po sebi:

- rastapa se u zbroju *jastava* (mnoštvo, mreža poznanstava, javnost, statistički podaci...)
- zatvara se u identifikaciji (novi i stari kulturni, etnički, estetički i drugi identiteti)
- neutralizira se u apstrakcijama (državljanstvo, čovječanstvo...)

Pojam *mi* je političko, filozofsko i egzistencijalističko pitanje koje se ne poklapa sa sociološkim pitanjem identifikacije činitelja/predstavnika određene društvene situacije. Ne rješava se odgovorom na pitanje TKO, već se u njemu zatvara jer je to pitanje uvijek otvoreno i uvijek konkretno zbog naših veza, zbog naše uvrštenosti u svijet kojeg kolektivno činimo i mijenjamo. Nadovezujući se na ranija kritička promišljanja, radi se o tome da se novim riječima objasni autonomija pojma *mi* u svom najburnijem obliku, u nestalnoj ravnoteži između prazne apstrakcije i zatvorene određenosti. Kao kiša rosulja koja više nije u zraku, ali još uvijek nije smočila tlo, a svaka kap u mnoštvu je u pokretu... Kako biti kiša rosulja? Kako shvatiti pojam *mi* u njegovoj konkretnoj autonomiji? Kako pokoriti nove veze ne ostajući u njima zatočen, pretvarajući to osvajanje u proces oslobođenja?

2.

Kako bismo se približili odgovoru na ta pitanja, predlažem da na brzinu ponovimo kratku epizodu iz povijesti filozofije prve polovice XX. stoljeća. U glavnim su ulogama Heidegger, Sartre i Merleau-Ponty. 1927. godine u svom djelu *Bitak i vrijeme* Heidegger promiče ideju, gotovo anti-modernističku i neznatno zapadnjačku, da je subitak (Mitsein) temeljna struktura postojanja, odnosno da se ne radi o nečemu izvedenom, sekundarnom u odnosu na bitak-po-sebi, da ne postoji *ja* ispred biti-SA. Budući da postojati znači biti otvoren svijetu, neprestano smo u odnosu s drugima, postoji određeno supojavljivanje koje ima prvenstvo pred našim osobnim odnosima jedan na jedan, jedan s drugim. Petnaest godina poslije, u svom djelu *Bitak i ništavilo*, Sartre se suprotstavlja hajdegerijanskoj tezi smatrajući je "neutemeljenom tvrdnjom", "apstraktnom" idejom koja nam ne pomaže u pojašnjavanju konkretnog odnosa među svijestima. Konkretno, Sartre smatra da su svi odnosi s drugima osobni, a osobe su, u kakvom god odnosu da se radi, prvenstveno jedno *ja* i jedno *ti*. Utoliko bi biti-sa pretpostavljalo biti-radi-drugog, trenutak vanjštine, sukob, susret i prepoznavanje. Iskustvo pojma *mi* tako je subjektivan, psihološki i provizoran doživljaj individualne svijesti u odnosu konfrontacije s drugim. Heideggerov pokušaj da prijeđe s *borbe* na *grupu*, bezuspješan je pokušaj nadilaženja konfrontacije na relaciji *ja-ti*, borbe svijesti kao temeljne strukture intersubjektivnosti. "Srž odnosa među svijestima nije biti-sa, već konflikt", tvrdi Sartre⁰¹. Dakle, *mi* ne postoji samo po sebi, može se pojmiti samo kao nešto sekundarno, izvedeno. Kao iskustvo individualne svijesti, može se pojmiti samo kao prošireno ili rastaljeno *ja*, kao proširena svijest.

Čini se da nema izlaza: ili se slažemo s hajdegerijanskom idejom o apstraktnome *mi* koje nema dodira sa stvarnošću (radi se o ontološkoj strukturi koja se ne može prevesti u ontički svijet) ili ulazimo u područje konkretnoga gdje individualna logika nameće svoje zakone, a ideja o supojavljivanju može biti isključivo sekundarna ili izvedena u odnosu na *ja*.

Tri godine poslije, u djelu *Fenomenologija percepcije*, Merleau-Ponty otvara pitanje kako staviti *ja* u množinu. Predlaže preuzimanje Heideggerove neutemeljene tvrdnje kako bi se ukorijenila u konkretnost svijeta. A da bi se to postiglo, valja prekinuti začarani krug koji nameće logika individualne svijesti. Merleau-Ponty ne namjerava zbrajati bitke-po-sebi niti apstrahirati njihov odnos: on otvara bitak-po-sebi svom bezličnom postojanju. Ne radi se ovdje o brisanju jedinstvenosti pojedinačnih svijesti, već o otvaranju istih prema vlastitoj anonimnosti. Budući da smo otvoreni svijetu, odnosno dio njega, uvijek postoji nešto u nama što nije potpuno naše, što ne možemo svrstati u naše *ja*. Ono što je anonimnom, što ne pripada nikome, što se ne može pripisati ovom ili onom pojedincu, ovoj ili onoj svijesti, temeljna je dimenzija našeg postojanja utoliko što je upisano u tijelo i svijet. Merleau-Ponty traga za anonimnom komponentom, za tragovima drugog, za aktivnosti u kojoj i ja sudjelujem. Traži tragove u tijelima, vječno isprepletenima u prividnoj razdaljini, u povijesti, ne kao zakonu već kao "istini koju valja učiniti", kao osjećaju pripadnosti i kao nečemu što se uvijek iznova ponavlja. Merleau-Ponty ne nalazi anonimnost u izbrisanom subjektu, već u svijetu nastanjenom osjećajima, tijelima, gestama, odnosima... U zajedničkom svijetu, koji ne pripada nikome, u svijetu u kojem smo svi *mi* i sve povezane stvari. U ovoj veoma konkretnoj dimenziji kolektivnog života postoji *mi* koje ima prvenstvo pred dijeljenjem svijesti. *Mi* koje nije samo osobno ili koje je osobno samo u lokalnom i povremenom smislu. *Mi* koje čak nije ni isključivo ljudsko, već utjelovljuje sve ono što se može osjetiti.

⁰¹ Sartre, *L'être et le néant*, Gallimard, 1943., str. 481.

Ova anonimnost ne pretpostavlja gubitak lica. Ono što se gubi, budući da se inkorporira kao dimenzija egzistencije, jest usamljenost lica. Ono što se dobiva jest svijet nastanjen osjećajima, vizija neiscrpno ekspresivnog i potajice artikuliranog bića. Anonimnost, kao nešto beskonačno, stoga nije deficit, već potencijal. Nije nedefiniranost, već polje odnosa, nije beznačajnost, već društvena ekspresivnost. "Imam svijet kao beskonačan pojedinac kroz svoje tijelo koje je potencijal tog svijeta"⁰². Anonimnost nije rastapanje nego ko-implikacija, "komplikacija" mogli bismo reći. Ta ko-implikacija je *mi*. Tu se može održati autonomija pojma *mi*, pojma biti-sa koji nije sekundaran niti izveden iz osobnog odnosa između *ja* i *ti*, već je temeljna dimenzija života kao aktivnosti stvaranja i transformacije svijeta. Naučiti anonimnost stoga ne znači nestati nego "probuditi se u vezama"⁰³, ili drugim riječima, pobijediti slobodu u isprepletenosti.

3.

Htjela sam se nadovezati na ovu raspravu jer način na koji Merleau-Ponty prekida alternativu između apstrakcije zajedničkog i individualne konkretnosti te otvara vrata impersonalnoj dimenziji našeg postojanja u svijetu i s drugima u tjelesnom, aktivnom i konkretnom smislu, otvara mogućnost traženja novih ključeva za promišljanje o dvama pitanjima koja su ključna u vremenu pulverizacije društvenih veza:

- Odnos između nas i svijeta. Kako postojati u svijetu, kako preuzeti ulogu koja nije isključivo promatračka i potrošačka? Što znači angažirati se? Kako prestati biti promatrač? Kako tvoriti umjesto konzumirati predmete i iskustva?
- Osjećaj naše međuovisnosti koja se ne svodi samo na očuvanje vrste, već koja se poima kao politički problem suživota koji je istovremeno osoban i univerzalan.

Snaga anonimnosti ruši kodekse vidljivosti, zastupanja, identiteta, legitimeteta, pristupa svijetu. Ne radi se samo o mogućnosti bijega i rastapanja, već o tome da nam vraća svijet kao nešto čega smo dio, što nam je izazov i što zahtjeva od nas da ne prihvaćamo dano, da odbacimo ono što nas razdvaja, da izbrišemo razdaljine koje jamče upotrebu moći. Snaga anonimnosti ruši kodekse koji privatiziraju život. Vodi nas do granica našega maloga *ja* kako bi nam pokazala da je nemoguće biti samo individua, pa čak i biti isključivo čovjek. Prisiljava nas da razmišljamo i da živimo iz naše beskonačnosti, iz beskonačnosti koja je "snaga svijeta", ne iz učinjene istine, već iz istine koju valja učiniti.

Rušeći ove kodekse, snaga anonimnosti otvara nove perspektive kritici i političkoj refleksiji. Sažet ću ih u tri osi pitanja:

U prvom redu kritici stavlja na raspolaganje točku gledišta koja ne pripada svijesti koja sudi (stvarnost koja je ispred), već **tijelu koje sudjeluje**. Tijelo je dio hranidbenog lanca, mreže podrške, okruženo je prijetnjama, željama, nalazi se u određenim povijesno-društvenim uvjetima. Tijelo je nemoguće ne živjeti. Pati, uživa, iscrpljuje se, žudi, ranjivo je, ali odupire se, vjeruje, reproducira se. Tijelo sudjeluje jer uključuje postojanje drugoga makar bilo samo. U tijelu je i osobno i bezlično, pojedinačno i anonimno, vanjština i tama. Imati tijelo znači moći biti dotaknut. Dotaknuti i biti dotaknut. Imati/ biti tijelo znači ovisiti o drugima, ostaviti trag. Kakve su posljedice za kritičko

⁰² Merleau-Ponty, *Phénoménologie de la perception*, Gallimard, 1945., str. 402.

⁰³ Merleau-Ponty, M.: *Les aventures de la dialectique*, Gallimard, 1953., str. 278.

promišljanje ako se stvari sagledaju sa stajališta tog tijela? Već neko vrijeme filozofija poima i tijelo kao objekt mehanizama moći. Ali, moje pitanje ide korak dalje. Kako utjeloviti kritiku? Nadovezujući se na određene feminističke i marksističke izraze, kako od našeg tjelesnog kontakta sa svijetom i s drugima stvoriti temelj kritičke misli, kritičku moć? Što bi bili njezini koncepti, prakse, materijali?

U drugom redu, snaga anonimnosti kao perspektiva kritičke misli zahtjeva od nas da shvatimo zajedničko kao nešto što je **više od prostora/ vremena koje privilegira politika**. Ne samo institucionalizirana politika, što je očigledno, već također i trenutak pobune ili revolucije, trenutak supojavljanja kao apoteoze. Prosvjed, štrajk, pobuna, okupacija, sve su to privilegirani trenuci od kojih je svibanj 1968. najbliža ikona, trenuci u kojima aktivnost i riječ probijaju stvarnost, otvaraju prostor kolektivnom izumu, subverziji uloga, poništavanju normalnih uvjeta postojanja. To su trenuci u kojima mogućnost supojavljanja preoblikuje stvarnost i njezino polje mogućnosti. Blanchot je rekao da je svibanj 1968. šutke završio jer nije trebao trajati.⁰⁴ Međutim, tijelo traje. Kako se vratiti u normalu zdravog razuma? Pođimo dalje od supojavljanja i zapitajmo se kako živjeti zajedno? Neki smatraju da ono što dolazi poslije tog pitanja više nije politika. Prije nekoliko tjedana na seminaru koji se održao u sklopu poslijediplomskog studija o praksi tijela⁰⁵ razgovarali smo o potrebi postojanja dvaju tijela istodobno: jednog koje stvara i drugog koje preživljava, jednog koje je neprestano s drugima i drugog koje se samo vraća kući, jednog koje se osjeća sposobno promijeniti svijet i drugog koje je svjesno da ne može prevladati svoju nemoć. Kako živjeti s dva tijela? Možda odvajajući javni život od privatnoga za kojeg se već pobrinuo kapital i razotkrio ga u svoju korist? Naša tijela žive i dalje, a sa svojim vezama mogu splesti konopac ili tkaninu. Čini se da se nakon događaja osvojena riječ povlači. Ali, kako znamo? Ljudi se i dalje posjećuju, razgovaraju o svojim životima, o svojim nesigurnostima, željama i tegobama. Glas postaje glasina. To su oblici otpora u svakodnevicu za koje politička filozofija ne nalazi riječi. Ne mislim na otpor "naroda" u odnosu na otpor "avangarde" ili "učenih". Radi se o otporu anonimnog bića, a to smo svi mi makar imali ime. Kako ga pronaći? Kako ispitivati i eksperimentirati na ovom području? Kako se izraziti, a da se izbjegne identifikacija?

Naposljetku, snaga anonimnosti dozvoljava nam da pitanje zajedništva zamijenimo pitanjem **zajedničkog svijeta**. Zajedništvo je obećanje koje se uvijek odgađa, idealan regulator naših zajedničkih praksi te slike budućeg pomirenog društva. Ideja zajedništva ponovno dovodi do pitanja TKO. I u svojoj srži, za odgovor joj je potrebna ideja o novom čovjeku. Čovjek kojeg tek treba definirati, stvoriti, proizvesti. Zato je zajedništvo uvijek ono što nam nedostaje. S druge strane, ideja o zajedničkom svijetu je sigurnost koja se ne da opravdati i od koje uvijek možemo početi. Tu smo, okruženi beskrajnim lancem radnji, značenja, predmeta, odnosa, dominacija, mogućnosti... Možemo misliti da među nama nema ničega: samo ponor, omaglica, samo mogućnost pojave (drugoga). Kako pronaći drugog? Čovjek je dakle horizont skoka bez zajedničke jedinice mjerenja. Ali, ako pomislimo da je "među" puno, da je to beskonačno polje odnosa koji niti počinju niti završavaju mnome, tada će izlaganje značiti pronalazak svijeta kojeg smo dio. Ne zajedništva, već zajedničkog svijeta u kojemu se možemo boriti, živjeti, stvarati. Zanimljivo je da se riječ zajednica počela naveliko upotrebljavati u informacijskom društvu. Ta riječ označava upravo autoreferencu na pojedinačne svjetove: skup korisnika koje povezuje isti cilj. Zajednica zatim pojedinačno imenuje proživljene svjetove, njihovu su-izolaciju. Izostanak zajedničke dimenzije.

04 Blanchot, M.: *La communauté inavouable*, Ed.Minuit, 1983., str. 52.

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Pitajući TKO, taj se "tko" fragmentira i minimalizira. S druge strane, u iskustvu zajedničkog svijeta pitanje "tko" više ne funkcionira, anonimnost to pitanje poništava i istovremeno izražava polje odnosa. Ideja o svijetu je potpuna: možemo je zamisliti ili zastupati. Ideja o zajedničkom svijetu nije. Uvijek je pomalo mutna jer se uvijek još nešto može vidjeti, učiniti, stvoriti. Nešto što ne znamo i za što nam je potreban drugi.

Shvatiti anonimnost znači shvatiti tu mutnost onoga što se ne može predstaviti, shvatiti bogatstvo onoga što nije dovršeno i što samo mogu nastaviti drugi o kojima ne znamo ništa. Otvaranje te mogućnosti ima veze sa starom idejom o emancipaciji kao kolektivnom zadatku. Emancipacija koja ideju slobode ne prepušta pojedincu, već mogućnosti da se svijet stvara kolektivno i na autonoman način. Kao što smo ranije rekli: mogućnost da se osvoji sloboda u isprepletenosti.

Sažimajući tri mogućnosti koje smo opisali, mogli bismo reći da su iz *perspektive* uključenog tijela, *korak dalje* od politički privilegiranog prostora/ vremena i *prema* zajedničkom svijetu koordinate teorijskog i praktičnog prostora koji nam se otvara zahvaljujući snazi anonimnosti i u kojem se nalazi mogućnost pronalaska plodnog polja za borbu protiv teškog progona koji privatizira, identificira i depolitizira i kojem su danas, u manjem ili većem stupnju, podvrgnuti naši životi i s kojeg se možemo usuditi reći, hrabro, *mi*.

A World between Us

Marina Garcés

Translated from the Spanish by Marina Miladinov

In order to be able to speak about “us”, we must learn to understand the anonymity of the world that is between us. In this process, the anonymity ceases to be a synonym for deprivation or poorness of the subject and reveals itself as the richness of the world in which we are implicated. The topic I will speak about is that richness and how we should think about it politically.

1.

To this purpose, the first thing we must ask ourselves is why it should be so hard for us to say “we”? In which sense is it true? It happens when we do not know whom to rely on, whom we can count among the “ours”. When we are unable to find any allies in the multitude of our contacts and relations, when we live in ignorance and it does not really matter... But it also happens when we are forced to recur to external identities in order to be told who we are in order to feel recognized, or when despite generalizing we find ourselves lost in empty universalities. It seems, therefore, that the experience of “us” does not exist in itself:

- It is diluted in the sum of “I”s (the multitude, the network of contacts, the public, the statistical data...)
- It is enclosed in identification (the new and the old identities: cultural, ethnic, aesthetical...)
- It is neutralized in abstraction (the citizenship, the mankind...)

The question about “us” is political, philosophical, and existential; it does not coincide with the sociological question about the identification of actors/agents in a particular social situation. It is not resolved in an answer to the question WHO? and yet it is enclosed in it, since it is a question that remains forever open and always concrete as a result of our ties, our inscription into the world that we are producing and transforming collectively. In continuity with some of the previous critical thinking, it is about reflecting in new words on this autonomy of “us”, on its most embodied intemperance, on its precarious balance between empty abstractions and enclosed particularities. Like gentle rain, which is no longer in the skies, but has not yet reached the ground, with each one of its innumerable drops in the movement of falling... How can we be that gentle

rain? How can we think of the term “us” in its concrete autonomy? How can we conquer our ties without remaining entangled in them, by transforming that conquest into a process of liberation?

2.

In order to get deeper into these questions, I am proposing to cast a glance on a brief episode that belongs to the history of philosophy from the first half of the 20th century. Its protagonists are Heidegger, Sartre, and Merleau-Ponty. In 1927, in his *Being and Time*, Heidegger ventured an idea that was almost anti-modernist and not western in the least, namely that being-with-others (*Mitsein*) is a fundamental structure of existence, that is to say, that it is not something derived or secondary with respect to an individual existence, that there is no “I” that would precede being WITH others. Since existing means being open to the world, we are already always in relation with others, we are already in a sort of “us”, which precedes our personal, one-to-one relations. Fifteen years later, in his book *Being and Nothing*, Sartre rejected this proposal of Heidegger’s, considering it an “unfounded claim,” an “abstract” idea that does not help us to explain the actual relationship between consciousnesses. In fact, for Sartre all relations with the other are personal and the persons are primordially “I” and “you”, in whatever relation they may be. Any being-with-others must therefore presuppose a being-for-others, a moment of outwardness, conflict, encounter, and recognition. All experience of “us” is thus a subjective, psychological, and provisional impression of a particular consciousness in its relation or confrontation with another. Heidegger’s intention of shifting from *struggle* to *cooperation* is, according to Sartre, a futile attempt at surpassing the confrontation of “I” and “you”, the struggle of consciousnesses as the basic scheme of intersubjectivity. “The essence of the relations between consciousnesses is not the *Mitsein*; it is conflict,” claims Sartre.⁰¹ Therefore, the “us” does not exist in itself and can only be conceived secondarily, as a derived concept. As experienced by a particular consciousness, it can only be thought as an “I” that has been extended or dilated, as an extended person.

It seems as if this debate would have no exit: either we remain with Heidegger and his postulate of an abstract “us” that has no contact with the reality (in fact, it is an ontological structure that cannot be translated into the ontic world) or we enter the domain of the concrete, where personal logic imposes its laws and the idea of “us” can only be secondary or derived with respect to “I”.

Three years later, Merleau-Ponty entered the scene with his *Phenomenology of Perception* and raised the question of “how we can transfer the “I” into plural.” He proposed reconsidering the unfounded claim of Heidegger’s and rooting it in the concreteness of the human world. In order to do it, he would have to break the vicious circle imposed by personal logic. Merleau-Ponty did not intend to sum the “I”s or to render their relation abstract: what he did was to open the “I” to its impersonal existence. It did not mean erasing the singularity of each existence, but opening it to its own anonymity. Since we are open to the world, or rather implicated in it, there is always something in us that is not entirely our own, that is not included in our “I”. The anonymous, that which is owned by no-one, which cannot be attributed to this or that individual, to this or that consciousness, is a fundamental dimension of our existence insofar as it is inscribed into the body and the world. Merleau-Ponty

01 Jean-Paul Sartre, *Being and Nothingness*, transl. by Hazel E. Barnes (New York: Washington Square Press, 1993), p. 429.

searches for the traces of this anonymity in things, in which he finds traces of the other, of an activity in which I am also participating; in bodies, always entangled in their apparent distance; in history, not as a law, but as a "truth to be done," as an accumulation of the sense that we are participating in and that demands to be reinvented again and again. Merleau-Ponty does not find the anonymity in the erased subject, but rather in a world that is inhabited by senses, bodies, gestures, relations... in a world that is common to all, that belongs to nobody, although we and all things are implicated in it. In this very concrete dimension of collective life, there is an "us" that precedes the separation of consciousnesses. An "us" that is not only personal, or that is personal only in a local and intermittent manner. An "us" that is by no means only human, but incorporates a sum of all that is sensible.

This anonymity does not presuppose the loss of face. What is lost, by being incorporated as a dimension of existence, is the solitude of face to face. What is gained is a world populated by accumulated senses, a vision of being that is inexhaustibly expressive and secretly articulated. Anonymity as incompleteness is therefore a field of relations rather than a deficiency, it is social expressivity rather than insignificance. "I have the world as an incomplete individual, through the agency of my body as the potentiality of this world."⁰² Anonymity is not a dissolution, but rather a co-implication; we might also call it a "complication". This co-implication is the "us". In this way, one can preserve the autonomy of "us", of a being-with that is neither secondary nor derived from the personal relationship between "I" and "you"; instead, it is a fundamental dimension of human life as an activity of creating and transforming the world. Therefore, acquiring anonymity by no means equals disappearing, but rather "waking up bound,"⁰³ in other words, conquering liberty in entanglement.

3.

I decided to engage in this debate because the manner in which Merleau-Ponty has broken with the disjunction between the abstraction of the common and the concreteness of persons, thus opening the doors for an impersonal dimension of our existence as involved in the world and with the others in a corporal, active, and concrete way, allows us to search today for new keys for thinking about two issues that are fundamental in these times of pulverizing the social texture:

- The relationship between us and the world. How can we be in the world, how can we take on roles that are beyond those of mere spectators and consumers? What does it mean to intervene? How can we leave the spectator's seat and produce the world instead of just consuming objects and experiences?
- The sense of our interdependence, which is not limited to the task of saving/preserving the species, but understood as a political problem, singular and universal at the same time, of how we can live together.

⁰² Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception*, transl. by Colin Smith (London and New York: Routledge, 1958), p. 408.

⁰³ Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Adventures of the Dialectic*, transl. by Joseph Bien (Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 1973), p. 161.

The force of anonymity breaks the rules of visibility, of representation, of identity, of legitimacy, of access to the world. It does not do it only with its potentiality of escape and dissolution, but above all because it gives us back the world between us as something which we are involved in, which challenges us and demands that we should refuse to accept our fate, tear down

what separates us, and bridge the distances that assure the exercise of power. The force of anonymity breaks the rules that privatize life. It takes us to the limits of our small "I" in order to show us the impossibility of being only an individual, including that of being exclusively human. It obliges us to think and to live from that incompleteness that we are, the incompleteness that is "the strength of this world", not from a ready-made truth, but from the truth that needs making.

By breaking these rules, the force of anonymity opens up new perspectives for criticism and political reflection. I will summarize them in three clusters of questions:

Firstly, it offers to criticism a point of view which is not that of the judging consciousness (judging the reality that it is facing), but that of **an involved body**. The body is involved in an alimentary chain, in a network of concerns, it is surrounded by threats and desires, set in particular historical and social circumstances. For the body, it is impossible not to live. It suffers, enjoys, gets exhausted, desires, it is vulnerable and yet resists, it creates, it reproduces itself. The body is involved because it includes the existence of the other even if it is alone. It is the meeting point of the personal and the impersonal, the singular and the anonymous, appearance and obscurity. Having a body means being able to get affected. To touch and to be touched. To have/be a body means depending on others, leaving a trace. What are the consequences for critical thinking if we assume the point of view of this involved body? It is for some time that philosophy has considered the body as an object of the mechanisms of power. But the question I am asking goes further than that: How can we incorporate criticism? Or, using certain feminist and Marxist expressions: How can we use our corporal contact with the world and with others to make a basis for critical thinking, a critical potentiality? What would be the concepts, the practices, the materials of that thinking?

Secondly, the power of anonymity as a perspective of critical thinking demands that we should think of the common as something **beyond the privileged space/time of politics**. Not only of institutional politics, which is obvious, but also of the insurrectionist and revolutionary moment, the moment of being-together as the apotheosis of "us". Demonstrations, riots, insurrections, occupations... these are the privileged moments, of which May '68 is the most immediate icon, moments in which action and words pierce the reality and open up space for collective invention, for the subversion of roles, for cancelling the normal circumstances of existence. These are the moments in which the possibility of being-together restructures the reality and its field of possibilities. Blanchot once said that May '68 came to an end in silence because it did not need to last.⁰⁴ But the body lasts. How can we turn to normality without going crazy? Beyond just being together, how can we live together? There are some who think that what comes after this question no longer belongs to politics. Some weeks ago, during an MA seminar on corporal practices,⁰⁵ we spoke about the eventual necessity of producing two bodies at the same time: one that creates and one that survives, one that is constantly with others and one that returns home alone, one that feels capable of transforming the world and one that knows its impotence to be unsurpassable. How can we live with two bodies? Perhaps by continuing to preserve the distinction between public and private life, which the capital has already appropriated for its own sake? Our bodies keep on living and can make a rope or a fabric with their ties. After the event, the conquered word seems to retreat. But how do we know that? People keep on

04 Maurice Blanchot, *La communauté inavouable* (Paris: Les Éditions de Minuit, 1983), p. 52.

05 MACAPD (Master en la Práctica de las Artes Contemporáneas & Diseminación), *L'Animal a l'esquena*-Universitat de Girona, 2008-2009.

meeting and talking about their living circumstances, about their precariousness, their desires, their troubles. Voice turns into rumour. These are the forms of resistance against the ordinary that political philosophy has no words to describe. I am not referring here to the resistance of the “people” as opposed to that of the “avant-gardes” or the “illuminated”. It is the resistance of the anonymous being that we all are, even though we have names. How can we track it? How can we explore and experiment in this field? How can we give it an expression without identifying it?

Finally, the force of anonymity allows us to substitute the question of community with that of a **common world**. Community is a promise that is permanently postponed, the ideal that regulates our collective practices and the reconciled society of the future. The idea of community reintroduces the question of WHO. And deep within, it always needs the idea of a new man as its answer. A new man to define, to create, to produce. For this reason, it is always the community that we are missing. The idea of a common world, however, is the unjustifiable certainty from which we can always start. Here we are, entangled in an infinite chain of actions, meanings, things, relations, dominations, possibilities... We may think that there is nothing between us: a pure abyss, pure frenzy, pure possibility of apparition (of the other). How can we find the other? Being together will then be the horizon of an incommensurable leap. But if we think of “between” as being filled, as an infinite field of relations that neither begin nor end in me, exposing us will already mean finding this world in which we are involved. Certainly not a community, but a common world in which we can struggle, live, and create. Curiously enough, the word “community” is one of those words that have experienced an especially powerful revival in the information society. And it has done so in order to designate precisely the self-reference of particular worlds: groups of users interrelated around the same objective. The community then ends by naming the particularized lived worlds, their co-isolation. The absence of a common dimension. In the act of asking WHO, that “who” is fragmented and minimized. On the other hand, in the experience of the common world the question of “who” ceases to function, since the anonymity disqualifies this question and at the same time expresses a field of relations. The idea of the world can be totalized: we can imagine or represent it. But the idea of the common world cannot. It is always opaque because there is always something else to see, to do, to create. Something that we do not know and that needs the other.

Learning the anonymity means learning the opacity of that which cannot be represented, learning the richness of that which has not been completed and can only be continued by others, of whom we know nothing. Opening up that possibility has something to do with the old idea of emancipation as a collective task. A sort of emancipation where the idea of liberty does not concern the individual, but the possibility of creating the world collectively and in an autonomous way. As we have said earlier on: the possibility of conquering liberty by getting entangled.

Summing up these three shifts that we have outlined, we may say that *from* the involved body, *beyond* the privileged space/time of politics and *towards* a common world are the coordinates of theoretical and practical space that has been opened for us by the force of anonymity and in which, in my opinion, we have the possibility of finding a fertile ground where we can fight the severe harassment of privatization, identification, and depoliticization to which our lives are subjected today to a lesser or greater extent, and where we can say, daringly: *us*.





ALESSANDRO BOSSETTI je skladatelj, saksofonist i audio umjetnik. Njegova se djela bave muzikalnošću izgovorenih riječi i neobičnim vidovima govorne komunikacije. Ostvario je i djela temeljena na tekstu i zvuku koja su izvedena uživo, emitirana na radiju i snimljena na nosačima zvuka u nakladništvu diskografskih kuća koje se bave eksperimentalnom glazbom. U svojem se radu kreće između zvukovne antropologije i skladanja, često uključujući prijevod i pogrešno tumačenje u stvaralačkom postupku. Tezenska istraživanja i razgovori često čine osnovu njegovih apstraktnih skladbi zajedno s elektroakustičnim i akustičnim kolažima, strategijama odnosa, uvijekbanim i neučezbanim postupcima sviranja, istraživanjima glasa i digitalnom manipulacijom. Kao saksofonist razvio je osebuju instrumentalni jezik koji uključuje proširene tehnike, šumove i snažan utjecaj elektroničke glazbe. Nastupao je u svim europskim zemljama, zatim u SAD-u i Japanu. Živi i radi pretežno u Berlinu. Predavao je u Umjetničkom zavodu u Chicagu, na Mills College, Sveučilištu u Marylandu, Državnom sveučilištu Jiao-Tong u Taipeiu i u Kalifornijskom zavodu za umjetnost. www.melgun.net

ALESSANDRO BOSSETTI is a composer, saxophonist and sound artist. His works are focused on the musicality of spoken words and unusual aspects of spoken communication. Bosetti has also produced text-sound compositions featured in live performances, radio broadcastings and recordings for labels of experimental music. In his work he explores the line between sound anthropology and composition often including translation and misunderstanding in the creative process. Field research and interviews build the basis for his abstract compositions along with electro-acoustic and acoustic collages, relational strategies, trained and untrained instrumental practices, vocal explorations and digital manipulations. As a saxophonist he has developed an original instrumental language that incorporates extended techniques, noises, and a strong influence from electronic music. He performed in all European countries, USA, and Japan. Bosetti lives and works between Berlin, Milano and Baltimore. He has lectured at The Art Institute of Chicago, Mills College, University of Maryland, National Jiao-Tong University Taipei and California Institute of the Arts. www.melgun.net

Pri spomenu **MLADENA DOLARA** ne pada nam na pamet samo njegova istaknutost u filozofiji, već i originalnost njegovih teorija. Poznat po svojoj usredotočenosti na proučavanje njemačke klasične filozofije, strukturalizma, psihoanalize i filozofije glazbe te po svojem djelovanju kao suosnivač, zajedno sa Slavojem Žižekom i

Alenkom Zupančič, Ljubljanskoga kruga teoretske psihoanalize, Dolar je utjecao na mnoge pišući o europskoj političkoj podsvijesti ili o ljubavi i operi u svojim esejima. Predavao je filozofiju i teoretsku psihoanalizu na Sveučilištu u Ljubljani, na kojemu je i diplomirao, nastavljajući s usavršavanjem na Sveučilištu Paris VIII i Sveučilištu u Westminsteru. Također je bio član uredništva časopisa Problemi i zbirke Analacta. U svojoj zadnjoj monografiji *A Voice and Nothing More*, objavljenoj na engleskom jeziku, ponudio je filozofski utemeljenu teoriju glasa kao lakanovski odnos između predmeta i uzroka. Istraživao je glas s različitih gledišta: lingvistiku glasa, metafiziku glasa, etiku glasa, paradoksalan odnos između glasa i tijela, politiku glasa, pritom naglašavajući uporabu glasa kod Freuda i Kafke.

When mentioning **MLADEN DOLAR** it is not just his philosophical prominence that springs to mind, but also the sheer originality of his theoretical position. Dolar has influenced many with his writings on the European political unconscious, as well as with his essays on love or opera. He is however mostly known for his research focused on German classical philosophy, structuralism, psychoanalysis and philosophy of music, as well as for his activity as one of the founders (along with Slavoj Žižek and Alenka Zupančič) of Ljubljana Circle of Theoretical Psychoanalysis. He has taught philosophy and theoretical psychoanalysis at University of Ljubljana, where he graduated, for more than 20 years. Dolar obtained additional education at University Paris VIII and University of Westminster. He has served as a member of the editorial boards of the magazine Problemi and of the book collection Analacta. In his latest seminal monograph published in English *A Voice and Nothing More* he offers philosophically grounded theory of the voice as a Lacanian object-cause. He looked into the idea of the voice from different viewpoints: the linguistics of the voice, the metaphysics of voice, the ethics of voice, the paradoxical relation between the voice and the body, the politics of voice while emphasizing the uses of the voice in Freud and Kafka.

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN je njemački filozof i profesor filozofije i vizualne kulture na Koledžu Goldsmiths pri Sveučilištu u Londonu. Njegova su prošla istraživanja usmjerena prema odnosu između jezika i povijesti kod auto za poput Adorna, Benjamina i Heideggera. Bavi se pitanjem političke razgradnje – posebno u kontekstu politike identiteta (aktivizam vezan uz AIDS i višekulturalnost). Düttmann je više puta na vrlo originalan način nastojao raspravljati o odnosu između filozofije i pretjerivanja (s osobitim obzirom na

činjeničnost, istinu i povjerenje). U novije je vrijeme proučavao filmove Luchina Viscontija u svjetlu Adornove zamisli da put prema utopiji nikad nije zapriječen stvarnim već mogućim, a njegovo najnovije objavljeno djelo daje kratki pregled same zamisli razgradnje. Njegovo je trenutačno istraživanje usredotočeno na koncept sudjelovanja u umjetnosti. Uz svoj filozofski i akademski angažman, Düttmann je surađivao s fotografkinjom Rut Blees na knjizi iz koje je proizišao libreto komorne opere izvedene u Zavodu za suvremenu umjetnost u Londonu. Düttmann je proglašen najplodnijim Adornovim nasljednikom u području estetike koji se osobito odlikuje svojom ustrajnošću u produbljivanju filozofske misli.

ALEXANDER GARCÍA DÜTTMANN is German philosopher and professor of philosophy and visual culture at Goldsmiths College, University of London. His past research was focused on the relationship between language and history in authors such as Adorno, Benjamin and Heidegger. He addressed the question of political deconstruction – especially in the context of identity politics (AIDS activism, recognition and multiculturalism). Düttmann made several original attempts at discussing the relationship between philosophy and exaggeration (particularly with respect to factuality, truth and trust). Recently, he analyzed Luchino Visconti's films in the light of Adorno's idea that it is never the real but always the possible that blocks the path to utopia, while his latest publication outlines the very idea of deconstruction. In addition to his philosophical and academic output, Düttmann collaborated with photographer Rut Blees on a book that led to creation of the libretto for a chamber opera performed at the ICA in London. It is no exaggeration to say that García Düttmann, with his insistent depth of philosophical reflection, is the most productive Adorno's heir within the field of Aesthetics.

MARINA GARCÉS predaje suvremenu filozofiju na više sveučilišta u Španjolskoj. Također predaje kolegij "teorije tijela" u sklopu programa MACAPD centra L'Animal a l'esquena (Girona), te u sklopu Máster en Artes Escénicas (Universidad de Alcalá). Od 2002. godine koordinira eksperimentalni projekt o praktičkoj i kolektivnoj misli Espai en Blanc (www.espaienblanc.net). Autorica je knjige *In the prisons of the possible* (Barcelona, 2002.), a također objavljuje u različitim publikacijama iz područja kulture, filozofije i politike.

MARINA GARCÉS is professor of Contemporary Philosophy in different Universities in Spain. She also teaches "theories of the body" in the MACAPD Program in L'Animal a l'esquena (Girona) and in the Máster en Artes Escénicas (Universidad de Alcalá). Since

2002 she has coordinated the experimental project on practical and collective thinking Espai en Blanc (www.espaienblanc.net). The author of the book *In the prisons of the possible* (Barcelona, 2002), she writes in cultural, philosophical and political publications.

OWEN HATHERLEY piše za The Guardian, New Statesman, New Humanist, Frieze, Blueprint, The Philosophers' Magazine i The Wire – da imenujemo samo neke. Mnogi poznavatelji weba znat će za njegov blog *sit down man*, you're a bloody tragedy koji se fokusira na estetičke i političke teme u arhitekturi i muzici. Radi na doktorskoj tezi, u suradnji s londonskim kolektivom Kino Fist organizira filmske projekcije i zanimljive događaje, a upravo je u Zero Books objavio svoju prvu knjigu *Militant Modernism*.

OWEN HATHERLEY writes for numerous avenues, including the Guardian, New Statesman, New Humanist, Frieze, Blueprint, The Philosophers' Magazine and the Wire, to name but a few. Many of the webwise will know him for his blog *sit down man*, you're a bloody tragedy which focuses on aesthetic and political issues in architecture and music. As well as studying for a PhD and organising film screenings at interesting venues with Kino Fist he has just published his first book *Militant Modernism* with Zero Books.

MARKO KOSTANIĆ rođen je 1984. u Splitu. Živi, radi i studira dramaturgiju na ADU u Zagrebu.

MARKO KOSTANIĆ was born in 1984. in Split. Currently lives and works in Zagreb, where he studies dramaturgy at the Academy of Dramatic Art.

Leonardo KOVAČEVIĆ je urednik za filozofiju na Trećem programu Hrvatskog radija. Bavi se suvremenom francuskom političkom i estetskom teorijom. Prevoditelj je dvije knjige Jacquesa Rancierea na hrvatski: *Mržnja demokracije* (Naklada Ljevak) i *Učitelj neznalica* (Multimedijalni institut).

Leonardo KOVAČEVIĆ is editor for philosophy on Croatian Radio Third Programme. His areas of special interest include contemporary French philosophy of politics and aesthetics. He works also as translator from French into Croatian (translated authors: Baudrillard, Rancière, Levinas, Derrida, etc.).

Thomas KÖNER upisao je studij na glazbenom učilištu u Dortmundu te studirao elektroničku glazbu u Studiju CEM u Arnhemu. Proširio je svoj koncept vremena i zvukovne boje na vizualni prikaz, iz čega su proizišle video insta-

lacije, fotografija i internetska umjetnost. Njegovo polazište bila je kompozicija zvuka u koju su postupno integrirani vidovi izvedbe i vizualnoga jezika, isprva u suradnji s fmašem Jürgenom Rebleom, i izvedba uživo *Alchemie*. Nakon toga je uslijedilo skladanje filmske i popratne glazbe za povijesne nijeme filmove u pariškim Muzeju Louvre i Musée d'Orsay. Njegov umjetnički izričaj istražuje područje tišine i sporo sti, poeti k u dezintegracije i statičkoga kretanja. Za svoja je audio-vizualna djela primio mnoge ugledne nagrade, između ostalih, Nagradu za elektroničke umjetnosti Golden Nica 2004. i nagradu *Tiger Cub* (za najbolji kratki film) na Međunarodnom filmskom festivalu u Rotterdamu 2005. godine. Njegova medijska instalacija *Suburbs of the Void* osvojila je nagradu u Transmediale u Berlinu 2005. godine, a predstavljena je i na venecijanskom Biennalu. Muzej Rimbaud naručio je od umjetnika pet stalnih zvučnih instalacija za pet prostorijskih u Rezidenciji Rimbaud u francuskomu gradiću Charleville-Mézières. www.koener.de

THOMAS KÖNER attended the Music College in Dortmund and studied electronic music at the CEM-Studio in Arnhem. He extended his concept of time and sound color to images, resulting in video installations, photography and net.art. His point of departure was the composition of the sound in which aspects of the performance and visual language were gradually integrated, at first in the collaboration with film artist Jürgen Reble and the live performance *Alchemie* (1992). He then started to compose film soundtracks and music to accompany historic silent films for the Louvre Museum and the Musée d'Orsay, Paris. Köner's artistic expression explores realm of stillness and slowness, the poetics of disintegration and static progression. Köner has received numerous prestigious prizes for his audio-visual works, such as the following: 2004 Prix Ars Electronica Golden Nica, *Tiger Cub Award* (best short film) during the International Film Festival Rotterdam 2005 for the video *Nuuk*. His media installation *Suburbs Of The Void* received the Transmediale 2005 award in Berlin and was presented at the Venice Biennale in the same year. The Rimbaud Museum commissioned Thomas Köner to make five permanent sound installations for five rooms of the Maison Rimbaud in Charleville-Mézières, France. www.koener.de

PAVLE LEVI je izvanredni profesor povijesti i teorije filma na Stanford University. Objavljuje eseje o kinu i nacionalizmu, psihoanalitičkoj teoriji filma i eksperimentalnom kinu. Autor je knjige *Raspad Jugoslavije na filmu: estetika i ideologija u jugoslovenskom i postjugoslovenskom filmu* (Novi Sad, 2009.) i priređivač knjige tekstova Annette

Michelson o filmu i modernističkoj umjetnosti *Filozofska igračka*.

PAVLE LEVI teaches and researches film history and theory at Stanford University. He has written several essays on cinema and nationalism, psychoanalytic film theory, and experimental cinema. He is the author of *Disintegration in Frames: Aesthetics and Ideology in the Yugoslav and Post-Yugoslav Cinema* (2007) and has coedited *Filozofska igračka (A Philosophical Toy)*, a selection of Annette Michelson's writings on film and modernist art.

STEPHANA MATHIEU smatraju jednim od glazbenika današnjice koji posebno pomno eksperimentira s elektroničkom glazbom. Njegov prepoznatljivi zvuk uglavnom se temelji na ranim instrumentima, zvucima iz okoline i zastarjelim medijima koje snima i preobražava koristeći eksperimentalnu mikrofoniju, tehnike reeditiranja i softverske postupke uključujući spektralnu analizu i zavojnicu. Pazeći uvijek na detalje i afektivan sadržaj djela, stvara jedinstvena iskustva uživo dok radi s tragovima opažene stvarnosti. Istovremeno nježna i odrješita, Mathieu-ova glazba dosad je objavljena na 16 CD-ova uz pohvalne kritike širom svijeta. Započeo je kao bubnjar suradujući s umjetnicima improvizacije poput Axela Dörnera i Butcha Morrisa, a kao solist na udaraljkama izvodio je vlastite skladbe i djela Earlea Browna, Stockhausena i Cagea. Mathieu je osmislio instalacije za različite prostore opisujući ih kao osebujna djela određene lokacije, čisto akuzmatična u kojima koristi vizualne i zvučne predmete. Umjetnik je također strastveni sakupljač ploča od 78rpm iz desetih i dvadesetih godina 20. stoljeća koje je koristio u svojim najnovijim projektima *A Static i Virginals*. www.bitsteam.de

STEPHAN MATHIEU is considered to be one of the most ingenious experimental electronic musicians working today. His signature sound is largely based on period instruments, environmental sound and obsolete media which are recorded and transformed by means of experimental microphony, re-editing techniques and software processes involving spectral analysis and convolution. Always paying attention to the detail and to the affective content of the piece, Mathieu creates unique live-experiences working with traces of the perceived reality. Soft-paced but razor-sharp, Mathieu's music has been released on 16 critically acclaimed CDs worldwide. He started as a drummer working with improvising musicians such as Axel Dörner and Butch Morris. As a percussion soloist he performed his own pieces and compositions by Earle Brown, Stockhausen and Cage. Mathieu has created installations for various spaces, which he describes as site specific, purely acousmatic works using both visual and sounding objects. He is also

an avid collector of 78rpm records from the 1910s and 20s that he uses in his most recent projects *A Static Place* and *Virginals*. www.bitsteam.de

PETAR MILAT, filozof. Voditelj kluba MaMa u Zagrebu.

PETAR MILAT, philosopher at club MaMa, Zagreb.

IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ je magistrirala muzikologiju na Fakultetu muzičke umjetnosti u Beogradu, gdje studira povijest umjetnosti na Filozofskom fakultetu na Univerzitetu u Beogradu. Bavi se istraživanjem na presjecištu glazbe i vizualnih umjetnosti, od scenografije barokne opere, do suvremenih oblika kao što su video i medijske instalacije. Objavljuje u vodećim glazbenim časopisima u Srbiji (New Sound, Muzički talas, Treći program, Teatron) i inozemstvu (Nutida muzik, Švedska). Radi kao urednica glazbenog programa na Trećem programu Radija Beograd, te je organizatorica i voditeljica programa Inicijative za suvremenu glazbu – Chinch.

IVANA NEIMAREVIĆ received her MA in Musicology from the Faculty of Music in Belgrade, and is undergraduate of History of Art at the Faculty of Philosophy at the University of Belgrade. Her main interest lies in the exploration of the crossing field of music and visual arts, starting from the scenography in the baroque opera, to the contemporary art forms such as video and media installations. She published texts in the leading professional music magazines in Serbia (New Sound, Muzički talas, Treći program, Teatron) in Serbia and abroad (Nutida muzik, Sweden). She works as a music editor at the Third program of Radio Belgrade and is active as an organizer and program manager of Chinch – Initiative for contemporary music.

KSENIIJA STEVANOVIĆ je završila studije muzikologije na Fakultetu muzičke umjetnosti u Beogradu s radom posvećenim biopolitičkom čitanju problema opere. Bila je jedan od prvih članova Teorije koja hoda. Jedan je od osnivača CHINCH-a, inicijative za savremenu muziku, "live" i vizuelne medije. Radi kao glazbeni urednik na III. programu Radio Beograda. Doktorsku tezu posvećenu Glennu Gouldu radi na Univerzitetu Paris-X Nanterre.

KSENIIJA STEVANOVIĆ has graduated musicology at the Faculty of Musicology in Belgrade, with a thesis on the biopolitical interpretation of opera-related issues. She was among the first members of Teorija koja hoda (Walking Theory) and one of the founders of CHINCH: Initiative for contemporary music, "live" and visual media. Music editor at the Third Programme of Radio Belgrade.

currently a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Paris-X Nanterre, with a dissertation on Glenn Gould.

OPUS PETERA SZENDYJA smješten na razmeđu filozofije, filologije, teorije filma i muzikologije dobiva sve više priznanja pod okriljem suvremene francuske filozofije. Szendy trenutačno predaje kolegij iz estetike na Sveučilištu Paris Ouest – Nanterre La Défense i obnaša dužnost programskega savjetnika pri Koncertnoj dvorani Cité de la musique. Dosad je objavio nekoliko knjiga za Éditions de Minuit u kojima se bavi višestranom problematikom slušanja. Szendy u svojoj studiji *Écoute – Une histoire de nos oreilles* istražuje strategije slušanja i slušateljjevih odgovornosti, dok u knjizi *Sur écoute* slijedi trag arheologije akustičkoga praćenja pomno ispitujući djela Benthama, Mozarta, Hitchcocka, Coppole i Kafke. U svomju zadnjem intrigantnom ostvarenju *Tubes – la philosophie dans le juke-box* razmatra status pjevanoga hita kao intimne himne monetarne i psihološke razmjene. Peter Szendy zadužen je za prijevod i pripremu prvoga izdanja francuskih zapisa Béle Bartoka. Njegova knjiga *Les prophéties du texte – Léviathan*. Lire selon Melville postala je libreto opere *Avis de tempête* Georges Apherghisa.

THE WORK OF PETER SZENDY, situated on the crossroads of philosophy, philology, film-studies and musicology, is gaining ever-wider recognition within contemporary French philosophy. Szendy currently teaches aesthetics course at University Paris Ouest – Nanterre La Défense and acts as Program Advisor for the Cité de la musique concert hall. He has published several books for Éditions de Minuit where the multifaceted problematic of listening is addressed. In his study *Écoute – Une histoire de nos oreilles* Szendy explores the strategies of listening and responsibilities of the listener. In the book *Sur écoute* he traces archeology of the acoustic surveillance scrutinizing the work of Bentham, Mozart, Hitchcock, Coppola and Kafka. *Tubes – La philosophie dans le juke-box*, his latest work, examines the status of the song-hit as an intimate hymn of the monetary and psychological exchange. Peter Szendy has been in charge of the translation and preparation of the first edition of Bela Bartok's writings in French. His book *Les prophéties du texte-Léviathan*. Lire selon Melville became the libretto of the opera *Avis de tempête* by Georges Apherghis.

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